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These Splendid Priests

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These Splendid Priests

Compiled by
JAMES J. WALSH, K.C.St.G., M.D., Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D.

WITH INTRODUCTION

"With the wind of God in her vesture, proclaiming the deathless, ever-soaring spirit of man."—Locke

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Introduction
to
These Splendid Priests

HERE is an old and an old-fashioned expression which runs something like this: "Show me a man who forgets about himself and thinks of others and I'll show you one whom the world will not soon nor willingly forget." The typical instance of that is to be found in the case of Francis of Assisi. His one idea in life was to forget as far as possible about himself and think mainly of others and in this year of grace, 1926, the seven hundredth anniversary of his death, something like a dozen of lives of him have just been published or announced. Far from forgetting him, the world is so much occupied with him that it is hard to satisfy curiosity about him and everyone finds his own St. Francis. He thought so much of poverty that great artists have celebrated his marriage with Holy Poverty: that was a favorite idea of St. Francis. If there is anything in the world that the people of our time are not in love with, it is in love with poverty. And yet they are deeply interested in the man who loved to call himself "the little poor man of God," who refused to have possessions, and who occupied himself all his life, once he awakened to it, with the poetry and the mystery of the world around him. Francis himself was not a priest and so he finds no place among THESE SPLENDID PRIESTS, but his life is a key to that of others.

Some seven hundred years before St. Francis, another young man, in that same wonderful Hill Country of Italy where four times in the world's history they have succeeded

in making supremely great art, anticipated Francis in the resolve to give up *things* and make life have a meaning because of the thoughts that came into it. This was Benedict, founder of the monks of the West. He was born just after the Roman Empire fell and when everything was in confusion. Wealth had nearly obliterated true civilization, the barbarians came down and finished it, and the result was that people were devoted to the cult of the body, not of the mind and heart and soul. That "fascination of trifles which obscures good things," according to the Old Scriptures, and eclipses all that is best in life, had come down over the world. Benedict would have none of it and resolved to make something more out of life than mere bodily existence. After being educated at Rome and moving in the best circles of the city, he went out into the hills where Francis of Assisi afterwards went into retirement and tried to make out the meaning of life. Just as in the case of St. Francis, a number of others very soon wanted to follow his rules of life. They gathered round him and he organized life for them. He made homes of peace and quiet and contemplation where brother monks copied the old classics and preserved them for the modern world, where he taught the dignity of labor and where every man, noble or common, had to work with his hands every day, while at the same time he devoted himself to the cultivation of his spirit just as far as was possible.

It would seem that such a movement would be only passing in significance and would find a place only in the midst of the special conditions which brought about its development. But the Benedictine monasteries have for nearly 1500 years continued to be refuges that invite the souls of men to the real meaning of life. There are many thousands of Benedictines in the world at the present time; perhaps there have been a million of them all told since Father Benedict's death. It is surprising how many men have found opportunities for profound scholarship and for deep thought in the peaceful cloisters of the Benedictines. Notwithstanding the practical-mindedness in which we glory, there are almost more of them in the world at this present busy time than there have ever

been before. They have just made a new foundation at the Catholic University at Washington in our own country and they have been deputed by the Pope to be the founders of a new Catholic University planned at Pekin in China. They are in charge of the work of the great Biblical Commission in Rome. Little did the young man who left the hurly-burly of things in Rome to find a refuge, "far from the madding crowd," up in the Hill Country, dream that anything like this would happen; but his is the typical story of one of These Splendid Priests.

Ordinarily it is assumed that these men who forget about themselves and their own success in life to think mainly of others and of other worldliness are idealists and impractical dreamers, and that the world will be rather amused at them. John Boyle O'Reilly said a generation ago,

> "The dreamer lives forever,
> And the toiler dies in a day."

It is the dreamer who very often makes such a deep impression on the minds of his own generation that they carry on his name and fame, and not only try to work out his dreams into a reality for themselves, but pass on the heritage of effort to others. So when the doer is long forgotten, the dreamer is still potently affecting mankind, lifting it out of the sordid round of everyday life to make existence have a meaning that it would otherwise not possess. The reason why "Don Quixote" is, in the words of Macaulay, "incomparably the greatest novel ever written," is exactly the fact that in it we have strongly contrasted the two great types of men, the idealist and the realist. The sad, mad Don Quixote, whose one idea as knight errant is to make life happier for other people no matter what may happen to himself, is the idealist, and his squire, Sancho Panza, who never goes into any of the adventures of life without trying to find out what there is going to be in it for him, is the realist. When this marvelously contrasted pair sally forth, it is the idealist who rides ahead on his steed, though Rozinante may be sorry enough, while

the realist, Sancho Panza, rides behind on his donkey. And so it has ever been in life. Always the realist has been convinced that he was getting all that was worth while out of life and that the idealist was making himself absurd; but that has not been the verdict of the after-time, to which the profound idealists have always been unforgettable.

Even before Francis of Assisi had died thousands of Franciscans were following in his footsteps and were dreaming his dreams after him. He had had a vision of converting the Moslem and those sitting in darkness outside the pale of Christianity in the East. During the thirteenth century two of his spiritual sons went wandering far into the East to fulfill as far as might be their Holy Father Francis' vision. One of these, Friar William of Rubruk, went far through southern Russia making his way to the court of the Great Khan and establishing relations between the Christian countries and the East. Another of them, Friar Odoric, went to India and succeeded in reaching China, passed northward by Nanking and traveled even to Cambaluc or Pekin. Still more surprising, on his return journey this adventurous Franciscan entered Thibet and, according to the great modern English traveler, Sir Henry Yule, seems to have entered Lhasa, the holy city which has only yielded its secrets to travelers again in our own generation. Purchas' "Pilgrims" and Hakluyt's "Voyages" have fortunately preserved their own stories of their work for us.

It has been said that another of these idealists, Ignatius Loyola, is the man who probably has more deeply influenced educated humanity for the past four hundred years than any other man of modern time. After being an ambitious soldier "seeking the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth," he received a wound that prostrated him for months. It gave him the chance to think about the meaning of life and, like Francis and Benedict, drew him apart from the world. After a time young men were attracted to him and he organized what he loved to call in memory of his soldier days "the little Company of Jesus." These are the Jesuits who have been in existence ever since. For several centuries after Ignatius'

time literally hundreds of thousands of students were educated by them. There are well above 20,000 Jesuits in the world at the present time and there have been nearly that many for several centuries, except during the period of suppression. In Ignatius' own time he sent Francis Xavier to India and the East, and Xavier caused the spread of Christianity like wildfire among the unbelieving peoples. Ever since, besides being teachers as might be expected after their foundation at the University of Paris, the Jesuits have been missionaries, to be found all over the world, in the torrid and the frigid zones, among savages of all kinds, spreading the Gospel of Christ.

Just as he had reached the height of his literary career, John Dryden became very much interested in the lives of Ignatius Loyola and Francis Xavier, and translated the French Father Bouhours' biographies of these two men whose lives had so deeply influenced Europe and Asia during the preceding centuries. Good critics are inclined to say that about the time he was doing this, Dryden was writing some of the best English of his career. He was writing the prose that influenced Addison and helped to lay the foundations of simple straightforward English as it has been ever since. For that reason it is of more than passing interest to incorporate in the sketches of THESE SPLENDID PRIESTS the beginnings of the translated biographies as they came from the hand of Dryden. The life of St. Francis Xavier was published in the Scott-Saintsbury edition of Dryden's works, but it is much harder to get the life of Ignatius which seems to have been published only in the original edition (London, 1686). Indeed, for that reason, it is the more interesting.

When the civilized world of the seventeenth century went to war, even more bitterly than we of the twentieth century, and when they had actually thirty years of war and still war beyond that, it was Vincent de Paul who took in his hands the wounded world and bound up its wounds so that there might be less of suffering and some chance for its recovery. He has a very special claim upon the sympathies of our modern times. When Pasteur was dying, the great French

scientist who had saved more lives by his discoveries in bacteriology than any other man who ever lived, he asked that they read to him the life of St. Vincent de Paul. Here was a man after Pasteur's own heart who had accomplished in his time in the saving of lives, and particularly the lives of little children, what Pasteur had had so much satisfaction in doing in our day. We who have gone through four years of war can understand something of the state that Europe must have been in after the Thirty Years' War. Of course, they had not our modern progress in science as applied to warfare and our almost diabolical cleverness and ingenuity in inventing engines of war; so they were not able to kill and maim as many as we were. But they did their best in this regard and they succeeded admirably in making life about as unhappy as it had ever been and in leaving a harvest of suffering, especially for women and children, as had almost never been experienced before or since. What they failed in intensity of warfare they made up for by extension over a score and a half of years.

Vincent de Paul's foundation of a series of organizations for the relief of suffering, for the improving of the condition of the poor, for the reawakening of the spirit of fellowship among men and for the prevention and gradual obliteration of the many serious social abuses that were rife in that period, stamps him as one of the great men of history who probably saved more lives than any other who ever lived except his great admirer, Pasteur, in the modern time. Vincent organized the Daughters of Charity who devoted themselves to the care of the poor. This foundation was so happily set going that it has continued down to the present time and there are now in the world some fifty thousand women whose lives are devoted to the care of poor folks and who look up to Vincent de Paul as their father in spirit. For the support of these good women in their work, Vincent organized the Ladies of Charity, who visited the sick poor and also the prisons. At that time the Hôtel Dieu in Paris sheltered nearly 25,000 of the ailing poor every year. Among these Ladies of Charity there were hundreds of the highest rank who gave not only

financially but also of themselves in this work. There is nothing so prevents abuses in hospitals and in prisons as the visiting of ladies whose presence is of itself a stimulus to those in charge to make conditions as good as possible and eliminate neglect of all kinds.

Probably the most touching thing in the life story of Vincent de Paul is what he did for the foundling children. There were a great many children abandoned by their parents in this time of awful hardship, not always in utter heartlessness. Fathers and mothers could not bear to see their children suffering and so they gave them to others or left them to be found in the hope that some one would care for them better than they could. Unfortunately human nature in certain phases is always ready to take advantage even of helpless children. These children were picked up by ghouls in human shape who were ready to exploit them in any and every way for the sake of whatever money they might be able to make from them. It was found, for instance, that if the children were mutilated, they had a greater appeal to the charity of passersby on the streets, so the little ones were ingeniously injured in various fashions that would not kill them but that would produce pitiable deformities. Vincent de Paul organized for the prevention of this. He entered into competition for the purpose of buying these children. The movement started with a dozen of them. In the course of a year hundreds were bought and then thousands, until forty thousand children were thus saved from a fate almost worse than death. It was this work particularly that attracted the attention of Pasteur, for what he looked back on with most satisfaction was his saving of the lives of children by his discoveries of microbes and pasteurization.

Contemporaries of Vincent de Paul, were a group of Jesuits whose names are forever famous in history, two of them in the history of this country. The most important of these was Marquette, whose missionary spirit brought him to America when everything beyond the eastern seaboard was a wilderness and when life was hard and Indians hostile and martyrdom a possible termination of life. His adventurous

spirit took him to the west and he made his way down the Mississippi river and back, and wrote the account of his exploration, so that it is no wonder that he has come to be held high in honor in our time and his statue is in Statuary Hall, Washington, sent by Wisconsin as one of her great pioneers. About the time that Marquette was engaged in his explorations, Father Isaac Jogues made his way from Canada down among the Iroquois of the Mohawk Valley, New York, in the hope of converting these savages to Christianity. After a series of adventures that attracted the attention of the civilized world of the time, he finally met his death among them; and now on the scene of his death there is a shrine to which many Americans find their way every year to get in touch with the spirit of a great-souled Christian who laid down his life for men.

The third of these splendid Jesuits was Father Jerome Lobo, a Portuguese, who made his way into Abyssinia, in the hope of bringing back to the fold of Christianity the people of that country. His sketch of his travels with the hardships he had to undergo and the dangers he had to encounter, written by himself, fell into the hands of Dr. Samuel Johnson, the English literary dictator of the eighteenth century, when he was as yet but a young man, and he was so much taken with it that he decided to translate it into English from the French version that he had. This is the first book of Dr. Johnson's that was published. The translation gives an excellent idea of Johnson's style in his earlier years before he became the pundit of English letters with the characteristic English style that influenced so many of his contemporaries.

A contemporary of Father Lobo in the eighteenth century was Father Junipero Serra, the Franciscan, who became president of the Franciscan missions of California and who more than any other is responsible for the missions and what they did for the California aborigines. The Franciscans took these California Indians, who were probably the most degraded savages in this country, and made of them a happy people who built the mission edifices which have now come to influence American architecture to a noteworthy extent.

The Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo demonstrated in its buildings how well this mission style would lend itself to modern requirements and as a result some of the great hotels in the South and southern railway stations have followed the mission plan and have proved to be beautiful buildings eminently suited to a warm climate. The California Indians became artisans capable of carrying out the plans for these missions as well as supplying the decorations for them, making the furniture which has greatly influenced modern furniture, and many other parts of the equipment of houses.

When modern biological science began to develop, some priests like Father Athanasius Kircher, the Jesuit, and later, Abbe Spallanzani, became very much interested and did some very valuable work. When these biological sciences began to be applied to man as well as other living beings, it seemed as though the theological problems involved in the question of man's origin and the unity of the race might keep priests from devoting themselves to this subject. Curiously enough, it is to a group of priests that we owe more, than to any others, our knowledge of palæontological anthropology, that is, the science of man, as he was associated with extinct animals. The pioneer of these priest students of anthropology was Father John MacEnery, a young Irish priest, the chaplain of an English Catholic family of the south of England, who more than one hundred years ago devoted his leisure hours for many years to research in caves in south Devon in which certain remains of man were found associated with the fossils of such extinct animals as the reindeer, the woolly mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, the cave bear, the saber-toothed tiger and other beasts that became extinct only at the end of the Ice Age in Britain. Father MacEnery risked his life not once but a number of times in his explorations of the caves where these fossil remains were found. Once he disappeared down an unsuspected opening, and on another occasion he was overcome by carbon dioxide gas and would surely have perished only that his companion risked his life to rescue him. Father MacEnery was no "mere picker up of unconsidered trifles"; he gathered the specimens, arranged them

in order in their due relationship, presented them to various museums, wrote about them and had pictures made of them. No one in his time would listen for a moment to the idea that men had been alive at the time of these long-extinct animals, but that did not deter the young priest from continuing his researches, though it is very probable that his health was hurt by this and eventually he died at the early age of forty-one because of his exertions in the damp caverns.

Professor Osborn, the director of the American Museum of Natural History, in an article in *The Forum,* June, 1926, gathers the names of a group of priests who have continued the work of research with regard to man's association with these extinct animals that had been so well begun by Father MacEnery. He feels that they deserve a place of enduring fame in the history of anthropology.

JAMES J. WALSH.

These Splendid Priests

St. Benedict

Founder of the Rule of St. Benedict

By COMTE DE MONTALEMBERT

ABOUT the year 500, twenty-five years after the fall of the last Roman Emperor, Romulus Augustulus, a young man of nineteen or twenty (though they called him a boy at that time), tired of the confusion around him and the lack of anything like devotion to the intellectual and spiritual life, went out into the solitude of the hill country to seek his soul. His parents were wealthy, he had been educated in the schools of Rome, but he felt himself instructed with "learned ignorance" and he sought "unlearned wisdom." He was sensible and took a servant with him and spent some years of peace and quiet thoughtfulness. Soon others came and gathered round him. Altogether more than a dozen groups of these young and older men built homes for themselves which we call monasteries. This was in the country where later St. Francis of Assisi was to create such a sensation and find so many followers and produce such a deep impression that even 700 years after his death a dozen lives of him have been written in almost as many languages. Four times in the world's history this country has been the source of great art. The Etruscans made their beautiful jewelry there, the Romans built their charming architectural triumphs, Giotto and Cimabue did some of their best work, and Raphael worked with Perugino at Perugia.

It is a country where they grow men whose influence is to be felt as long as this stage of our civilization lasts. After having fulfilled his destiny in the hill country, Benedict went farther south in Italy to Monte Cassino,

built there a great monastery and composed the rule of life by which those who wanted to live as he did would regulate their lives. Before he died probably more than a thousand men had come to pray and labor, *orare et laborare,* the two activities for which life is intended according to St. Benedict. All labored with their hands, some labored with their minds and with the pen and brush and chisel, they raised the dignity of labor, which had been considered only fit for slaves, they copied the old classics and saved them for the modern world, they were ready to help all those who came in contact with them and to make life have a meaning for them. As the monasteries spread, they became the agricultural schools of the world and the proverb came, "It is happy to live under the crozier," that is, on the lands of a Benedictine abbot. Benedict's sons are still in existence. They are to be found all over the world. They have recently established a special department in the Catholic University at Washington and the Catholic University of Pekin in China. Probably half a million in the last fifteen hundred years have rejoiced in their right to call Benedict Father. [J.J.W.]

Fifty miles to the west of Rome, among that group of hills where the Anio hollows the deep gorge which separates the country of the Sabines from that once inhabited by the Eques and Herniei, the traveler, ascending by the course of the river, comes to a kind of basin, which opens out between two immense walls of rock, and from which a fresh and transparent stream descends from fall to fall, to a place named Subiaco. This grand and picturesque site had attracted the attention of Nero. He confined the water of the Anio by dams, and constructed artificial lakes and baths below with a delicious villa, which took, from its position, the name of *Sublaqueum,* and of which some shapeless ruins remain. He sometimes resided there. One day, in the midst of a feast, the cup which he raised to his lips was broken by thunder, and this omen filled his miserable soul with unusual terror; Heaven had marked this place with the seal at once of its vengeance and of its mercies.

Four centuries after Nero, and when solitude and silence had long replaced the imperial orgies, a young patrician, flying from the delights and dangers of Rome, sought there a refuge and solitude with God. He had been baptized under the name of Benedictus, that is to say, Well said, or Blessed. He belonged to the illustrious house of Anicius, which had already given so many of its children to monastic life. By his mother's side he was the last scion of the lords of Nursia, a Sabine town, where he was born, as has been said, in 480. He was scarcely fourteen when he resolved to renounce fortune, knowledge, his family, and the happiness of this world.

Leaving his old nurse, who had been the first to love him, and who alone followed him still, he plunged into these wild gorges, and ascended those almost inaccessible hills. On the way he met a monk, named Romanus, who gave him a haircloth shirt and a monastic dress made of skins. Proceeding on his ascent, and reaching to the middle of the abrupt rock, which faces to the south, and which overhangs the rapid course of the Anio, he discovered a dark and narrow cave, a sort of den, into which the sun never shone. He there took up his abode, and remained unknown to all except to the monk Romanus, who fed him with the remainder of his own scanty fare, but who, not being able to reach his cell, transmitted to him every day, at the end of a cord, a loaf and a little bell, the sound of which warned him of this sustenance which charity had provided for him.

He lived three entire years in this tomb. The shepherds who discovered him there, at first took him for a wild beast; by his discourses, and the efforts he made to instil grace and piety into their rustic souls, they recognized in him a servant of God. Temptations were not wanting to him. The allurements of voluptuousness acted so strongly on his excited senses, that he was on the point of leaving his retreat to seek after a woman whose beauty had formerly impressed him, and whose memory haunted him incessantly. But there was near his grotto a clump of thorns and briers: he took off the vestment of skins which was his only dress, and rolled himself among them naked, till his body was all one wound, but also till he

had extinguished forever the infernal fire which inflamed him even in the desert.

Seven centuries later, another saint, father of the most numerous monastic family which the Church has produced after that of St. Benedict, St. Francis of Assisi, came to visit that wild site which was worthy to rival the bare Tuscan rock where the stigmata of the passion were imprinted on himself. He prostrated himself before the thicket of thorns which had been a triumphal bed to the masculine virtue of the patriarch of the monks, and after having bathed with his tears the soil of that glorious battle-field, he planted there two rose-trees. The roses of St. Francis grew, and have survived the Benedictine briers.

This garden, twice sanctified, still occupies a sort of triangular plateau, which projects upon the side of the rock a little before and beneath the grotto which sheltered St. Benedict. The eye, confined on all sides by rocks, can survey freely only the azure of heaven. It is the last of those sacred places visited and venerated in the celebrated and unique monastery of the Sagro Speco, which forms a series of sanctuaries built one over the other, backed by the mountain which Benedict has immortalized.

Such was the hard and savage cradle of the monastic order in the West. It was from this tomb, where the delicate son of the last patricians of Rome buried himself alive, that the definite form of monastic life—that is to say, the perfection of Christian life—was born. From this cavern and thicket of thorns have issued legions of saints and monks whose devotion has won for the Church her greatest conquests and purest glories. From this fountain has gushed the inexhaustible current of religious zeal and fervor.

Thence came, and shall still come, all whom the spirit of the great Benedict shall inspire with the impulse of opening new paths or restoring ancient discipline in cloistral life. The sacred site which the prophet Isaiah seems to have pointed out beforehand to cenobites, by words so marvellously close in their application—"Look unto the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the

pit (CAVERNAM LACI) whence ye are digged"—is there recognized by all.

We lament for the Christian who has not seen this grotto, this desert, this nest of the eagle and the dove, or who, having seen it, has not prostrated himself with tender respect before the sanctuary from which issued, with the rule and institution of St. Benedict, the flower of Christian civilization, the permanent victory of the soul over the flesh, the intellectual enfranchisement of Europe, and all that charm and grandeur which the spirit of sacrifice, regulated by faith, adds to knowledge, labor, and virtue.

The solitude of the young anchorite was not long respected. The faithful in the neighborhood, who brought him food for the body, asked the bread of life in return. The monks of a neighboring monastery, situated near Vico Varo (the *Vario* of Horace), obtained, by dint of importunity, his consent to become their ruler, but, soon disgusted by his austerity, they endeavored to poison him. He made the sign of the cross over the vessel which contained the poison, and it broke as if it had been struck with a stone. He left these unworthy monks to re-enter joyfully his beloved cavern, and to live by himself alone. But it was vain: he soon found himself surrounded by such a multitude of disciples, that, to give them a shelter, he was compelled to found in the neighborhood of his retreat twelve monasteries, each inhabited by twelve monks. He kept some with him in order to direct them himself, and was thus finally raised to be the superior of a numerous community of cenobites.

Clergy and laymen, Romans and Barbarians, victors and vanquished, alike flocked to him, attracted by the fame of his virtue and miracles. While the celebrated Theodoric, at the head of his Goths, up to that time invincible, destroyed the ephemeral kingdom of the Herules, seized Rome, and overspread Italy, other Goths came to seek faith, penitence, and monastic discipline under the laws of Benedict. At his command they armed themselves with axes and hatchets, and employed their robust strength in rooting out the brushwood and clearing the soil, which, since the time of Nero, had again become a wilderness.

The Italian painters of the great ages of art have left us many representations of the legend told by St. Gregory, in which St. Benedict restores to a Goth who had become a convert at Subiaco, the tool which that zealous but unskilful workman had dropped to the bottom of the lake, and which the abbot miraculously brought forth. "Take thy tool," said Benedict to the Barbarian woodcutter—"take it, work, and be comforted." Symbolical words, in which we find an abridgment of the precepts and examples lavished by the monastic order on so many generations of conquering races: *Ecce labora!*

Besides these Barbarians already occupied in restoring the cultivation of that Italian soil which their brethren in arms still wasted, were many children of the Roman nobility whom their fathers had confided to Benedict to be trained to the service of God. Among these young patricians are two whose names are celebrated in Benedictine annals: Maur, whom the abbot Benedict made his own coadjutor; and Placidus, whose father was lord of the manor of Subiaco, which did not prevent his son from rendering menial services to the community, such as drawing water from the lake of Nero. The weight of his pitcher one day overbalanced him, and he fell into the lake.

We shall leave Bossuet to tell the rest, in his panegyric, delivered twelve centuries afterwards, before the sons of the founder of Subiaco: "St. Benedict ordered St. Maur, his faithful disciple, to run quickly and draw the child out. At the word of his master Maur went away without hesitation, . . . and, full of confidence in the order he had received, walked upon the water with as much security as upon the earth, and drew Placidus from the whirlpool which would have swallowed him up. To what shall I attribute so great a miracle, whether to the virtue of the obedience or to that of the commandment? A doubtful question, says St. Gregory, between St. Benedict and St. Maur.

"But let us say, to decide it, that the obedience had grace to accomplish the command, and that the command had grace to give efficacy to the obedience. Walk, my fathers, upon the waves with the help of obedience;

you shall find solid support amid the inconstancy of human things. The waves shall have no power to overthrow you, nor the depths to swallow you up; you shall remain immovable, as if all was firm under your feet, and issue forth victorious."

However, Benedict had the ordinary fate of great men and saints. The great number of conversions worked by the example and fame of his austerity awakened a homicidal envy against him. A wicked priest of the neighborhood attempted first to decry and then to poison him. Being unsuccessful in both, he endeavored, at least, to injure him in the object of his most tender solicitude —in the souls of his young disciples. For that purpose he sent, even into the garden of the monastery where Benedict dwelt and where the monks labored, seven wretched women, whose gestures, sports, and shameful nudity, were designed to tempt the young monks to certain fall.

Who does not recognize in this incident the mixture of Barbarian rudeness and frightful corruption which characterize ages of decay and transition? When Benedict, from the threshold of his cell, perceived these shameless creatures, he despaired of his work; he acknowledged that the interest of his beloved children constrained him to disarm so cruel an enmity by retreat. He appointed superiors to the twelve monasteries which he had founded, and, taking with him a small number of disciples, he left forever the wild gorges of Subiaco, where he had lived for thirty-five years.

Without withdrawing from the mountainous region which extends along the western side of the Apennines, Benedict directed his steps towards the south along the Abruzzi, and penetrated into that Land of Labor, the name of which seems naturally suited to a soil destined to be the cradle of the most laborious men whom the world has known. He ended his journey in a scene very different from that of Subiaco, but of incomparable grandeur and majesty. There, upon the boundaries of Samnium and Campania, in the centre of a large basin, half-surrounded by abrupt and picturesque heights, rises a scarped and isolated hill, the vast and rounded summit

of which overlooks the course of the Liris near its fountain head, and the undulating plain which extends south towards the shores of the Mediterranean and the narrow valleys which, towards the north, the east, and the west, lost themselves in the lines of the mountainous horizon. This is Monte Cassino. At the foot of this rock, Benedict found an amphitheatre of the time of the Cæsars, amidst the ruins of the town of Cassinum, which the most learned and pious of Romans, Varro, that pagan Benedictine, whose memory and knowledge the sons of Benedict took pleasure in honoring, had rendered illustrious. From the summit the prospect extended on one side towards Arpinum, where the prince of Roman orators was born, and on the other towards Aquinum, already celebrated as the birthplace of Juvenal, before it was known as the country of the Doctor Angelico, which latter distinction should make the name of this little town known among all Christians.

It was amidst these noble recollections, this solemn nature, and upon that predestinated height, that the patriarch of the monks of the West founded the capital of the monastic order. He found paganism still surviving there. Two hundred years after Constantine, in the heart of Christendom, and so near Rome, there still existed a very ancient temple of Apollo and a sacred wood, where a multitude of peasants sacrificed to the gods and demons. Benedict preached the faith of Christ to these forgotten people; he persuaded them to cut down the wood, to overthrow the temple and the idol. Let us listen to Dante, who has translated, in his own fashion, the narrative of St. Gregory, in that magnificent song of the *Paradise,* where the instructions of Beatrice are interrupted and completed by the apparition of the patriarch of the Western monks:—

"Quel monte, a cui Cassino e nella costa,
Fu frequentato già in su la cima,
Dalla gente ingannata e mal disposta:
Ed io son quel che su vi portai prima
Lo nome di colui che 'n terra adusse

La verità, che tanto ci sublima:
E tanta grazia sovra mi rilusse
Ch' io ritrassi le ville circonstanti
Dall' empio colto, che' l mondo sedusse."

Upon these remains Benedict built two oratories, one dedicated to St. John the Baptist, the first solitary of the new faith; the other to St. Martin, the great monk-bishop, whose ascetic and priestly virtues had edified Gaul, and reached as far as Italy.

Round these chapels rose the monastery which was to become the most powerful and celebrated in the Catholic universe; celebrated especially because there Benedict wrote his rule, and at the same time formed the type which was to serve as a model to innumerable communities submitted to that sovereign code. It is for this reason that emulous pontiffs, princes, and nations have praised, endowed, and visited the sanctuary where monastic religion, according to the expression of Pope Urban II., "flowed from the heart of Benedict as from a fountain head of Paradise; and which another Pope, who himself issued out of Monte Cassino to ascend the apostolical chair, has not hesitated to compare to Sinai, in these lines of proud and bold simplicity which he engraved upon the altar of the holy patriarch—

"Hæc domus est similis Sinaï sacra jura ferenti,
Ut lex demonstrat hic quæ fuit edita quondam.
Lex hinc exivit, mentes quæ ducit ab imis,
Et vulgata dedit lumen per climata sæcli."

Benedict ended his life at Monte Cassino, where he lived for fourteen years, occupied, in the first place, with extricating from the surrounding country the remnants of paganism, afterwards in building his monastery by the hands of his disciples, in cultivating the arid sides of his mountain, and the devastated plains around, but above all, in extending to all who approached him the benefits of the law of God, practised with a fervor and charity which none have surpassed.

His simple life at Monte Cassino was rather that of a missionary and apostle than of a solitary. He was, notwithstanding, the vigilant head of a community which flourished and increased more and more. Accustomed to subdue himself in everything, and to struggle with the infernal spirits, whose temptations and appearances were not wanting to him more than to the ancient Fathers of the desert, he had acquired the gift of reading souls, and discerning their most secret thoughts. He used this faculty not only to direct the young monks, who always gathered in such numbers round him, in their studies and the labors of agriculture and building which he shared with them; but even in the distant journeys on which they were sometimes sent, he followed them by a spiritual observation, discovered their least failings, reprimanded them on their return, and bound them in everything to a strict fulfilment of the rule which they had accepted. He exacted from all the obedience, sincerity, and austerely regulated life of which he himself gave the first example.

Many young men of rich and noble families came here, as at Subiaco, to put themselves under his direction, or were confided to him by their parents. They labored with the other brethren in the cultivation of the soil and the building of the monastery, and were bound to all the services imposed by the rule. Some of these young nobles rebelled in secret against that equality. Among these, according to the narrative of St. Gregory, was the son of a *Defender*—that is to say, of the first magistrate of a town or province. One evening, it being his turn to light the abbot Benedict at supper, while he held the candlestick before the abbatial table, his pride rose within him, and he said to himself, "What is this man that I should thus stand before him while he eats, with a candle in my hand, like a slave? Am I then made to be his slave?"

Immediately Benedict, as if he had heard him, reproved him sharply for that movement of pride, gave the candle to another, and sent him back to his cell, dismayed to find himself at once discovered and restrained in his most secret thoughts. It was thus that the great legislator inaugurated in his new-formed cloister that alliance of

aristocratic races with the Benedictine order of which we shall have many generous and fruitful examples to quote.

He bound all—nobles and plebeians, young and old, rich and poor—under the same discipline. But he would have excess or violence in nothing: and when he was told of a solitary in the neighboring mountains, who, not content with shutting himself up in a narrow cave, had attached to his foot a chain the other end of which was fixed in the rock, so that he could not move beyond the length of this chain, Benedict sent to tell him to break it, in these words, "If thou art truly a servant of God, confine thyself not with a chain of iron, but with the chain of Christ."

And extending his solicitude and authority over the surrounding populations, he did not content himself with preaching eloquently to them the true faith, but also healed the sick, the lepers, and the possessed, provided for all the necessities of the soul and body, paid the debts of honest men oppressed by their creditors, and distributed in incessant alms the provisions of corn, wine, and linen which were sent to him by the rich Christians of the neighborhood. A great famine having afflicted Campania in 539, he distributed to the poor all the provisions of the monastery, so that one day there remained only five loaves to feed all the community. The monks were dismayed and melancholy: Benedict reproached them with their cowardice.

"You have not enough to-day," he said to them, "but you shall have too much to-morrow."

And accordingly they found next morning at the gates of the monastery two hundred bushels of flour, bestowed by some unknown hand. Thus were established the foundations of that traditional and unbounded munificence to which his spiritual descendants have remained unalterably faithful, and which was the law and glory of his existence.

So much sympathy for the poor naturally inspired them with a blind confidence in him. One day, when he had gone out with the brethren to labor in the fields, a peasant, distracted with grief, and bearing in his arms the body of his dead son, came to the monastery and de-

manded to see Father Benedict. When he was told that Benedict was in the fields with his brethren, he threw down his son's body before the door, and, in the transport of his grief, ran at full speed to seek the saint. He met him returning from his work, and from the moment he perceived him, began to cry, "Restore me my son!"

Benedict stopped and asked, "Have I carried him away?"

The peasant answered, "He is dead; come and raise him up."

Benedict was grieved by these words, and said, "Go home, my friend, this is not a work for us; this belongs to the holy apostles. Why do you come to impose upon us so tremendous a burden?"

But the father persisted, and swore in his passionate distress that he would not go till the saint had raised up his son.

The abbot asked him where his son was. "His body," said he, "is at the door of the monastery."

Benedict, when he arrived there, fell on his knees, and then laid himself down, as Elijah did in the house of the widow of Sarepta, upon the body of the child, and, rising up, extended his hands to heaven, praying thus: "Lord, look not upon my sins, but on the faith of this man, and restore to the body the soul thou hast taken away from it." Scarcely was his prayer ended, when all present perceived that the whole body of the child trembled. Benedict took him by the hand, and restored him to his father full of life and health.

His virtue, his fame, the supernatural power which was more and more visible in his whole life, made him the natural protector of the poor husbandmen against the violence and rapine of the new masters of Italy. The great Theodoric had organized an energetic and protective government, but he dishonored the end of his reign by persecution and cruelty; and since his death barbarism had regained all its ancient ascendency among the Goths.

The rural populations groaned under the yoke of these rude oppressors, doubly exasperated, as Barbarians and as Arians, against the Italian Catholics. To Benedict, the Roman patrician who had become a serf of God, belonged

the noble office of drawing towards each other the Italians and Barbarians, two races cruelly divided by religion, fortune, language, and manners, whose mutual hatred was embittered by so many catastrophes inflicted by the one and suffered by the other, since the time of Alaric.

The founder of Monte Cassino stood between the victors and the vanquished like an all-powerful moderator and inflexible judge. The facts which we are about to relate, according to the narrative of St. Gregory, would be told throughout all Italy, and, spreading from cottage to cottage, would bring unthought-of hope and consolation into the hearts of the oppressed, and establish the popularity of Benedict and his order on an immortal foundation in the memory of the people.

It has been seen that there were already Goths among the monks at Subiaco, and how they were employed in reclaiming the soil which their fathers had laid waste. But there were others who, inflamed by heresy, professed a hatred of all that was orthodox and belonged to monastic life. One especially, named Galla, traversed the country panting with rage and cupidity, and made a sport of slaying the priests and monks who fell under his power, and spoiling and torturing the people to extort from them the little that they had remaining.

An unfortunate peasant, exhausted by the torments inflicted upon him by the pitiless Goth, conceived the idea of bringing them to an end by declaring that he had confided all that he had to the keeping of Benedict, a servant of God; upon which Galla stopped the torture of the peasant, but, binding his arms with ropes, and thrusting him in front of his own horse, ordered him to go before and show the way to the house of this Benedict who had defrauded him of his expected prey. Both pursued thus the way to Monte Cassino; the peasant on foot, with his hands tied behind his back, urged on by the blows and taunts of the Goth, who followed on horseback, an image only too faithful of the two races which unhappy Italy enclosed within her distracted bosom, and which were to be judged and reconciled by the unarmed majesty of monastic goodness. When they had reached the summit

of the mountain they perceived the abbot seated alone, reading at the door of his monastery.

"Behold," said the prisoner, turning to his tyrant, "there is the Father Benedict of whom I told thee."

The Goth, believing that here, as elsewhere, he should be able to make his way by terror, immediately called out with a furious tone to the monk, "Rise up, rise up, and restore quickly what thou hast received from this peasant."

At these words the man of God raised his eyes from his book, and, without speaking, slowly turned his gaze first upon the Barbarian on horseback, and then upon the husbandman bound, and bowed down by his bonds. Under the light of that powerful gaze the cords which tied his poor arms loosed of themselves, and the innocent victim stood erect and free, while the ferocious Galla, falling on the ground, trembling, and beside himself, remained at the feet of Benedict, begging the saint to pray for him. Without interrupting his reading, Benedict called his brethren, and directed them to carry the fainting Barbarian into the monastery, and give him some blessed bread; and, when he had come to himself, the abbot represented to him the extravagance, injustice, and cruelty of his conduct, and exhorted him to change it for the future. The Goth was completely subdued, and no longer dared to ask anything of the laborer whom the mere glance of the monk had delivered from his bonds.

But this mysterious attraction, which drew the Goths under the influence of Benedict's looks and words, produced another celebrated and significant scene. The two principal elements of reviving society in their most striking impersonation—the victorious Barbarians and the invincible monks—were here confronted. Totila, the greatest of the successors of Theodoric, ascended the throne in 542, and immediately undertook the restoration of the monarchy of the Ostrogoths, which the victories of Belisarius had half overthrown. Having defeated at Faenza, with only five thousand men, the numerous Byzantine army, led by the incapable commanders whom the jealousy of Justinian had substituted for Belisarius, the victorious king made a triumphal progress through

Central Italy, and was on his way to Naples when he was seized with a desire to see this Benedict, whose fame was already as great among the Romans as among the Barbarians, and who was everywhere called a prophet.

He directed his steps towards Monte Cassino, and caused his visit to be announced. Benedict answered that he would receive him. But Totila, desirous of proving the prophetic spirit which was attributed to the saint, dressed the captain of his guard in the royal robes and purple boots, which were the distinctive mark of royalty, gave him a numerous escort, commanded by the three counts who usually guarded his own person, and charged him, thus clothed and accompanied, to present himself to the abbot as the king.

The moment that Benedict perceived him, "My son," he cried, "put off the dress you wear; it is not yours." The officer immediately threw himself upon the ground, appalled at the idea of having attempted to deceive such a man. Neither he nor any of the retinue ventured so much as to approach the abbot, but returned at full speed to the king, to tell him how promptly they had been discovered.

Then Totila himself ascended the monastic mountain; but when he had reached the height, and saw from a distance the abbot seated, waiting for him, the victor of the Romans and the master of Italy was afraid. He dared not advance, but threw himself on his face before the servant of Christ. Benedict said to him three times, "Rise."

But as he persisted in his prostration, the monk rose from his seat and raised him up. During the course of their interview, Benedict reproved him for all that was blamable in his life, and predicted what should happen to him in the future.

"You have done much evil; you do it still every day; it is time that your iniquities should cease. You shall enter Rome; you shall cross the sea; you shall reign nine years, and the tenth you shall die." The king, deeply moved, commended himself to his prayers, and withdrew. But he carried away in his heart this salutary and re-

tributive incident, and from that time his barbarian nature was transformed.

Totila was as victorious as Benedict had predicted he should be. He possessed himself first of Benevento and Naples, then of Rome, then of Sicily, which he invaded with a fleet of five hundred ships, and ended by conquering Corsica and Sardinia. But he exhibited everywhere a clemency and gentleness which, to the historian of the Goths, seem out of character at once with his origin and his position as a foreign conqueror.

He treated the Neapolitans as his children, and the captive soldiers as his own troops, gaining himself immortal honor by the contrast between his conduct and the horrible massacre of the whole population, which the Greeks had perpetrated ten years before, when that town was taken by Belisarius. He punished with death one of his bravest officers, who had insulted the daughter of an obscure Italian, and gave all his goods to the woman whom he had injured, and that despite the representations of the principal nobles of his own nation, whom he convinced of the necessity for so severe a measure, that they might merit the protection of God upon their arms. When Rome surrendered, after a prolonged siege, Totila forbade the Goths to shed the blood of any Roman, and protected the women from insult. At the prayer of Belisarius he spared the city which he had begun to destroy, and even employed himself, at a later period, in re-building and re-peopling it.

At length, after a ten years' reign, he fell, according to the prediction of Benedict, in a great battle which he fought with the Greco-Roman army, commanded by the eunuch Narses. The glory and power of the Goths fell with him and his successor Teïas, who died in a similar manner the following year, fighting with heroic courage against the soldiers of Justinian. But it did not consist with the designs of God to let Italy fall a second time under the enervating yoke of the Byzantine Cæsars. The rule of the Barbarians, although hard and bloody, was more for her welfare. Venice and Florence, Pisa and Genoa, and many other immortal centres of valor and life, could issue from that sway, whilst the incorporation

of Italy with the Lower Empire would have condemned her to the incurable degradation of the Christian East.

The Ostrogoths had scarcely disappeared when the Lombards, imprudently called in by Narses himself, came at once to replace, to punish, and to make them regretted, by aggravating the fate of the Peninsula.

Placed as if midway between the two invasions of the Goths and Lombards, the dear and holy foundation of Benedict, respected by the one, was to yield for a time to the rage of the other. The holy patriarch had a presentiment that his successors would not meet a second Totila to listen to them and spare them. A noble whom he had converted, and who lived on familiar terms with him, found him one day weeping bitterly. He watched Benedict for a long time; and then, perceiving that his tears were not stayed, and that they proceeded not from the ordinary fervor of his prayers, but from profound melancholy, he asked the cause.

The saint answered, "This monastery which I have built, and all that I have prepared for my brethren, has been delivered up to the pagans by a sentence of Almighty God. Scarcely have I been able to obtain mercy for their lives!" Less than forty years after, this prediction was accomplished by the destruction of Monte Cassino by the Lombards.

Up to that time, the monks of this half of the Roman world had lived under the authority of rules imported from the East, like that of St. Basil, or of traditions borrowed from the monks of Egypt or Syria, like those of which Cassianus had given so complete a collection. St. Benedict did not assume either to overthrow or replace the authority of these monuments, which, on the contrary, he recalled and recommended in his own rule.

But the sad experience of his beginning, of all that he had seen and suffered in his youth as anchorite, cenobite, and superior, had convinced him of the insufficiency of the laws by which the Religious of his own time and country were governed. He perceived that it was necessary, for the suppression of the laxness which appeared everywhere, to substitute a permanent and uniform rule of government, for the arbitrary and variable choice of

models furnished by the lives of the Fathers of the Desert, and to add to the somewhat confused and vague precepts of Pacome and Basil a selection of precise and methodical rules derived as much from the lessons of the past, as from his own personal experience. His illustrious biographer instructs us to see in his rule an exact reproduction of his own life in the cloister.

He undertook, then, to reform the abuses and infirmties of the order which he had embraced, by a series of moral, social, liturgical, and penal ordinances, which collection constitutes the *Rule* that has given to the monastic institute in the West its definitive and universal form.

He ordained that, after having celebrated the praises of God seven times a day, seven hours a day should be given to manual labor, and two hours to reading. He imposed severe corrections on the brother who lost in sleep and talking the hours intended for reading. "If," said he, "the poverty of the place compels them to gather their harvest themselves, let not that grieve them, for they will be truly monks if they live by the labor of their hands, like our fathers and the apostles. But let all be done with moderation because of the weak." Those who are skilled in the practice of an art or trade, could only exercise it by the permission of the abbot, in all humility; and if any one prided himself on his talent, or the profit which resulted from it to the house, he was to have his occupation changed until he had humbled himself. Those who were charged with selling the product of the work of these select laborers, could take nothing from the price to the detriment of the monastery, nor especially could they raise it avariciously; they were to sell at less cost than the secular workmen, to give the greater glory to God. Labor was thus regulated in the monastery as in an industrial penitentiary, and the sons of the Roman patricians or the Barbarian nobles found themselves subjected, in crossing its threshold, to a severe equality, which bound even the laborer more skilful than ordinary monks, and reduced him to the humble level of an ordinary workman.

Obedience is also to his eyes a work, *obedientiæ laborem,* the most meritorious and essential of all. A

monk entered into monastic life only to make the sacrifice of self. This sacrifice implied especially that of the will. By a supreme effort of that will, still free and master of itself, it freely abdicated its power for the salvation of the sick soul, "in order that this soul, raising itself above its desires and passions, might establish itself fully upon God." In giving even the legitimate use of his own will, the monk, obeying a superior whom he had spontaneously chosen, and who was to him the representative of God himself, found an assured defence against covetousness and self-love. He entered like a victor into the liberty of the children of God. But this sacrifice, to be efficacious, had to be complete. Thus the rule pursued pride into its most secret hiding-place. Submission had to be prompt, perfect, and absolute. The monk must obey always, without reserve, and without murmur, even in those things which seemed impossible and above his strength, trusting in the succor of God, if a humble and seasonable remonstrance, the only thing permitted to him, was not accepted by his superiors; to obey not only his superiors, but also the wishes and requests of his brethren. Obedience became the more acceptable to God and easy to man, when it was practised calmly, promptly, and with good will. It became then the first degree of humility. "Our life in this world," said the holy abbot, "is like the ladder which Jacob saw in his dream: in order to reach heaven, it must be planted by the Lord in a humbled heart: we can only mount it by distinct steps of humility and discipline."

What can we do but lament over those who, in this generous abnegation of self, have seen only something borrowed from the worship of imperial majesty in degenerate Rome, and a fatal present made to Europe to weaken its own virtues? No, this is neither a production of social decay, nor a sign of spiritual servitude. It is, on the contrary, the triumph of that moral and spiritual liberty of which imperial Rome had lost all conception, which Christianity alone could restore to the world, and the reign of which, specially extended and secured by the Children of St. Benedict, saved Europe from the anarchy,

slavery, and decrepitude into which it had been thrown by the Roman empire.

Doubtless this passive and absolute obedience would, in temporal affairs, and under chiefs appointed from without, and governing according to their interests or passions, become intolerable slavery. But besides the fact that among the Benedictines it was to be, always and with all, the result of a free determination, it was also sanctified and tempered by the nature and origin of the power. The abbot holds the place of Christ: he can ordain nothing that is not in conformity with the law of God. His charge is that of the father of a family, and of the good pastor: his life should be the mirror of his lessons.

Charged with the important mission of governing souls, he owes to God the severest reckoning, and almost at every page of the rule is enjoined never to lose sight of that terrible responsibility. He has not only to rule them, but to heal them; not only to guide them, but to support them, and to make himself the servant of all whom he governs, obeying all, while each obeys him. He must accommodate himself to the most diverse humors and characters, but at the same time admit no respect of persons between the nobles and plebeians, the freemen and the slaves, the rich and the poor, who are under his authority.

The exercise of this absolute authority is limited, besides, by the necessity of consulting all the monks assembled in a council or chapter upon all important business. The abbot has to state the subject, and to ask the advice of each, reserving to himself the right of making the final decision; but the youngest must be consulted like the others, because God often reveals to them the best course to follow. For lesser matters, the advice of the principal members of the monastery is sufficient, but the abbot can never act without advice.

His permanent council is composed of deans or elders, chosen by the monks themselves, not by order of seniority, but for their merit, charged with assisting the abbot, by sharing with him the weight of government. He can also, by the advice of these brethren, name a prior or provost, to be his lieutenant. Finally, the abbot himself is

elected by all the monks of the monastery: they may choose the last new-comer amongst them to be their chief; and once elected, his authority ceases only with his life. But in case of the election of an evidently unworthy person, the bishop of the diocese, or the neighboring abbots, or even the Christians of the environs, are entreated to prevent such a scandal.

This absolute authority of the abbot, fixed in a rule which he is neither permitted to modify or transgress, was then limited at once by the unchanging constitution of the community, by the necessity of consulting either an elect number or the whole body of his subordinates upon all business, and finally by the election from which it proceeded; and this election, made by a limited number of electors, all essentially competent, and personally interested in their work, made the chief in reality the servant of all those whom he commanded.

It must be acknowledged that the spirit of community or association was never more strongly organized. There is, in this combination of authority, at once absolute, permanent, and elective, with the necessity of taking the advice of the whole community and of acting solely in its interests, a new principle, to which nothing in the pagan world nor in the Lower Empire was analogous—a principle which demonstrated its energetic fertility by the experience of ages.

The community drew an irresistible force from the union of these wills purified by abnegation, and concentrated towards one sole end under a single hand, which was ruled and controlled in its turn by the spirit of sacrifice. Between the profligacy of the Empire and the anarchy of conquest, the Benedictine cloister, that living image of Christianity, presented to the decaying world a system which retained at once the vigorous discipline of the Roman legions and that spirit of self-devotion and domestic unity remarked by Tacitus in the German guilds.

It has been said with truth, that there exists in this rule an evangelical foundation and a feudal form. The institutions which it founded, like the words and images which it employed, bore a certain warlike stamp. It seemed to extend a hand to the feudal system, which

originated in the camps of the victorious Barbarians. Of these two forces, the one organized and consolidated material conquest, the other created a hierarchy and army for the conquest of souls.

The monastery, like a citadel always besieged, was to have within its enclosure gardens, a mill, a bakery, and various workshops, in order that no necessity of material life should occasion the monks to leave its walls. A certain number of Religious, whom the abbot judged worthy, might be raised to the priesthood, for the spiritual service of the house, without ceasing, on that account, to be subject to ordinary discipline.

One monk, chosen from among the most worthy, under the title of cellarer, was specially charged with the administration of the goods of the monastery, the distribution of food, the care of the furniture, of the hospital, and, in a word, with all the details of material life. Finally, the most generous and delicate hospitality was enjoined towards the poor and all the strangers who should visit the monastery; this was to be exercised by the direct care of the abbot, but without disturbing the solitude of the monks, or the silence of their cloisters. Let every stranger be received, says the rule, as if he were Christ himself; for it is Christ himself who shall one day say to us, "I was a stranger, and ye took me in."

No kind of praise has been wanted to this code of monastic life. St. Gregory, St. Thomas, St. Hildegard, and St. Antonius, believed it to be directly inspired by the Holy Spirit. Popes and Christian princes have vied with each other in celebrating it. The prince of Catholic eloquence has described it in these incomparable lines:—

"This *rule* is an epitome of Christianity, a learned and mysterious abridgment of all the doctrines of the gospel, all the institutions of the Holy Fathers, and all the counsels of perfection. Here prudence and simplicity, humility and courage, severity and gentleness, freedom and dependence, eminently appear. Here, correction has all its firmness; condescension all its charm; command all its vigor, and subjection all its repose; silence its gravity, and words their grace; strength its exercise, and weakness its support; and yet always, my Fathers, he

calls it *a beginning* to keep you always in holy fear."

But there is something which speaks with a still greater eloquence than that of Bossuet in honor of the Benedictine rule; it is the list of saints which it has produced; it is the tale of conquests which it has won and consolidated throughout the West, where for eight centuries it reigned alone; the irresistible attraction which it had for bright and generous minds, for upright and devoted hearts, for souls enamoured of solitude and sacrifice; the beneficient influence which it exercised upon the life of the secular clergy, warming them, by its rays, to such a point that, purified and strengthened, they seemed for a time to identify themselves with the children of Benedict. It is distinguished above all by the contrast between the exuberant life of faith and spirituality in the countries where it reigned, and the utter debasement into which the Oriental Church, dishonored by the marriage of its priests even before it became a prey to schism and Islamism, had fallen.

St. Gregory relates that the man of God whose life he writes, having one night anticipated the hour of matins, and gazing upon heaven from the window of his cell, saw all at once the darkness dispelled by a light more dazzling than that of day; and, amid that ocean of light, the entire world appeared to him crowded into a ray of the sun, "so paltry does the creature appear," adds the pontiff, "to the soul which contemplates the Creator!" Tradition has interpreted that sight as a vision of the splendid future awaiting the order which Benedict was about to form, and which was to embrace the Christian universe, and fill it with light. A lively and faithful image, in fact, of the destiny of an institution, the future course of which, perhaps, its founder only foresaw under that mysterious form!

The admiration of Catholic doctors has signalized in Benedict the Moses of a new people, the Joshua of another promised land. Nothing that he has said or written permits us to believe that he had any such idea of himself. Historians have vied in praising his genius and clear-sightedness; they have supposed that he intended to regenerate Europe, to stop the dissolution of

society, to prepare the reconstitution of political order, to re-establish public education, and to preserve literature and the arts. I know not whether he entertained such grand plans, but I can see no trace of them either in his rule or his life. If they ever penetrated into his soul, it was only to be eclipsed and replaced by a still higher and greater idea, by thought of salvation. I firmly believe that he never dreamt of regenerating anything but his own soul and those of his brethren the monks. All the rest has been given him over and above "the one thing needful." What is most to be admired in his social and historical influence is, that he seems never to have dreamt of it. But is it not a sign of true greatness to achieve great things without any pompous commotion, without preconceived ideas, without premeditation, under the sole empire of a modest and pure design, which God exalts and multiplies a hundredfold? Strange to say, nothing even in his rule itself indicates that it was written with the idea of governing other monasteries besides his own. He might have supposed that it would be adopted by communities in the neighborhood of those which he had collected round him; but nothing betrays any intention of establishing a common link of subordination between them, or of forming a bond between different religious houses, in order to originate an association of different and co-ordinate elements, like the great orders which have since arisen. The object of his rule, on the contrary, seems to have been the concentration in a single home of the greatness and strength of the monastic spirit. Everything is adapted to that single monastic family, which, by a wonderful arrangement of Providence, has been constituted the stem of such productive and innumerable branches. Like Romulus, who, tracing the primitive walls of Rome, never dreamt of that King-People, that greatest of nations, to which he was giving birth, Benedict did not foresee the gigantic work which was destined to issue from the grotto of Subiaco and the hillside of Monte Cassino. The masters of spiritual life have always remarked, that the man who begins a work blessed of God does it unawares. God loves to build upon nothing.

And what is truly serviceable to man is to see the

greatness of God issuing out of his own nothingness, and to recognize in that spectacle the productive power given to himself when he triumphs over fallen nature, so as to become again the lieutenant and instrument of God.

However it might be, the results of Benedict's work were immense. In his lifetime, as after his death, the sons of the noblest races in Italy, and the best of the converted Barbarians, came in multitudes to Monte Cassino. They came out again, and descended from it to spread themselves over all the West; missionaries and husbandmen, who were soon to become the doctors and pontiffs, the artists and legislators, the historians and poets of the new world.

They went forth to spread peace and faith, light and life, freedom and charity, knowledge and art, the Word of God and the genius of man, the Holy Scriptures and the great works of classical literature, amid the despairing provinces of the destroyed empire, and even into the barbarous regions from which the destruction came forth. Less than a century after the death of Benedict, all that barbarism had won from civilization was reconquered; and more still, his children took in hand to carry the Gospel beyond those limits which had confined the first disciples of Christ. After Italy, Gaul, and Spain had been retaken from the enemy, Great Britain, Germany, and Scandinavia were in turn invaded, conquered, and incorporated into Christendom. The West was saved. A new empire was founded. A new world began.

Come now, O Barbarians! the Church no longer fears you. Reign where you will; civilization shall escape your hands. Or rather it is you who shall defend the Church, and confirm civilization. You have vanquished everything, conquered everything, overthrown everything; you shall now be in your turn vanquished, conquered, and transformed. Men are born who shall become your masters. They shall take your sons, and even the sons of your kings, to enroll them in their army. They shall take your daughters, your queens, your princesses, to fill their monasteries. They shall take your souls to inspire them; your imaginations to delight and purify them; your courage to temper it by

sacrifice; your swords to consecrate them to the service of faith, weakness, and justice.

The work will be neither short nor easy; but they will accomplish it. They will govern the new nations by showing them the ideal of sanctity, of moral force, and greatness. They will make them the instruments of goodness and truth. Aided by these victors of Rome, they will carry the sway and laws of a new Rome beyond the furthest limits ever fixed by the Senate, or dreamt of by the Cæsars. They will conquer and bless lands which neither the Roman eagles nor even the apostles have reached. They will become the nursing fathers of all modern nations. They will be seen beside the thrones of Charlemagne, of Alfred, and of Otto the Great, forming with them Christian kingdoms and a new world. Finally, they will ascend the apostolic See with St. Gregory the Great and St. Gregory VII., from which they will preside, during ages of conflict and virtue, over the destinies of Catholic Europe and of the Church, gloriously assisted by races faithful, manful, and free.

Friar William de Rubruquis

Explorer and Traveler in the Orient

By SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

FRIAR WILLIAM was sent partly as an ambassador and partly as an explorer by Louis IX. of France into Tartary. At that time the descendants of Jenghis Khan ruled over an immense Empire in the Orient and King Louis was deeply interested in introducing Christianity into the East and if possible making their rulers Christians. About the middle of the Thirteenth Century a rumor spread throughout Europe that one of the nephews of the great Khan had embraced Christianity. St. Louis thought this a favorable opportunity for getting in touch with the Eastern Potentate and so he dispatched at least two missions into Tartary at the head of the second of which was William of Rubruk.

His accounts of his travels proved most interesting reading to his own and to many subsequent generations, perhaps to none more than our own. The Encyclopedia Britannica (ninth edition) says that the narrative of his journey is everywhere full of life and interest, and some details of his travels will show the reasons for this. Rubruk and his party landed on the Crimean Coast at Sudak or Soldaia, a port which formed the chief seat of communication between the Mediterranean countries and what is now Southern Russia. The Friar succeeded in making his way from here to the Great Khan's Court which was then held not far from Karakorum. This journey was one of several thousand miles. The route taken has been worked out by laborious study and the key to it is the description given of the country intervening between the basin of the Talas and

Lake Ala-Kul. This enables the whole geography of the region, including the passage of the River Ili, the plain south of the Bal Cash, and the Ala-Kul itself, to be identified beyond all reasonable doubt.

The return journey was made during the summer time and the route lay much farther to the north. The travelers traversed the Jabkan Valley and passed north of the River Bal Cash, following a rather direct course which led them to the mouth of the Volga. From here they traveled south past Derbend and Shamakii to the Uraxes, and on through Iconium to the coast of Cilicia, and finally to the port of Ayas, where they embarked for Cyprus. All during his travels Friar William made observations on men and cities, and rivers and mountains, and languages and customs, implements and utensils, and most of these modern criticism has accepted as representing the actual state of things as they would appear to a medieval sightseer. Occasionally during the period intervening between his time and our own, scholars who thought that they knew better, have been conceited enough to believe themselves in a position to point out glaring errors in Rubruquis' accounts of what he saw. Subsequent investigation and discovery have, as a rule, proved the accuracy of the earlier observations rather than the modern scholar's corrections. An excellent example of this is quoted in the Encyclopedia Britannica article on Rubruquis already referred to.

The writer says: "This sagacious and honest observer is denounced as an ignorant and untruthful blunderer by Isaac Jacob Schmidt (a man no doubt of useful learning, of a kind rare in his day but narrow and long-headed and in natural acumen and candour far inferior to the Thirteenth Century friar whom he maligns), simply because the evidence of the latter as to the Turkish dialect of the Uigurs traversed a pet heresy long since exploded which Schmidt entertained, namely, that the Uigurs were by race and language Tibetan."

Some of the descriptions of the towns through which the travelers passed are interesting because of

comparisons with towns of corresponding size in Europe. Karakorum, for instance, was described as a small city about the same size as the town of St. Denis near Paris. In Karakorum the ambassador missionary maintained a public disputation with certain pagan priests in the presence of three of the secretaries of the Khan. The religion of these umpires is rather interesting from its diversity: the first was a Christian, the second a Mohammedan, and the third a Buddhist. A very interesting feature of the disputation was the fact that the Khan ordered under pain of death that none of the disputants should slander, traduce, or abuse his adversaries, or endeavor by rumor or insinuations to excite popular indignation against them. This would seem to indicate that the great Tartar Khan who is usually considered to have been a cruel, ignorant despot, whose one quality that gave him supremacy was military valor, was really a large, liberal-minded man. His idea seems to have been to discover the truth of these different religions and adopt that one which was adjudged to have the best groundwork of reason for it. It is easy to understand, however, that such a disputation argued through interpreters wholly ignorant of the subject and without any proper understanding of the nice distinctions of words or any practice in conveying their proper significance, could come to no serious conclusion. The arguments, therefore, fell flat and a decision was not rendered.

Friar William's work was not unappreciated by his contemporaries and even its scientific value was thoroughly realized. It is not surprising, of course, that his great contemporary in the Franciscan order, Roger Bacon, should have come to the knowledge of his Brother Minorite's book and should have made frequent and copious quotations from it in the geographical section of his Opus Majus, which was written some time during the seventh decade of the Thirteenth Century. Bacon says that Brother William traversed the Oriental and Northern regions and the places adjacent to them, and wrote accounts of them for the illustrious King of France who sent him on the expedition to Tartary.

He adds: "I have read his book diligently and have compared it with similar accounts." Roger Bacon recognized by a sort of scientific intuition of his own, certain passages which have proved to be the best in recent times. The description, for instance, of the Caspian was the best down to this time, and Friar William corrects the error made by Isidore, and which had generally been accepted before this, that the Caspian Sea was a gulf. Rubruk, as quoted by Roger Bacon, states very explicitly that it nowhere touches the ocean but is surrounded on all sides by land. For those who do not think that the foundations of scientific geography were laid until recent times, a little consultation of Roger Bacon's Opus Majus would undoubtedly be a revelation. [J.J.W., "The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries."]

From the Journal of Friar William de Rubruquis, Translated by Sir John Mandeville

To his most sovereign, and most Christian Lord Lewis, by God's grace the renowned king of France, Friar William de Rubruk, the meanest of the Minorites' order, wisheth health and continual triumph in Christ. It is written in the book of Ecclesiasticus concerning the wise man: He shall travel into foreign countries, and good and evil shall he try in all things. The very same action (my lord and king) have I achieved: howbeit I wish that I have done it like a wise man, and not like a fool. For many there be, that perform the same action which a wise man doth, not wisely but more undiscreetly: of which number I fear myself to be one.

Notwithstanding, howsoever I have done it, because you commanded me, when I departed from your highness, to write all things unto you, which I should see among the Tartars, and you wished me also that I should not fear to write long letters: I have done as your

majesty enjoined me, yet with fear and reverence, because I want words and eloquence sufficient to write unto so great a majesty. Be it known therefore unto your sacred majesty, that in the year of our Lord 1253, about the nones of May, we entered into the sea of Pontus, which the Bulgarians call the Great Sea. It containeth in length (as I learned of certain merchants) 1008 miles, and is in a manner, divided into two parts. About the midst thereof are two provinces, one towards the north, and another towards the south.

The south province is called Synopolis, and it is the castle and port of the Soldan of Turkey; but the north province is called of the Latins, Gasaria: of the Greeks, which inhabit upon the sea shore thereof, it is called Cassaria, that is to say Caesaria. And there are certain headlands stretching forth into the sea towards Synopolis. Also there are three hundred miles of distance between Synopolis and Cassaria. Insomuch that the distance from those points or places to Constantinople, in length and breadth is about seven hundred miles: and seven hundred miles also from thence to the east, namely to the country of Hiberia which is a province of Georgia.

At the province of Gasaria or Cassaria we arrived, which province is, in a manner, three square, having a city on the west part thereof called Kersova, wherein S. Clement suffered martyrdom. And sailing before the said city, we saw an island, in which a church is said to be built by the hands of angels. But about the midst of the said province toward the south, as it were, upon a sharp angle or point, standeth a city called Soldaia, directly over against Synopolis. And there do all the Turkey merchants, which traffic into the north countries, in their journey outward, arrive, and as they return homeward also from Russia, and the said northern regions, into Turkey.

The foresaid merchants transport thither ermines and gray furs, with other rich and costly skins. Others carry clothes made of cotton or bombast, and silk, and divers kinds of spices. But upon the east part of the said province standeth a city called Matriga, where the river Tanais dischargeth his streams into the sea of

Pontus, the mouth whereof is twelve miles in breadth. For this river, before it entereth into the sea of Pontus, maketh a little sea, which hath in breadth and length seven hundred miles, and it is no place there of above six paces deep, whereupon great vessels cannot sail over it. Howbeit the merchants of Constantinople, arriving at the foresaid city of Materta, send their barques unto the river of Tanais to buy dried fishes, sturgeons, thosses, barbels, and an infinite number of other fishes. The foresaid province of Cassaria is compassed in with the sea on three sides thereof: namely on the west side, where Kersova the city of Saint Clement is situate: on the south side the city of Soldaia whereat we arrived: on the east side Maricandis, and there stands the city of Matriga upon the mouth of the river Tanais. Beyond the said mouth standeth Zikia, which is not in subjection unto the Tartars: also the people called Suevi and Hiberi towards the east, who likewise are not under the Tartars' dominion. Moreover towards the south, standeth the city of Trapesunda, which hath a governour proper to itself, named Guido, being of the lineage of the emperors of Constantinople, and is subject unto the Tartars.

Next unto that is Synopolis the city of the Soldan of Turkey, who likewise is in subjection unto them. Next unto these lieth the country of Vastacius, whose son is called Astar, of his grandfather by the mother's side, who is not in subjection. All the land from the mouth of Tanais westward as far as Danubius is under their subjection. Yea, beyond Danubius also, towards Constantinople, Valakia, which is the land of Assanus, and Bulgaria minor as far as Solonia, do all pay tribute unto them. And besides the tribute imposed, they have also of late years exacted of every household an axe, and all such corn as they found lying on heaps.

We arrived therefore at Soldaia the twelfth of the kalends of June. And divers merchants of Constantinople, which were arrived there before us, reported that certain messengers were coming thither from the holy land, who were desirous to travel unto Sartach. Notwithstanding I myself had publicly given out upon Palm Sunday, within the Church of St. Sophia, that I was not

your nor any other man's messenger, but that I travelled unto those infidels according to the rule of our order. And being arrived, the said merchants admonished me to take diligent heed what I spake: because they having reported me to be a messenger, if I should say the contrary, that I were no messenger, I could not have free passage granted unto me.

Then I spake after this manner unto the governours of the city, or rather unto their lieutenants, because the governours themselves were gone to pay tribute unto Baatu, and were not as yet returned. We heard of your lord Sartach (quoth I) in the Holy Land, that he was become a Christian: and the Christians were exceeding glad thereof, and especially the most Christian King of France, who is there now in pilgrimage, and fighteth against the Saracens to redeem the holy places out of their hands: wherefore I am determined to go unto Sartach, and to deliver unto him the letters of my lord the king, wherein he admonisheth him concerning the good and commodity of all Christendom. And they received us with gladness, and gave us entertainment in the cathedral church, the bishop of which church was with Sartach, who told me many good things concerning the said Sartach, which after I found to be nothing so.

Then put they us to our choice, whether we would have carts and oxen, or packhorses to transport our carriages. And the merchants of Constantinople advised me, not to take carts of the citizens of Soldaia but to buy covered carts of mine own (such as the Russians carry their skins in), and to put all our carriages, which I would daily take out, into them: because, if I should use horses, I must be constrained at every bait to take down my carriages, and to lift them up again on sundry horses' backs: and besides, that I should ride a more gentle pace by the oxen drawing the carts.

Wherefore contenting myself with their evil counsel, I was travelling unto Sartach two months which I could have done in one, if I had gone by horse. I brought with me from Constantinople (being by the merchants advised so to do) pleasant fruits, muscadel wine, and delicate biscuit bread to present unto the governours of

Soldaia, to the end I might obtain free passage: because they look favourably upon no man which cometh with an empty hand.

All of which things I bestowed in one of my carts (not finding the governours of the city at home), for they told me, if I could carry them to Sartach, that they would be most acceptable unto him. We took our journey therefore about the kalends of June, with four covered carts of our own, and with two other which we borrowed of them, wherein we carried our bedding to rest upon in the night, and they allowed us five horses to ride upon. For there were just five persons in our company: namely, I myself and mine associate Friar Bartholomew of Cremona, and Goset the bearer of these presents, the man of God Turgemannus, and Nicolas, my servant, whom I bought at Constantinople with some part of the alms bestowed upon me. Moreover, they allowed us two men, which drove our carts and gave attendance unto our oxen and horses.

There be high promontories on the sea shore from Kersova unto the mouth of Tanais. Also there are forty castles between Kersova and Soldaia, every one of which almost have their proper languages: amongst whom there were many Goths, who spake the Dutch tongue. Beyond the said mountains towards the north there is a most beautiful wood growing on a plain full of fountains and freshets. And beyond the wood there is a mighty plain champion, continuing five days' journey unto the very extremity and borders of the said province northward, and there it is a narrow isthmus or neck land, having sea on the east and west sides thereof, insomuch that there is a ditch made from one sea unto the other.

In the same plain (before the Tartars sprang up) were the Comanians wont to inhabit, who compelled the foresaid cities and castles to pay tribute unto them. But when the Tartars came upon them, the multitude of the Comanians entered into the foresaid province, and fled all of them, even unto the sea shore, being in such extreme famine, that they which were alive, were constrained to eat up those which were dead; and (as a merchant reported unto me who saw it with his own

eyes) that the living men devoured and tore with their teeth the raw flesh of the dead, as dogs would gnaw upon carrion.

Towards the border of the said province there be many great lakes: upon the banks whereof are salt pits or fountains, the water of which so soon as it entereth into the lake, becometh hard salt like unto ice. And out of those salt pits Baatu and Sartach have great revenues: for they repair thither out of all Russia for salt; and for each cart-load they give two webs of cotton amounting to the value of half an yperpera. There come by sea also many ships for salt, which pay tribute every one of them according to their burden. The third day after we were departed out of the precints of Soldaia, we found the Tartars. Amongst whom being entered, methought I was come into a new world, whose life and manners I will describe unto your highness as well as I can.

They have in no place any settled city to abide in, neither know they of the celestial city to come. They have divided all Scythia among themselves, which stretcheth from the river Danubius even unto the rising of the sun. And every one of their captains, according to the great or small number of his people, knoweth the bound of his pastures, and where he ought to feed his cattle, winter and summer, spring and autumn. For in the winter they descend unto the warm regions southward. And in the summer they ascend unto the cold regions northward.

In winter when snow lieth upon the ground, they feed their cattle upon pastures without water, because then they use snow instead of water. Their houses wherein they sleep, they ground upon a round foundation of wickers artificially wrought and compacted together: the roof whereof consisteth (in like sort) of wickers, meeting above into one little roundell, out of which roundell ascendeth a neck like unto a chimney, which they cover with white felt, and oftentimes they lay mortar or white earth upon the said felt, with the powder of bones, that it may shine white. And sometimes also they cover it with black felt. The said felt on the neck of

their houses, they do garnish over with beautiful variety of pictures.

Before the door likewise they hang a felt curiously painted over. For they spend all their coloured felt in painting vines, trees, birds, and beasts thereupon. The said houses they make so large, that they contain thirty foot in breadth. For measuring once the breadth between the wheel-ruts of one of their carts, I found it to be twenty feet over: and when the house was upon the cart, it stretched over the wheels on each side five feet at the least.

I told twenty-two oxen in one team, drawing an house upon a cart, eleven in one order according to the breadth of the cart, and eleven more before them: the axletree of the cart was of an huge bigness, like unto the mast of a ship. And a fellow stood in the door of the house, upon the forestall of the cart, driving forth the oxen.

Moreover, they make certain foursquare baskets of small slender wickers as big as great chests: and afterward, from one side to another, they frame an hollow lid or cover of such like wickers, and make a door in the fore side thereof. And then they cover the said chest or little house with black felt rubbed over with tallow or sheep's milk to keep the rain from soaking through, which they deck likewise with painting or with feathers. And in such chests they put their whole household stuff and treasure.

Also the same chests they do strongly bind upon other carts, which are drawn with camels, to the end they may wade through rivers. Neither do they at any time take down the said chests from off their carts.

When they take down their dwelling houses, they turn the doors always to the south: and next of all they place the carts laden with their chests, here and there, within half a stone's cast of the house: insomuch that the house standeth between two ranks of carts, as it were, between two walls.

The matrons make for themselves most beautiful carts, which I am not able to describe unto your majesty but by pictures only: for I would right willingly have

painted all things for you, had my skill been aught in that art.

One rich Moal or Tartar hath two hundred or one hundred such carts with chests. Duke Baatu hath sixteen wives, every one of which hath one great house, besides other little houses, which they place behind the great one, being as it were chambers for their maidens to dwell in. And unto every of the said houses do belong two hundred carts. When they take their houses from off the carts, the principal wife placeth her court on the west frontier, and so all the rest in their order: so that the last wife dwelleth upon the east frontier: and one of the said ladies' courts is distant from another about a stone's cast. Whereupon the court of one rich Moal or Tartar will appear like unto a great village, very few men abiding in the same. One woman will guide twenty or thirty carts at once, for their countries are very plain, and they bind the carts with camels or oxen, one behind another. And there sits a wench in the foremost cart driving the oxen, and all the residue follow on a like pace. When they chance to come at any bad passage, they let them loose, and guide them over one by one: for they go a slow pace, as fast as a lamb or an ox can walk.

Concerning their food and victuals, be it known unto your highness that they do, without all difference or exception, eat all their dead carrions. And amongst so many droves it cannot be, but some cattle must needs die. Howbeit in summer, so long as their cosmos, that is, their mares' milk lasteth, they care not for any food. And if they chance to have an ox or an horse die, they dry the flesh thereof; for cutting it into thin slices and hanging it against the sun and the wind, it is presently dried without salt, and also without stench or corruption.

They make better puddings of their horses than of their hogs, which they eat being new made: the rest of the flesh they reserve until winter. They make of their ox skins great bladders or bags, which they do wonderfully dry in the smoke. Of the hinder part of their horse hides they make very fine sandals and pantofles.

They give unto fifty or an hundred men the flesh of one ram to eat. For they mince it in a bowl with salt and water (other sauce they have none) and then with the point of a knife, or a little fork which they make for the same purpose (such as we use to take roasted pears or apples out of wine withall), they reach unto every one of the company a morsel or twain, according to the multitude of guests.

The master of the house, before the ram's flesh be distributed, first of all himself taketh thereof, what he pleaseth. Also, if he giveth unto any of the company a special part, the receiver thereof must eat it alone, and must not impart ought thereof unto any other. Not being able to eat it up all, he carries it with him, or delivers it unto his boy, if he be present, to keep it: if not, he puts it up into his saptargat, that is to say, his four-square budget, which they use to carry about with them for the saving of all such provision, and wherein they lay up their bones, when they have not time to gnaw them thoroughly, that they may furnish them afterward, to the end that no whit of their food may come to nought.

Their drink called cosmos, which is mares' milk, is prepared after this manner. They fasten a long line unto two posts standing firmly in the ground, and unto the same line they tie the young foals of those mares which they mean to milk. Then come the dams to stand by their foals, gently suffering themselves to be milked. And if any of them be too unruly, then one takes her foal and puts it under her, letting it suck a while, and presently carrying it away again, there comes another man to milk the said mare.

And having gotten a good quantity of this milk together (being as sweet as cow's milk), while it is new they pour it into a great bladder or bag, and they beat the said bag with a piece of wood made for the purpose, having a club at the lower end like a man's head, which is hollow within: and so soon as they beat upon it, it begins to boil like new wine, and to be sour and sharp of taste, and they beat it in that manner 'till butter come thereof. Then taste they thereof, and being in-

differently sharp they drink it: for it biteth a man's tongue like the wine of raspes, when it is drunk.

After a man hath taken a draught thereof, it leaveth behind it a taste like the taste of almond milk, and goeth down very pleasantly, intoxicating weak brains: also it causeth wine to be avoided in great measure. Likewise caracosmos, that is to say black cosmos, for great lords to drink, they make on this manner. First they beat the said milk so long till the thickest part thereof descend right down to the bottom like the lees of white wine, and that which is thin and pure remaineth above, being like unto whey or white must. The said lees or dregs being very white, are given to servants, and will cause them to sleep exceedingly. That which is thin and clear their masters drink; and in very deed it is marvellous sweet and wholesome liquor.

Duke Baatu hath thirty cottages or granges within a day's journey of his abiding place: every one of which serveth him daily with the caracosmos of an hundred mares' milk, and so all of them together every day with the milk of three thousand mares, besides white milk which other of his subjects bring. For even as the husbandmen of Syria bestow the third part of their fruits and carry it unto the courts of their lords, even so do they their mares' milk every third day.

Out of their cows' milk they first churn butter, boiling the which butter unto a perfect decoction, they put it into rams' skins, which they reserve for the same purpose. Neither do they salt their butter: and yet by reason of the long seething it putrefieth not: and they keep it in store for winter. The churnmilk which remaineth of the butter, they let alone till it be as sour as possibly it may be, then they boil it and in boiling, it is turned all into curds, which curds they dry in the sun, making them as hard as the dross of iron: and this kind of food also they store up in satchels against winter.

In the winter season when milk faileth them, they put the foresaid curds (which they call gry-ut) into a bladder, and pouring hot water thereinto, they beat it lustily till they have resolved it into the said water, which is thereby made exceedingly sour, and that they drink in-

stead of milk. They are very scrupulous, and take diligent heed that they drink not fair water by itself.

Great lords have cottages or granges towards the south, from whence their tenants bring them millet and meal against winter. The poorer sort provide themselves of such necessaries, for the exchange of rams, and of other beasts' skins.

The Tartars' slaves fill their bellies with thick water, and are therewithal contented. They will neither eat mice with long tails, nor any kind of mice with short tails. They have also certain little beasts called by them sogur, which lie in a cave twenty or thirty of them together, all the whole winter sleeping there for the space of six months: and these they take in great abundance.

There are also a kind of conies having long tails like unto cats: and on the outside of their tails grow black and white hairs. They have many other small beasts good to eat, which they know and discern right well. I saw no deer there, and but a few hares, but a great number of roes. I saw wild asses in great abundance, which be like unto mules.

Also I saw another kind of beast called artak, having in all resemblance the body of a ram, and crooked horns, which are of such bigness, that I could scarce lift up a pair of them with one hand; and of these horns they make great drinking cups. They have falcons, gerfalcons, and other hawks in great plenty: all which they carry upon their right hands: and they put always about their falcons' necks a string of leather, which hangeth down to the midst of their gorges, by which string, when they cast them off the fist at their game, with their left hand they bow down the heads and breasts of the said hawks, lest they should be tossed up and down, and beaten with the wind, or lest they should soar too high. Wherefore they get a great part of their victuals by hunting and hawking.

Concerning their garments and attire be it known unto your majesty, that out of Cataya and other regions of the east, out of Persia also and other countries of the south, there are brought unto them stuffs of silk, cloth of gold, and cotton cloth, which they wear in

time of summer. But out of Russia, Moxel, Bulgaria the greater, and Pascatir, that is Hungaria the greater, and out of Kersis (all which are northern regions and full of woods) and also out of many other countries of the north, which are subject unto them, the inhabitants bring them rich and costly skins of divers sorts (which I never saw in our countries) wherewithal they are clad in winter.

And always against winter they make themselves two gowns, one with the fur inward to their skin, and another with the fur outward, to defend them from wind and snow, which for the most part are made of wolves' skins, or fox skins, or else of papions. And when they sit within the house, they have a finer gown to wear. The poorer sort make their upper gown of dogs' or of goats' skins. When they go to hunt for wild beasts, there meets a great company together, and environing the place round about, where they are sure to find some game, by little and little they approach on all sides, till they have gotten the wild beasts into the midst, as it were into a circle, and then they discharge their arrows at them. Also they make themselves breeches of skins.

The rich Tartars sometimes fur their gowns with pelluce or silk shag, which is exceeding soft, light, and warm. The poorer sort do line their clothes with cotton cloth which is made of the finest wool they can pick out, and of the coarser part of the said wool, they make felt to cover their houses and their chests, and for their bedding also. Of the same wool, being mixed with one third part of horse hair, they make all their cordage. They make also of the said felt coverings for their stools, and caps to defend their heads from the weather: for all which purposes they spend a great quantity of their wool. And thus much concerning the attire of the men.

The men shave a plot four square upon the crowns of their heads, and from the two foremost corners they shave, as it were, two seams down to their temples: they shave also their temples and the hinder part of their head even unto the nape of the neck: likewise they shave the fore part of their scalp down to their foreheads, and upon their foreheads they leave a lock of

hair reaching down unto their eyebrows: upon the two hindermost corners of their heads, they have two locks also, which they twine and braid into knots and so bind and knit them under each ear one.

Moreover their women's garments differ not from their men's, saving they are somewhat longer. But on the morrow after one of their women is married, she shaves her scalp from the midst of her head down to her forehead, and wears a wide garment like unto the hood of a nun, yea larger and longer in all parts than a nun's hood, being open before and girt unto them under the right side. For herein do the Tartars differ from the Turks, because the Turks fasten their garments to their bodies on the left side: but the Tartars always on the right side.

They have also an ornament for their heads which they call botta, being made of the bark of a tree, or of some such other lighter matter as they can find, which by reason of the thickness and roundness thereof cannot be holden but in both hands together: and it hath a square sharp spire rising from the top thereof, being more than a cubit in length, and fashioned like unto a pinnacle. The said botta they cover all over with a piece of rich silk: and it is hollow within: and upon the midst of the said spire or square top, they put a bunch of quills or of slender canes a cubit long and more: and the said bunch, on the top thereof, they beautify with peacocks' feathers, and round about all the length thereof, with the feathers of a mallard's tail, and with precious stones also. Great ladies wear this kind of ornament upon their heads, binding it strongly with a certain hat or coif, which hath an hole in the crown, fit for the spire to come through it: and under the foresaid ornament they cover the hairs of their heads, which they gather up round together from the hinder part thereof to the crown, and so lap them up in a knot or bundle within the said botta, which afterward they bind strongly under their throats.

Hereupon when a great company of such gentlewomen ride together, and are beheld afar off, they seem to be soldiers with helmets on their heads carrying their

lances upright: for the said botta appeareth like an helmet with a lance over it. All their women sit on horseback bestriding their horses like men: and they bind their hoods or gowns about their waists with a sky-coloured silk scarf, and with another scarf they gird it above their breasts: and they bind also a piece of white silk like a muffler or mask under their eyes, reaching down unto their breast. These gentlewomen are exceeding fat, and the lesser their noses be, the fairer are they esteemed: they daub over their sweet faces with grease too shamefully: and they never lie in bed for their travail of child-birth.

The duties of women are, to drive carts: to lay their houses upon carts and to take them down again: to milk kine: to make butter and gry-ut: to dress skins and to sew them, which they usually sew with thread made of sinews, for they divide sinews into slender threads, and then twine them into one long thread. They make sandals and socks and other garments.

Howbeit they never wash any apparel: for they say that God is then angry, and that dreadful thunder will ensure, if washed garments be hanged forth to dry: yea, they beat such as wash, and take their garments from them. They are wonderfully afraid of thunder: for in the time of thunder they thrust all strangers out of their houses, and then wrapping themselves in black felt, they lie hidden therein, till the thunder be overpast.

They never wash their dishes or bowls: yea, when their flesh is sodden, they wash the platter wherein it must be put, with scalding hot broth out of the pot, and then pour the said broth into the pot again. They make felt also, and cover their houses therewith.

The duties of the men are to make bows and arrows, stirrups, bridles, and saddles: to build houses and carts, to keep horses: to milk mares: to churn cosmos and mares' milk, and to make bags wherein to put it: they keep camels also and lay burdens upon them. As for sheep and goats they tend and milk them, as well the men as the women. With sheep's milk thickened and salted they dress and tan their hides.

When they will wash their hands or their heads,

they fill their mouths full of water, and spouting it into their hands by little and little, they sprinkle their hair and wash their heads therewith.

As touching marriages, your highness is to understand, that no man can have a wife among them till he hath bought her: whereupon sometimes their maids are very stale before they be married, for their parents always keep them 'till they can sell them. They keep the first and second degrees of consanguinity inviolable, as we do: but they have no regard of the degrees of affinity: for they will marry together, or by succession, two sisters

Their widows marry not at all, for this reason: because they believe that all who have served them in this life, shall do them service in the life to come also. Whereupon they are persuaded, that every widow after death shall return unto her own husband. And herehence ariseth an abominable and filthy custom among them, namely that the son marrieth sometimes all his father's wives except his own mother: for the court or house of the father or mother falleth by inheritance always to the younger son. Whereupon he is to provide for all his father's wives, because they are part of his inheritance as well as his father's possessions. And then if he will he useth them for his own wives: for he thinks it no injury or disparagement unto himself, although they return unto his father after death. Therefore when any man hath bargained with another for a maid, the father of the said damosel makes him a feast: in the mean while she fleeth unto some of her kinsfolk to hide herself.

Then saith her father unto the bridegroom: "Lo, my daughter is yours, take her wheresoever you can find her."

Then he and his friends seek for her till they can find her, and having found her he must take her by force and carry her, as it were, violently unto his own house.

Concerning their laws or their execution of justice, your majesty is to be advertised, that when two men fight, no third man dare intrude himself to part them.

Yea, the father dare not help his own son. But he that goes by the worst must appeal unto the court of his lord. And whosoever else offereth him any violence after appeal, is put to death. But he must go presently without all delay: and he that suffered the injured, carrieth him, as it were captive.

They punish no man with sentence of death, unless he be taken in the deed doing, or confesseth the same. But being accused by the multitude, they put him into extreme torture to make him confess the truth. They punish murder with death, and carnal copulation also with any other besides his own. By his own I mean his wife or his maid-servant, for he may use his slave as he listeth himself.

Heinous theft also or felony they punish with death. For a light theft, as namely for stealing of a ram, the party (not being apprehended in the deed doing, but otherwise detected) is cruelly beaten. And if the executioner lays on an hundred strokes, he must have an hundred staves, namely for such as are beaten upon sentence given in the court.

Also counterfeit messengers, because they feign themselves to be messengers, whenas indeed they are none at all, they punish with death. Sacrilegious persons they use in like manner (of which kind of malefactors your majesty shall understand more fully hereafter) because they esteem such to be witches. When any man dieth, they lament and howl most pitifully for him: and the said mourners are free from paying any tribute for one whole year after. Also whosoever is present at the house where any one grown to man's estate lieth dead, he must not enter into the court of Mangu-Can till one whole year be expired. If it were a child deceased he must not enter into the said court till the next month after.

Near unto the grave of the party deceased they always leave one cottage. If any of their nobles (being of the stock of Chingis, who was their first lord and father) deceaseth, his sepulchre is unknown. And always about those places where they inter their nobles, there is one house of men to keep the sepulchres.

I could not learn that they use to hide treasures in the graves of their dead. The Comanians build a great tomb over their dead, and erect the image of the dead party thereupon, with his face towards the east, holding a drinking cup in his hand, before his navel. They erect also upon the monuments of rich men, pyramids, that is to say little sharp houses or pinnacles: and in some places I saw mighty towers made of brick, in other places pyramids made of stones, albeit there are no stones to be found thereabout. I saw one newly buried, in whose behalf they hanged up sixteen horse hides, unto each quarter of the world four, between certain high posts: and they set beside his grave cosmos for him to drink, and flesh to eat: and yet they said that he was baptized.

I beheld other kinds of sepulchres also towards the east: namely large flowers or pavements made of stone, some round and some square, and then four long stones pitched upright, about the said pavement towards the four regions of the world. When any man is sick, he lieth in his bed, and causeth a sign to be set upon his house, to signify that there lieth a sick person there, to the end that no man may enter into the said house: whereupon none at all visit any sick party but his servant only. Moreover, when any one is sick in their great courts, they appoint watchmen to stand round about the said court, who will not suffer any person to enter within the precincts thereof. For they fear lest evil spirits or winds should come together with the parties that enter in. They esteem of soothsayers as of their priests.

And being come amongst those barbarous people, methought (as I said before) that I was entered into a new world: for they came flocking about us on horseback, after they had made us a long time to await for them, sitting in the shadow under their black carts. The first question which they demanded was whether we had ever been with them heretofore, or no? And giving them answer that we had not, they began impudently to beg our victuals from us. And we gave them some of our biscuit and wine, which we had brought with us from the town of Soldaia. And having drunk off one flagon of our wine they demanded another, say-

ing, that a man goeth not into the house with one foot. Howbeit we gave them no more, excusing ourselves that we had but a little.

Then they asked us, whence we came, and whither we were bound? I answered them with the words abovementioned: that we had heard concerning Duke Sartach that he was become a Christian, and that unto him our determination was to travel, having your majesty's letters to deliver unto him. They were very inquisitive to know whether I came of mine own accord, or whether I were sent? I answered that no man compelled me to come, neither had I come, unless I myself had been willing: and that therefore I was come according to mine own will, and to the will of my superior.

I took diligent heed never to say that I was your majesty's ambassador. Then they asked what I had in my carts; whether it were gold or silver, or rich garments to carry unto Sartach? I answered that Sartach should see what we had brought, when we were once come unto him, and that they had nothing to do to ask such questions, but rather ought to conduct me unto their captain, and that he, if he thought good, should cause me to be directed unto Sartach: if not, that I would return. For there was in the same province one of Baatu his kinsmen called Scacati, unto whom my lord the Emperor of Constantinople had written letters of request to suffer me to pass through his territory. With this answer of ours they were satisfied, giving us horses and oxen, and two men to conduct us.

Howbeit before they would allow us the foresaid necessaries for our journey, they made us to await a long while, begging our bread for their young brats, wondering at all things which they saw about our servants, as their knives, gloves, purses, and points, and desiring to have them. I excused myself that we had a long way to travel, and that we must in no wise so soon deprive ourselves of things necessary to finish so long a journey.

Then they said that I was a very varlet. True it is that they took nothing by force from me: howbeit they will beg that which they see very importunately and shamelessly. And if a man bestow ought upon them, it

is but cost lost, for they are thankless wretches. They esteem themselves lords and think that nothing should be denied them by any man. If a man gives them nought, and afterwards stands in need of their service, they will do right nought for him. They gave us of their cows' milk to drink after the butter was churned out of it, being very sour, which they call apram.

And so we departed from them. And in very deed it seemed to me that we were escaped out of the hands of devils. On the morrow we were come unto the captain. From the time wherein we departed from Soldaia till we arrived at the court of Sartach, which was the space of two months, we never lay in house or tent, but always under the starry canopy, and in the open air, or under our carts. Neither yet saw we any village, nor any mention of building where a village had been, but the graves of the Comanians in great abundance. The same evening our guide which had conducted us gave us some cosmos. After I had drunk thereof I sweat most extremely for the novelty and strangeness, because I never drank of it before. Notwithstanding methought it was very savoury, as indeed it was.

We therefore went on towards the east, seeing nothing but heaven and earth, and sometimes the sea on our right hand, called the sea of Tanais, and the sepulchres of the Comanians, which appeared unto us two leagues off, in which places they were wont to bury their kindred all together. So long as we were travelling through the desert it went reasonably well with us. For I cannot sufficiently express in words the irksome and tedious troubles which I sustained, when I came at any of their places of abode. For our guide would have us go in unto every captain with a present, and our expenses would not extend so far. For we were every day eight persons of us spending our wayfaring provision, for the Tartars' servants would all of them eat of our victuals.

We ourselves were five in number, and the servants our guides were three, two to drive our carts, and one to conduct us unto Sartach. The flesh which they gave us was not sufficient for us: neither could we find anything to be bought for our money. And as we sat under

our carts in the cool shadow, by reason of the extreme and vehement heat which was there at that time, they did so importunately and shamelessly intrude themselves into our company, that they would even tread upon us to see whatsoever things we had.

Having list at any time to ease themselves, the filthy lozels had not the manners to withdraw themselves farther from us than a bean can be cast. Yea, like vile slovens they would lay their tails in our presence while they were yet talking with us: many other things they committed which were most tedious and loathsome unto us.

But above all things it grieved me to the very heart, that when I would utter ought unto them which might tend to their edification, my foolish interpreter would say: You shall not make me become a preacher now: I tell you I cannot, nor I will not, rehearse any such words. And true it was which he said, For I perceived afterward, when I began to have a little smattering in the language, that when I spake one thing he would say quite another, whatsoever came next unto his witless tongue's end.

Then seeing the danger I might incur in speaking by such an interpreter, I resolved much rather to hold my peace, and thus we travelled with great toil from lodging to lodging, till at the length, a few days before the feast of Saint Mary Magdalene, we arrived at the bank of the mighty river Tanais which divideth Asia from Europe, even as the river Nilus of Egypt disjoineth Asia from Africa.

At the same place where we arrived, Baatu and Sartach did cause a certain cottage to be built upon the eastern bank of the river, for a company of Russians to dwell in, to the end they might transport ambassadors and merchants in ferry boats over that part of the river. First they ferried us over, and then our carts, putting one wheel into one lighter and the other wheel into another lighter, having bound both the lighters together, and so they row them over.

In this place our guide played the fool most extremely. For he, imagining that the said Russians, dwelling in the cottage, should have provided us horses, sent home the

beasts which we brought with us, in another cart, that they might return unto their own masters. And when we demanded to have some beasts of them, they answered that they had a privilege from Baatu, whereby they were bound to none other service but only to ferry over goers and comers: and that they received great tribute of merchants in regard thereof.

We stayed therefore by the said river's side three days.

The first day they gave unto us a great fresh turbot: the second day they bestowed rye bread and a little flesh upon us, which the purveyor of the village had taken up at every house for us: and the third day dried fishes, which they have there in great abundance. The said river was even as broad in that place as the river of the Seine is at Paris. And before we came there we passed over many goodly waters, and full of fish: howbeit the barbarous and rude Tartars know not how to take them: neither do they make any reckoning of any fish, except it be so great that they may prey upon the flesh thereof as upon the flesh of a ram.

The river is the limit of the east part of Russia, and it springeth out of the fens of Maeotis, which fens stretch unto the North Ocean. And it runneth southward into a certain great sea 700 miles about before it falleth into the sea called Pontus Euxinus. And all the rivers which we passed over, ran with full stream into those quarters. The foresaid river hath great store of wood also growing upon the west side thereof. Beyond this place the Tartars ascend no farther unto the north: for at that season of the year, about the first of August, they begin to return back unto the south. And therefore there is another cottage somewhat lower, where passengers are ferried over in winter time. And in this place we were driven to great extremity, by reason that we could get neither horses nor oxen for any money.

At length, after I had declared unto them that my coming was to labour for the common good of all Christians, they sent us oxen and men; howbeit we ourselves were fain to travel on foot. At this time they were reaping their rye. Wheat prospereth not well in that soil.

They have the seed of millium in great abundance. The Russian women attire their heads like unto our women. They embroider their safeguards or gowns on the outside, from their feet unto their knees, with particoloured or grey stuff. The Russian men wear caps like unto the Dutchmen. Also they wear upon their heads certain sharp and high-crowned hats made of felt, much like unto a sugar loaf.

Then travelled we three days together not finding any people. And when ourselves and our oxen were exceeding weary and faint, not knowing how far off we should find any Tartars, on the sudden there came two horses running towards us, which we took with great joy, and our guide and interpreter mounted upon their backs, to see how far off they could descry any people. At length upon the fourth day of our journey, having found some inhabitants we rejoiced like seafaring men which had escaped out of a dangerous tempest, and had newly recovered the haven. Then having taken fresh horses and oxen, we passed on from lodging to lodging, till at the last, upon the second of the kalends of August, we arrived at the habitation of Duke Sartach himself.

And we found Sartach lying within three days' journey of the river Etilia: whose court seemed unto us to be very great. For he himself had six wives, and his eldest son also had three wives: every one of which women hath a great house, and they have each one of them about two hundred carts. Our guide went unto a certain Nestorian named Coiat, who is a man of great authority in Sartach's court. He made us to go very far unto the lord's gate. For so they call him who hath the office of entertaining ambassadors.

In the evening Coiat commanded us to come unto him. Then our guide began to enquire what we would present him withall, and was exceedingly offended when he saw that we had nothing ready to present. We stood before him, and he sat majestically, having music and dancing in his presence.

Then I spake unto him in the words before recited, telling him for what purpose I was come unto his lord, and requesting so much favour at his hands as to bring

our letters unto the sight of his lord. I excused myself also, that I was a monk, not having, nor receiving, nor using any gold or silver, or any other precious thing, save only our books and the vestments wherein we served God: and that this was the cause why I brought no present unto him nor unto his lord. For I that had abandoned mine own goods, could not be a transporter of things for other men. Then he answered very courteously, that being a monk and so doing, I did well: for so I should observe my vow: neither did himself stand in need of ought that we had, but rather was ready to bestow upon us such thing as we ourselves stood in need of: and he caused us to sit down, and to drink of his milk.

And presently after he requested us to say our devotions for him: and we did so. He enquired also who was the greatest prince among the Franks? And I said the emperor, if he could enjoy his own dominions in quiet. No (quoth he) but the King of France. For he had heard of your highness by Lord Baldwin of Henault. I found there also one of the Knights of the Temple, who had been in Cyprus, and had made report of all things which he saw there. Then returned we unto our lodging. And on the morrow we sent him a flagon of muscadel wine (which had lasted very well in so long a journey) and a box full of biscuit, which was most acceptable unto him. And he kept our servants with him for that evening.

The next morning he commanded me to come unto the court, and to bring the king's letters and my vestments and books with me; because his lord was desirous to see them. Which we did accordingly, lading one cart with our books and vestments, and another with biscuit, wine and fruit. Then he caused all our books and vestments, to be laid forth. And there stood around about us many Tartars, Christians and Saracens on horseback. At the sight whereof he demanded whether I would bestow all those things upon his lord or no? Which saying made me to tremble, and grieved me full sore.

Howbeit, dissembling our grief as well as we could, we shaped him this answer: Sir, our humble request is, that our lord your master would vouchsafe to accept our bread, wine, and fruits, not as a present, because it is too mean,

but as a benediction, lest we should come with an empty hand before him. And he shall see the letters of my sovereign lord the king, and by them he shall understand for what cause we are come unto him, and then both ourselves and all that we have shall stand to his courtesy: for our vestments be holy, and it is unlawful for any but priests to touch them.

Then he commanded us to invest ourselves in the said garments, that we might go before his lord: and we did so. Then I myself putting on our most precious ornaments, took in mine arms a very fair cushion, and the Bible which your majesty gave me, and a most beautiful psalter, which the queen's grace bestowed upon me, wherein there were goodly pictures. Mine associate took a missal and a cross: and the clerk having put on his surplice, took a censer in his hand. And so we came unto the presence of his lord: and they lifted up the felt hanging before his door, that he might behold us.

Then they caused the clerk and the interpreter thrice to bow the knee: but of us they required no such submission. And they diligently admonished us to take heed that in going in, and in coming out, we touched not the threshold of the house, and requested us to sing a benediction for him. Then we entered in, singing *Salve Regina.* And within the entrance of the door stood a bench with cosmos and drinking cups thereupon. And all his wives were there assembled. Also the Moals, or rich Tartars, thrusting in with us pressed us sore.

Then Coiat carried unto his lord the censer with incense, which he beheld very diligently, holding it in his hand. Afterward he carried the psalter unto him, which he looked earnestly upon, and his wife also that sat beside him. After that he carried the Bible: then Sartach asked if the Gospel were contained therein? Yea (said I) and all the holy scriptures besides. He took the cross also in his hand, and demanded concerning the image whether it were the image of Christ or no? I said it was. The Nestorians and the Armenians do never make the figure of Christ upon their crosses. Wherefore either they seem not to think well of his passion, or else they are ashamed of it. Then he caused them that stood about us to stand

aside, that he might more fully behold our ornaments. Afterward I delivered unto him your majesty's letters, with translation thereof into the Arabic and Syriac languages. For I caused them to be translated at Acon into the character and dialect of both the said tongues. And there were certain Armenian priests which had skill in the Turkish and Arabian languages. The aforesaid knight also of the Order of the Temple had knowledge in the Syriac, Turkish, and Arabian tongues.

Then we departed forth, and put off our vestments, and there came unto us certain scribes together with the foresaid Coiat, and caused our letters to be interpreted. Which letters being heard, he caused our bread, wine and fruits to be received. And he permitted us also to carry our vestments and books unto our own lodging. This was done upon the feast of St. Peter ad vincula.

Of hunger and thirst, cold and weariness, there was no end. For they gave us no victuals, but only in the evening. In the morning they used to give us a little drink, or some sodden millet to sup off. In the evening they bestowed flesh upon us, as namely, a shoulder and breast of ram's mutton, and every man a measured quantity of broth to drink. When we had sufficient of the flesh broth, we were marvellously well refreshed. And it seemed to me most pleasant, and most nourishing drink. Every Saturday I remained fasting until night, without eating or drinking of aught. And when night came I was constrained, to my great grief and sorrow, to eat flesh.

Sometimes we were fain to eat flesh half sodden, or almost raw, and all for want of fuel to seethe it withal; especially when we lay in the fields, or were benighted before we came at our journey's end: because we could not then conveniently gather together the dung of horses or oxen: for other fuel we found but seldom, except perhaps a few thorns in some places. Likewise upon the banks of some rivers, there are woods growing here and there. Howbeit they are very rare.

In the beginning our guide highly disdained us, and it was tedious unto him to conduct such base fellows. Afterward, when he began to know us somewhat better,

he directed us on our way by the courts of rich Moals, and we were requested to pray for them. Wherefore, had I carried a good interpreter with me, I should have had opportunity to have done much good. The foresaid Chingis, who was the first great Can or Emperor of the Tartars, had four sons, of whom proceeded by natural descent many children, every one of which doth at this day enjoy great possessions: and they are daily multiplied and dispersed over that huge and waste desert, which is, in dimensions, like unto the ocean sea.

Our guide therefore directed us, as we were going on our journey, unto many of their habitation. And they marvelled exceedingly, that we would receive neither gold, nor silver, nor precious and costly garments at their hands. They inquired also, concerning the great Pope, whether he was of so lasting an age as they had heard. For there had gone a report among them, that he was five hundred years old. They inquired likewise of our countries, whether there were abundance of sheep, oxen, and horses or no: concerning the Ocean sea, they could not conceive of it, because it was without limits or banks.

Upon the even of the feast of All Saints, we forsook the way leading towards the east (because the people were now descended very much south), and we went on our journey by certain alps, or mountains, directly southward, for the space of eight days together. In the foresaid desert I saw many asses (which they call colan) being rather like unto mules; these did our guide and his companions chase very eagerly; howbeit, they did but lose their labour; for the beasts were too swift for them. Upon the seventh day there appeared to the south of us huge high mountains, and we entered into a place which was well watered, and fresh as a garden, and found land tilled and manured.

The eighth day after the feast of All Saints, we arrived at a certain town of the Saracens, named Kenchat, the governor whereof met our guide at the town's end with ale and cups. For it is their manner at all towns and villages, subject unto them, to meet the messengers of Baatu and Mangu-Can with meat and drink. At the same time of the year, they went upon the ice in that

country. And before the feast of S. Michael, we had frost in the desert. I inquired the name of that province: but being now in a strange territory, they could not tell me the name thereof, but only the name of a very small city in the same province. And there descended a great river down from the mountains, which watered the whole region, according as the inhabitants would give it passage, by making divers channels and sluices: neither did this river exonerate itself into any sea, but was swallowed up by an hideous gulf into the bowels of the earth: and it caused many fens or lakes. Also I saw many vines, and drank of the wine thereof.

But the foresaid Jugures (who live among the Christians, and the Saracens) by their sundry disputations, as I suppose, have been brought unto this, to believe, that there is but one only God. And they dwell in certain cities, which afterward were brought in subjection unto Chingis Can: whereupon he gave his daughter in marriage unto their king. Also the city of Caracarum itself is in a manner within their territory: and the whole country of king or Presbyter John, and of his brother Vut lieth near unto their dominions: saying that they inhabit in certain pastures northward, and the said Jugures between the mountains towards the south. Whereupon it came to pass, that the Moals received letters from them. And they are the Tartars' principal scribes: and all the Nestorians almost can skill of their letters.

Next unto them, between the foresaid mountains eastward, inhabiteth the nation of Tangur, who are a most valiant people, and took Chingis in battle. But after the conclusion of a league he was set at liberty by them, and afterwards subdued them. These people of Tangut have oxen of great strength, with tails like unto horses, and with long shaggy hair upon their backs and bellies. They have legs greater than other oxen have, and they are exceedingly fierce. These oxen draw the great houses of the Moals: and their horns are slender, long, straight, and most sharp pointed: insomuch that their owners are fain to cut off the ends of them. A cow will not suffer herself to be coupled unto one of them, unless they whistle or

sing unto her. They have also the qualities of a buffe, for if they see a man clothed in red, they run upon him immediately to kill him.

Next unto them are the people of Teber, men which were wont to eat the carcases of their deceased parents; that for pities' sake, they might make no other sepulchre for them, than their own bowels. Howbeit, of late they have left off this custom, because that thereby they became abominable and odious unto all other nations.

Notwithstanding unto this day they make fine cups of the skulls of their parents, to the end that when they drink out of them, they may amidst all their jollities and delights call their dead parents to remembrance. This was told me by one that saw it. The said people of Teber have great plenty of gold in their land. Whosoever therefore wanteth gold, diggeth till he hath found some quantity, and then taking so much thereof as will serve his turn, he layeth up the residue within the earth: because, if he should put it into his chest or storehouse he is of opinion that God would withhold from him all other gold within the earth.

I saw some of those people, being very deformed creatures. In Tangut I saw lusty tall men, but brown and swart in colour. The Jugures are of a middle stature like unto our Frenchmen. Amongst the Jugures is the original and root of the Turkish, and Comanian languages.

Next unto Teber are the people of Langa and Solanga, whose messengers I saw in the Tartars' court. And they had brought more than ten great carts with them, every one of which was drawn with six oxen. They be little brown men like unto Spaniards. Also they have jackets, like unto the upper vestment of a deacon, saving that the sleeves are somewhat straighter. And they have mitres upon their heads like bishops. But the fore part of their mitre is not so hollow within as the hinder part: neither is it sharp pointed or cornered at the top: but there hang down certain square flaps compacted of a kind of straw which is made rough and rugged with extreme heat, and is so trimmed, that it glittereth in the sun beams, like unto a glass, or an helmet well burnished.

And about their temples they have long bands of the foresaid matter fastened unto their mitres, which hover in the wind as if two long horns grew out of their heads. And when the wind tosseth them up and down too much, they tie them over the midst of their mitre from one temple to another: and so they lie circle wise overthwart their heads. Moreover their principal messenger coming into the Tartars' court had a table of elephant's tooth about him of a cubit in length, and a handful in breadth, being very smooth. And whensoever he spake unto the emperor himself, or unto any other great personage, he always beheld that table, as if he had found therein those things which he spake: neither did he cast his eyes to the right hand, nor to the left, nor upon his face, with whom he talked. Yea, going to and fro before his lord, he looketh nowhere but only upon his table.

Beyond them (as I understand of a certainty) there are other people called Muc, having villages, but no one particular man of them appropriating any cattle unto himself. Notwithstanding there are many flocks and droves of cattle in their country, and no man appointed to keep them. But when any one of them standeth in need of any beast, he ascendeth up unto an hill, and there maketh a shout, and all the cattle which are within hearing of the noise, come flocking about him, and suffer themselves to be handled and taken, as if they were tame. And when any messenger or stranger cometh into their country, they shut him up into an house, ministering there things necessary unto him, until his business be dispatched. For if any stranger should travel through that country, the cattle would flee away at the very scent of him, and so would become wild.

Beyond Muc is great Cathaya, the inhabitants whereof (as I suppose) were of old time, called Seres. For from them are brought most excellent stuffs of silk. And this people is called Seres of a certain town in the same country. I was credibly informed, that in the said country, there is one town having walls of silver, and bulwarks or towers of gold. There be many provinces in that land, the greater part whereof are not as yet subdued unto the Tartars.

Friar Odoric

Missionary Traveler in the East

By SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE

ODORIC must be considered as the next great missionary traveler of this age. He took Franciscan vows when scarcely a boy and was encouraged to travel in the East by the example of his holy Father St. Francis, and also by the interest and military zeal to convert the East which had been aroused by Marco Polo's travels.

In the course of his travels in the East, Odoric visited Malabar touching at Pandarini (twenty miles north of Calicut), at Craganore and at Quilon, preceding thence, apparently, to Ceylon and to the shrine of St. Thomas at Mailapur near Madras.

Even more interesting than his travels in India, however, are those in China. He sailed from the Hindustan Peninsula in a Chinese junk to Sumatra, visiting various ports on the northern coast of that island and telling something about the inhabitants and the customs of the country. According to Sir Henry Yule, he then visited Java and it would seem also the coast of Borneo, finally reaching Canton, at that time known to Western Asiatics as Chin Kalan or Great China. From there he went to the great ports of Fuhkeen and Schwan Chow, where he found two houses of his order, thence he proceeded to Fuchau from which place he struck across the mountains into Chekaeng and then visited Hang Chow at that time renowned under the name of Cansay. Modern authorities in exploration have suggested that this might be King Sae, the Chinese name for Royal Residence, which was then one of the greatest cities of the world. Thence

Odoric passed northward by Nanking, and, crossing the great Kiang, embarked on the Grand Canal and traveled to Cambaluc or Pekin, where he remained for three years and where it is thought that he was attached to one of the churches founded by Archbishop John of Monte Corvino, who was at this time in extreme old age.

The most surprising part of Odoric's travels were still to come. When the fever for traveling came upon him, again he turned almost directly westward to the Great Wall and through Shenshua. From here the adventurous traveler (we are still practically quoting Sir Henry Yule) entered Thibet and appears to have visited Lhasa. Considering how much of interest has been aroused by recent attempts to enter Lhasa and the surprising adventures that men have gone through in the effort, the success of this medieval monk in such an expedition would seem incredible, if it were not substantiated by documents that place the matter beyond all doubt even in the minds of the most distinguished modern authorities in geography and exploration. How Odoric returned home is not definitely known, though certain fragmentary notices seem to indicate that he passed through Khorasan and probably Tabriz to Europe.

It only remains to complete the interest of Odoric's wondrous tale to add that during a large portion of these years of long journeys his companion was Friar James, an Irishman who had been attracted to Italy to become a Franciscan. As appears from the public records in the books of the town of Udine in Italy, where the monastery of which both he and Odoric were members was situated, a present of two marks was made by the municipal authorities to the Irish friar shortly after Odoric's death. The reason for the gift was stated to be, that Friar James had been for the love of God and of Odoric (a typical Celtic expression and characteristic) a companion of the blessed Odoric in his wanderings. Unfortunately Odoric died within two years after his return, though not until the story of his travels had been taken down in homely Latin by Friar William of Bologna. Shortly after his death Odoric became an object of reverence on the part of his brother friars and of devotion on the part

of the people, who recognized the wonderful apostolic spirit that he had displayed in his long wanderings, and the patience and good will with which he had borne sufferings and hardships for the sake of winning the souls of those outside the Church.

Sir Henry Yule summed up his opinion of Odoric in the following striking passage which bears forcible testimony also to the healthy curiosity of the times with regard to all these original sources of information which were recognized as valuable because first hand:

"The numerous MSS. of Odoric's narrative that have come down to our time (upwards of forty are known), and chiefly from the Fourteenth Century, show how speedily and widely it acquired popularity. It does not deserve the charge of general mendacity brought up against it by some, though the language of other writers who have spoken of the traveler as a man of learning is still more injudicious. Like most of the medieval travelers, he is indiscriminating in accepting strange tales; but while some of these are the habitual stories of the age, many particulars which he recited attest the genuine character of the narrative, and some of those which Tiraboschi and others have condemned as mendacious interpolations are the very seals of truth." [J.J.W., "The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries.]

The Journal of Friar Odoric, Translated by Sir John Mandeville

Albeit many and sundry things are reported by divers authors concerning the fashions and conditions of this world: notwithstanding I Friar Odoricus of Friuli, de portu Vahonis, being desirous to travel unto the foreign and remote nations of infidels, saw and heard great and miraculous things, which I am able truly to avouch. First of all therefore sailing from Pera by Constantinople, I arrived at Trapesunda. This place is right commodiously situate, as being an haven for the Persians and Medes, and other countries beyond the sea.

In this land I beheld with great delight a very strange spectacle, namely a certain man leading about with him more than four thousand partridges. The man himself walked upon the ground, and the partridges flew in the air, which he led unto a certain castle called Zauena, being three days' journey distant from Trapesunda. The said partridges were so tame, that when the man was desirous to lie down and rest they would all come flocking about him like chickens. And so he led them unto Trapesunda, and unto the palace of the emperor, who took as many of them as he pleased, and the rest the said man carried unto the place from whence he came. In this city lyeth the body of Athanasius upon the gate of the city. And then I passed on further unto Armenia major, to a certain city called Azaron, which had been very rich in old time, but now the Tartars have almost laid it waste. In the said city there was abundance of bread and flesh, and of all other victuals except wine and fruits.

This city also is very cold, and is reported to be higher situated, than any other city in the world. It hath most wholesome and sweet waters about it; for the veins of the said waters seem to spring and flow from the mighty river of Euphrates, which is but a day's journey from the said city. Also, the said city stands directly in the way to Tauris. And I passed on unto a certain mountain called Sobissacalo. In the foresaid country there is the very same mountain whereupon the Ark of Noah rested: unto the which I would willingly have ascended, if my company would have stayed for me.

Howbeit, the people of that country report, that no man could ever ascend the said mountain, because (say they) it pleaseth not the highest God. And I travelled on further unto Tauris that great and royal city, which was in old time called Susis. This city is accounted for traffic of merchandise the chief city of the world: for there is no kind of victuals, nor anything else belonging unto merchandise, which is not to be had there in great abundance. This city stands very commodiously, for unto it all the nations of the whole world in a manner may resort for traffic.

Concerning the said city, the Christians in those parts are of opinion, that the Persian Emperor receives more tribute out of it, than the King of France out of all his dominions. Near unto the said city there is a salt-hill yielding salt unto the city: and of that salt each man may take what pleaseth him, not paying aught to any man therefore. In this city many Christians of all nations do inhabit, over whom the Saracens bear rule in all things.

Then I travelled on further unto a city called Soldania, wherein the Persian Emperor lieth all summer time: but in winter he takes his progress unto another city standing upon the sea called Baku. Also the foresaid city is very great and cold, having good and wholesome waters therein, unto the which also store of merchandise is brought. Moreover I travelled with a certain company of caravans toward upper India: and in the way, after many days' journey, I came unto the city of the three Wise Men called Cassan, which is a noble and renowned city, saving that the Tartars have destroyed a great part thereof: and it aboundeth with bread, wine, and many other commodities. From this city unto Jerusalem (whither the three foresaid Wise Men were miraculously led) it is fifty days' journey.

There be many wonders in this city also, which, for brevity's sake, I omit. From thence I departed unto a certain city called Geste, whence the Sea of Sand is distant, one day's journey, which is a most wonderful and dangerous thing. In this city there is abundance of all kinds of victuals, and especially of figs, raisins, and grapes: more (as I suppose) than in any part of the whole world besides. This is one of the three principal cities in all the Persian Empire. Of this city the Saracens report, that no Christian can by any means live therein above a year.

Then passing many days' journey on forward, I came unto a certain city called Comum, which was an huge and mighty city in old time, containing well nigh fifty miles in circuit, and hath done in times past great damages unto the Romans. In it there are stately palaces altogether destitute of inhabitants, notwithstanding it aboundeth with great store of victuals. From hence travelling through

many countries, at length I came unto the land of Job named Hus, which is full of all kind of victuals, and very pleasantly situated. Thereabouts are certain mountains having good pastures for cattle upon them. Here also manna is found in great abundance. Four partridges are here sold for less than a groat. In this country there are most comely old men. Here also the men spin and card, and not the women. This land bordereth upon the north part of Chaldea.

From thence I travelled into Chaldea which is a great kingdom, and I passed by the tower of Babel. This region hath a language peculiar unto itself, and there are beautiful men, and deformed women. The men of the same country use to have their hair kempt and trimmed like unto women: and they wear golden turbans upon their heads richly set with pearl, and precious stones. The women are clad in a coarse smock only reaching to their knees, and having long sleeves hanging down to the ground. And they go bare-footed, wearing breeches which reach to the ground also. They wear no attire upon their heads, but their hair hang disheveled about their ears; and there be many other strange things also. From thence I came into the lower India, which the Tartars overran and wasted.

And in this country the people eat dates for the most part, whereof forty-two lb. are there sold for less than a groat. I passed further also many days journey unto the Ocean sea, and the first land where I arrived, is called Ormes, being well fortified, and having great store of merchandise and treasure therein. Such and so extreme is the heat in that country, that the privities of men come out of their bodies and hang down even unto their mid-legs. And therefore the inhabitants of the same place, to preserve their own lives, do make a certain ointment, and anointing their privy members therewith, do lap them up in certain bags fastened unto their bodies, for otherwise they must needs die.

Here also they use a kind of barque or ship called Iase being compact together only with hemp. And I went on board into one of them, wherein I could not find any iron at all, and in the space of twenty-eight days I ar-

rived at the city of Thana, wherein four of our friars were martyred for the faith of Christ. This country is well situate, having abundance of bread and wine, and of other victuals therein. This kingdom in old time was very large and under the dominion of King Porus, who fought a great battle with Alexander the Great. The people of this country are idolaters worshipping fire, serpents and trees. And over all this land the Saracens do bear rule, who took it by main force, and they themselves are in subjection unto King Daldilus. There be divers kinds of beasts, as namely black lions in great abundance, and apes also, and monkeys, and bats as big as doves. Also there are mice as big as our country dogs, and therefore they are hunted with dogs, because cats are not able to encounter them. Moreover, in the same country every man hath a bundle of great boughs standing in a water-pot before his door, which bundle is as great as a pillar, and it will not wither, so long as water is applied thereunto: with many other novelties and strange things, the relation whereof would breed great delight.

Moreover that it may be manifest how pepper is had, it is to be understood that it groweth in a certain kingdom whereat I myself arrived, being called Minibar, and it is not so plentiful in any other part of the world as it is there. For the wood wherein it grows containeth in circuit eighteen days' journey. And in the said wood or forest there are two cities, one called Flandrina, and the other Cyncilim. In Flandrina both Jews and Christians do inhabit, between whom there is often contention and war: howbeit the Christians overcome the Jews at all times. In the foresaid wood pepper is had after this manner: first it groweth in leaves like unto pot-herbs, which they plant near unto great trees as we do our vines, and they bring forth pepper in clusters, as our vines do yield grapes, but being ripe, they are of a green colour, and are gathered as we gather grapes, and then the grains are laid in the sun to be dried, and being dried are put into earthen vessels: and thus is pepper made and kept.

Now, in the same wood there be many rivers, wherein

are great store of crocodiles, and of other serpents, which the inhabitants thereabout do burn up with straw and with other dry fuel, and so they go to gather their pepper without danger.

At the south end of the said forests stands the city of Polumbrum, which aboundeth with merchandise of all kinds. All the inhabitants of that country do worship a living ox, as their god, whom they put to labour for six years, and in the seventh year they cause him to rest from all his work, placing him in a solemn and public place, and calling him an holy beast. Moreover they use this foolish ceremony: every morning they take two basins, either of silver, or of gold, and with one they receive the urine of the ox, and with the other his dung. With the urine they wash their face, their eyes, and all their five senses. Of the dung they put into both their eyes, then they anoint the balls of their cheeks therewith, and thirdly their breast: and then they say that they are sanctified for all that day. And as the people do, even so do their king and queen.

This people worshippeth also a dead idol, which, from the navel upward, resembleth a man, and from the navel downward an ox. The very same idol delivers oracles unto them, and sometimes requireth the blood of forty virgins for his hire. And therefore the men of that region do consecrate their daughters and their sons unto their idols, even as Christians do their children unto some religion or saint in heaven. Likewise they sacrifice their sons and their daughters, and so, much people is put to death before the said idol by reason of that accursed ceremony. Also many other heinous and abominable villainies doth that brutish beastly people commit: and I saw many more strange things among them which I mean not here to insert. Another most vile custom the foresaid nation doth retain: for when any man dieth they burn his dead corpse to ashes: and if his wife surviveth him, her they burn quick, because (say they) she shall accompany her husband in his tilthe and husbandry, when he is come into a new world. Howbeit the said wife having children by her husband, may if she will, remain still alive with them, without

shame or reproach; notwithstanding, for the most part, they all of them make choice to be burnt with their husbands.

Now, albeit the wife dieth before her husband, that law bindeth not the husband to such inconvenience, but he may marry another wife also. Likewise, the said nation hath another strange custom, in that their women drink wine, but their men do not. Also the women have the lids and brows of their eyes and beards shaven, but their men have not: with many other base and filthy fashions which the said women do use contrary to the nature of their sex. From that kingdom I travelled ten days' journey unto another kingdom called Mobar, which containeth many cities. Within a certain church of the same country, the body of Saint Thomas the apostle is interred, the very same church being full of idols: and in fifteen houses round about the said church, there dwell certain priests who are Nestorians, that is to say, false, and bad Christians, and schismatics.

In the said Kingdom of Mobar there is a wonderful strange idol, being made after the shape and resemblance of a man, as big as the image of our Christopher, and consisting all of most pure and glittering gold. And about the neck thereof hangeth a silk ribbon, full of most rich and precious stones, some one of which is of more value than a whole kingdom. The house of this idol is all of beaten gold, namely the roof, the pavement, and the ceiling of the wall within and without. Unto this idol the Indians go on pilgrimage, as we do unto S. Peter. Some go with halters about their necks, some with their hands bound behind them, some other with knives sticking on their arms or legs; and if after their peregrination, the flesh of their wounded arm festereth or corrupteth, they esteem their limb to be holy, and think that their god is well pleased with them.

Near unto the temple of that idol is a lake made by the hands of men in an open and common place, whereinto the pilgrims cast gold, silver, and precious stones, for the honour of the idol and the repairing of his temple. And therefore when anything is to be adorned

or mended, they go unto this lake taking up the treasure which was cast in.

Moreover at every yearly feast of the making or repairing of the said idol, the king and queen, with the whole multitude of the people, and all the pilgrims assemble themselves, and placing the said idol in a most stately and rich chariot, they carry him out of their temple with songs, and with all kind of musical harmony, and a great company of virgins go procession-wise two and two in a rank singing before him.

Many pilgrims also put themselves under the chariot wheels, to the end that their false god may go over them: and all they over whom the chariot runneth are crushed in pieces, and divided in sunder in the midst, and slain right out. Yea, and in doing this, they think themselves to die most holily and securely, in the service of their god. And by this means every year, there die under the said filthy idol more than 500 persons, whose carcasses are burned, and their ashes are kept for relics, because they died in that sort for their god.

Moreover they have another detestable ceremony. For when any man offers to die in the service of his false god, his parents, and all his friends assemble themselves together with a consort of musicians, making him a great and solemn feast: which feast being ended, they hang five sharp knives about his neck carrying him before the idol, and so soon as he is come thither, he taketh one of his knives crying with a loud voice, For the worship of my god do I cut this my flesh, and then he casteth the morsel which is cut, at the face of his idol: but at the very last wound wherewith he murdereth himself, he uttereth these words: Now do I yield myself to death in the behalf of my god, and being dead, his body is burned, and is esteemed by all men to be holy. The king of the said region is most rich in gold, silver and precious stones, and there be the fairest unions in all the world.

Travelling from thence by the Ocean sea fifty days' journey southward, I came unto a certain land named Lammori, where, in regard of extreme heat, the people both men and women go stark-naked from top to toe:

who seeing me apparelled scoffed at me, saying, that God made Adam and Eve naked.

In this country all women are common, so that no man can say, this is my wife. Also when any of the said women beareth a son or a daughter, she bestoweth it upon anyone that hath lien with her, whom she pleaseth. Likewise all the land of that region is possessed in common, so that there is not mine and thine, or any propriety of possession in the division of lands: howbeit every man hath his own house peculiar unto himself. Man's flesh, if it be fat, is eaten as ordinarily there, as beef in our country. And albeit the people are most lewd, yet the country is exceeding good, abounding with all commodities, as flesh, corn, rice, silver, gold, wood of aloes, camphor, and many other things. Merchants coming unto this region for traffic do usually bring with them fat men, selling them unto the inhabitants as we sell hogs, who immediately kill and eat them.

In this island towards the south there is another kingdom called Simoltra, where both men and women mark themselves with red-hot iron in twelve sundry spots of their faces; and this nation is at continual war with certain naked people in another region.

Then I travelled further unto another island called Java, the compass whereof by sea is 3000 miles. The king of this island hath seven other crowned kings under his jurisdiction. The said island is thoroughly inhabited, and is thought to be one of the principal islands of the whole world. In the same island there groweth great plenty of cloves, cubebs, and nutmegs, and in a word all kinds of spices are there to be had, and great abundance of all victuals except wine.

The king of the said land of Java hath a most brave and sumptuous palace, the most loftily built, that ever I saw any, and it hath most high greeses and stairs to ascend up to the rooms therein contained, one stair being of silver, and another of gold, throughout the whole building. Also the lower rooms were paved all over with one square plate of silver, and another of gold. All the walls upon the inner side were seeled over with plates of beaten gold, whereupon were engraven the pictures of

knights, having about their temples, each of them, a wreath of gold, adorned with precious stones. The roof of the palace was of pure gold. With this king of Java the great Can of Catay hath had many conflicts in war; whom notwithstanding the said king hath always overcome and vanquished.

Near unto the said island is another country called Panten, or Tathalamasin. And the king of the same country hath many islands under his dominion. In this land there are trees yielding meal, honey, and wine, and the most deadly poison in all the whole world: for against it there is but one only remedy: and that is this: if any man hath taken of the poison, and would be delivered of the danger thereof, let him temper the dung of a man in water, and so drink a good quantity thereof, and it expels the poison immediately, making it to avoid at the fundament.

Meal is produced out of the said trees after this manner. They be mighty huge trees, and when they are cut with an axe by the ground, there issueth out of the stock a certain liquor like unto gum, which they take and put into bags made of leaves, laying them for fifteen days together abroad in the sun, and at the end of those fifteen days, when the said liquor is throughly parched, it becometh meal. Then they steep it first in sea water, washing it afterward with fresh water, and so it is made very good and savoury paste, whereof they make either meat or bread, as they think good. Of which bread I myself did eat, and it is fairer without and somewhat brown within.

By this country is the sea called Mare Mortuum, which runneth continually southward, into the which whosoever falleth is never seen after.

In this country also are found canes of an incredible length, namely of sixty paces high or more, and they are as big as trees. Other canes there be also called Cassan, which overspread the earth like grass, and out of every knot of them spring forth certain branches, which are continued upon the ground almost for the space of a mile. In the said canes there are found certain stones, one of which stones, whosoever carryeth about with him,

cannot be wounded with any iron: and therefore the men of that country for the most part, carry such stones with them, whithersoever they go.

Many also cause one of the arms of their children, while they are young, to be lanced, putting one of the said stones into the wound, healing also, and closing up the said wound with the powder of a certain fish (the name whereof I do not know), which powder doth immediately consolidate and cure the said wound. And by the virtue of these stones, the people aforesaid do for the most part triumph both on sea and land.

Howbeit there is one kind of stratagem, which the enemies of this nation, knowing the virtue of the said stones, do practise against them: namely, they provide themselves armour of iron or steel against their arrows, and weapons also poisoned with the poison of trees, and they carry in their hands wooden stakes most sharp and hard-pointed, as if they were iron: likewise they shoot arrows without iron heads, and so they confound and slay some of their unarmed foes trusting too securely unto the virtue of their stones. Also of the foresaid canes called Cassan they make sails for their ships, and little houses, and many other necessaries.

From thence after many days' travel, I arrived at another kingdom called Campa, a most beautiful and rich country, and abounding with all kinds of victuals: the king thereof, at my being there, had so many wives and concubines, that he had three hundred sons and daughters by them. This king hath 10,004 tame elephants, which are kept even as we keep droves of oxen, or flocks of sheep in pasture.

In this country there is one strange thing to be observed, the several kind of fishes in those seas come swimming towards the said country in such abundance, that, for a great distance into the sea, nothing can be seen but the backs of fishes; which casting themselves upon the shore when they come near unto it, do suffer men, for the space of three days, to come and to take as many of them as they please, and then they return again unto the sea. After that kind of fishes comes another kind, offering itself after the same manner, and

so in like sort all other kinds whatsoever: notwithstanding they do this but once in a year. And I demanded of the inhabitants there, how, or by what means this strange accident could come to pass. They answered, that fishes were taught, even by nature, to come and to do homage unto their emperor.

There be tortoises also as big as an oxen. Many other things I saw which are incredible, unless a man should see them with his own eyes.

In this country also dead men are burned, and their wives are burned alive with them, as in the city of Polumbrum above mentioned: for the men of the country say that she goeth to accompany him in another world, that he should take none other wife in marriage.

Moreover I travelled on further by the Ocean-sea towards the south, and passed through many countries and islands, whereof one is called Moumoran, and it containeth in compass 2000 miles, wherein men and women have dogs' faces, and worship an ox for their god: and therefore every one of them carry the image of an ox of gold or silver upon their foreheads.

The men and women of this country go all naked, saving that they hang a linen cloth before their privities. The men of that country are very tall and mighty, and by reason that they go naked, when they are to make battle, they carry iron or steel targets before them, which do cover and defend their bodies, from top to toe: and whomsoever of their foes they take in battle not being able to ransom himself for money, they presently devour him: but if he be able to redeem himself for money, they let him go free.

Their king weareth about his neck three hundred great and most beautiful unions, and saith every day three hundred prayers unto his god. He weareth upon his finger also a stone of a span long, which seemed to be a flame of fire, and therefore when he weareth it, no man dare once approach him: and they say that there is not any stone in the whole world of more value than it. Neither could at any time the great Tartarian Emperor of Katay either by force, money, or policy obtain it at his

hands: notwithstanding that he hath done the utmost of his endeavour for this purpose.

I passed also by another island called Sylan, which containeth in compass above 2000 miles: wherein are an infinite number of serpents, and great store of lions, bears, and all kinds of ravening and wild beasts, and especially of elephants. In the said country there is an huge mountain, where upon the inhabitants of that region do report that Adam mourned for his son Abel the space of five hundred years. In the midst of this mountain there is a most beautiful plain, wherein is a little lake containing great plenty of water, which water the inhabitants report to have proceeded from the tears of Adam and Eve: howbeit I proved that to be false, because I saw the water flow in the lake.

This water is full of horse-leeches, and blood suckers, and of precious stones also: which precious stones the king taketh not unto his own use, but once or twice every year he permitteth certain poor people to dive under the water for the said stones, and all that they can get, he bestoweth upon them, to the end that they may pray for his soul. But that they may with less danger dive under the water, they take lemons which they peel, anointing themselves throughly with the juice thereof, and so they may dive naked under the water, the horse-leeches not being able to hurt them.

From this lake the water runneth even unto the sea, and at a low ebb, the inhabitants dig rubies, diamonds, pearls and other precious stones out of the shore: whereupon it is thought, that the king of this island hath greater abundance of precious stones, than any other monarch in the whole earth besides.

In the said country there be all kinds of beasts and fowls, and the people told me, that those beasts would not invade nor hurt any stranger, but only the natural inhabitants. I saw in this island fowls as big as our country geese, having two heads, and other miraculous things, which I will not here write of.

Travelling on further toward the south, I arrived at a certain island called Bodin, which signifieth in our language unclean. In this island there do inhabit most

wicked persons, who devour and eat raw flesh, committing all kinds of uncleanness and abominations in such sort, as it is incredible. For the father eateth his son, and the son his father, the husband his own wife, and the wife her husband: and that after this manner. If any man's father be sick, the son straight goes unto the sooth-saying or prognosticating priest, requesting him to demand of his god, whether his father shall recover of that infirmity or not. Then both of them go unto an idol of gold or of silver, making their prayers unto it in manner following: Lord, thou art our god, and thee we do adore, beseeching thee to resolve us, whether such a man must die, or recover of such an infirmity or no.

Then the devil answereth out of the foresaid idol: if he saith (he shall live) then returneth his son and ministreth things necessary unto him, till he hath attained unto his former health: but if he saith (he shall die) then goes the priest unto him, and putting a cloth into his mouth doth strangle him therewith: which being done, he cuts his dead body into morsels, and all his friends and kinsfolks are invited unto the eating thereof, with music and all kinds of mirth: howbeit his bones are solemnly buried.

And when I found fault with that custom demanding a reason thereof, one of them gave me this answer: This we do, lest the worms should eat his flesh, for then his soul should suffer great torments, neither could I by any means remove them from that error.

Many other novelties and strange things there be in this country, which no man would credit, unless he saw them with his own eyes. Howbeit, I (before almighty God) do here make relation of nothing but of that only, whereof I am as sure, as a man may be sure. Concerning the foresaid islands I inquired of divers well-experienced persons, who all of them, as it were with one consent, answered me, saying, That this India contained 4400 islands under it, or within it, in which islands there are sixty and four crowned kings: and they say moreover, that the greater part of those islands are well inhabited. And here I conclude concerning that part of India.

Travelling more eastward, I came unto a city named Fuco, which containeth thirty miles in circuit, wherein be exceeding great and fair cocks, and all their hens are as white as the very snow, having wool instead of feathers, like unto sheep. It is a most stately and beautiful city and standeth upon the sea.

Then I went eighteen days' journey on further, and passed by many provinces and cities, and in the way I went over a certain great mountain, upon the one side whereof I beheld all living creatures to be as black as a coal, and the men and women on that side differed somewhat in manner of living from others; howbeit, on the other side of the said hill every living thing was snow-white, and the inhabitants in their manner of living, were altogether unlike unto others. There, all married women carry in token that they have husbands, a great trunk of horn upon their heads.

From thence I travelled eighteen days' journey further, and came unto a certain great river, and entered also into a city, whereunto belongeth a mighty bridge to pass the said river. And mine host with whom I sojourned, being desirous to show me some sport, said unto me:

"Sir, if you will see any fish taken, go with me."

Then he led me unto the foresaid bridge, carrying in his arms with him certain dive-doppers or water fowls, bound unto a company of poles, and about every one of their necks he tied a thread, lest they should eat the fish as fast as they took them: and he carried three great baskets with him also. Then loosed he the dive-doppers from the poles, which presently went into the water, and within less than the space of one hour, caught as many fishes as filled the three baskets: which being full, mine host untied the threads from about their necks, and entering the second time into the river they fed themselves with fish, and being satisfied they returned and suffered themselves to be bound unto the said poles as they were before.

And when I did eat of those fishes, me thought they were exceeding good.

Travelling thence many days' journey, at length I arrived at another city called Canasia, which signifieth in

our language, the city of heaven. Never in my life did I see so great a city: for it containeth in circuit an hundred miles: neither saw I any plot thereof, which was not throughly inhabited: yea, I saw many houses of ten or twelve stories high, one above another. It hath mighty large suburbs containing more people than the city itself. Also it hath twelve principal gates: and about the distance of eight miles, in the highway unto every one of the said gates standeth a city as big by estimation as Venice, and Padua.

The foresaid city of Canasia is situated in waters or marshes, which always stand still, neither ebbing nor flowing: howbeit, it hath a defence for the wind like unto Venice. In this city there are more than 11,000 bridges, many whereof I numbered and passed over them: and upon every of those bridges stand certain watchmen of the city, keeping continual watch and ward about the said city, for the great Can the Emperor of Catay.

The people of this country say, that they have one duty enjoined unto them by their lord; for every fire payeth one balis in regard of tribute: and a balis is five papers or pieces of silk, which are worth one florin and an half of our coin. Ten or twelve households are accounted for one fire, and so pay tribute but for one fire only. All those tributary fires amount unto the number of eighty-five thuman, with other four thuman of the Saracens, which make eighty-nine in all: and one thuman consisteth of 10,000 fires. The residue of the people of the city are some of them Christians, some merchants, and some travellers through the country, whereupon I marvelled much how such an infinite number of persons could inhabit and live together. There is great abundance of victuals in this city, as namely of bread and wine, and especially of hogs' flesh, with other necessaries.

In the foresaid city four of our friars had converted a mighty and rich man unto the faith of Christ, at whose house I continually abode, for so long time as I remained in the city. Who upon a certain time said unto me:

"Ara, that is to say, father, will you go and behold the city."

And I said, "Yea."

Then embarqued we ourselves, and directed our course unto a certain great monastery: where being arrived, he called a religious person with whom he was acquainted, saying unto him concerning me: this Raban Francus, that is to say, this religious Frenchman, cometh from the western parts of the world, and is now going to the city of Cambaleth to pray for the life of the great Can, and therefore you must show him some rare thing, that when he returns into his own country, he may say, this strange sight or novelty have I seen in the city of Canasia.

Then the said religious man took two great baskets full of broken relics which remained of the table, and led me unto a little walled park, the door whereof he unlocked with his key, and there appeared unto us a pleasant fair green plot, into the which we entered. In the said green stands a little mount in form of a steeple, replenished with fragrant herbs, and fine shady trees. And while we stood there, he took a cymbal or bell, and rang therewith, as they use to ring to dinner or bevoir in cloisters, at the sound whereof many creatures of divers kinds came down from the mount, some like apes, some like cats, some like monkeys: and some having faces like men.

And while I stood beholding of them, they gathered themselves together about him, to the number of 4200 of those creatures, putting themselves in good order, before whom he set a platter, and gave them the said fragments to eat. And when they had eaten he rang upon his cymbal the second time, and they all returned unto their former places. Then, wondering greatly at the matter, I demanded what kind of creatures those might be. They are (quoth he) the souls of noble men which we do here feed, for the love of God who governeth the world: and as a man was honourable or noble in this life, so his soul after death, entereth into the body of some excellent beast or other, but the souls of simple and rustical people do possess the bodies of more vile and brutish creatures. Then I began to refute that foul error: howbeit my speech did nothing at all prevail with him, for he could not be persuaded that any soul might remain without a body.

From thence I departed unto a certain city named Chilenso, the walls whereof contained forty miles in circuit. In this city there are 360 bridges of stone, the fairest that ever I saw: and it is well inhabited, having a great navy belonging thereunto, and abounding with all kind of victuals and other commodities.

And thence I went unto a certain river called Thalay, which, where it is most narrow, is seven miles broad: and it runneth through the midst of the land of Pygmaei, whose chief city is called Cakam, and is one of the goodliest cities in the world. These Pigmaeans are three of my spans high, and they make larger and better cloth of cotton and silk, than any other nation under the sun. And coasting along by the said river, I came unto a certain city named Janzu, in which city there is one receptacle for the friars of our order, and there be also three churches of the Nestorians.

This Janzu is a noble and great city, containing forty-eight thuman of tributary fires, and in it are all kinds of victuals, and great plenty of such beasts, owls and fishes, as Christians do usually live upon. The lord of the same city hath in yearly revenues for salt only, fifty thuman of balis, and one balis is worth a florin and a half of our coin: insomuch that one thuman of balis amounteth unto the value of fifteen thousand florins. Howbeit the said lord favoureth his people in one respect, for sometimes he forgiveth them freely two hundred thuman, lest there should be any scarcity or dearth among them.

There is a custom in this city, that when any man is determined to banquet his friends, going about unto certain taverns or cooks' houses appointed for the same purpose, he saith unto every particular host, you shall have such, and such of my friends, whom you must entertain in my name, for so much I will bestow upon the banquet. And by that means his friends are better feasted at diverse places, than they should have been at one. Ten miles from the said city, about the head of the foresaid river of Thalay, there is a certain other city called Montu, which hath the greatest navy that I saw in the whole world. All their ships are as white as snow,

and they have banqueting houses in them, and many other rare things also, which no man would believe, unless he had seen them with his own eyes.

Travelling eight days' journey further by divers territories and cities, at length I came by fresh water unto a certain city named Lencyn, standing upon the river of Karauoran, which runneth through the midst of Cataie, and doth great harm in the country when it overfloweth the banks, or breaketh forth of the channel. From thence passing along the river eastward, after many days' travel, and the sight of divers cities, I arrived at a city called Sumakoto, which aboundeth more with silk than any other city of the world: for when there is great scarcity of silk, forty pound is sold for less than eight groats. In this city there is abundance of merchandise, and of all kinds of victuals also, as of bread, wine, flesh, fish, with all choice and delicate spices.

Then travelling on still towards the east by many cities, I came unto the noble and renowned city of Cambaleth, which is of great antiquity, being situate in the province of Cataie. This city the Tartars took, and near unto it within the space of half a mile, they built another city called Caido. The city of Caido hath twelve gates, being each of them two miles distant from another. Also the space lying in the midst between the two foresaid cities is very well and throughly inhabited, so that they make as it were but one city between them both. The whole compass or circuit of both cities together, is forty miles.

In this city the great emperor Can hath his principal seat, and his imperial palace, the walls of which palace contain four miles in circuit: and near unto this his palace are many other palaces and houses of his nobles which belong unto his court. Within the precincts of the said palace imperial, there is a most beautiful mount, set and replenished with trees, for which cause it is called the Green Mount, having a most royal and sumptuous palace standing thereupon, in which, for the most part, the great Can is resident. Upon the one side of the said mount there is a great lake, whereupon a most stately bridge is built, in which lake is great abundance of geese, ducks, and all kinds of water-fowls: and in the wood

growing upon the mount there is great store of all birds, and wild beasts.

And therefore when the great Can will solace himself with hunting or hawking, he needs not so much as once to step forth of his palace. Moreover, the principal palace, wherein he maketh his abode, is very large, having within it fourteen pillars of gold, and all the walls thereof are hung with red skins, which are said to be the most costly skins in all the world. In the midst of the palace stands a cistern of two yards high, which consisteth of a precious stone called Merdochas, and is wreathed about with gold, and at each corner thereof is the golden image of a serpent, as it were, furiously shaking and casting forth his head. This cistern also hath a kind of network of pearl wrought about it. Likewise by the said cistern there is drink conveyed through certain pipes and conducts, such as useth to be drunk in the emperor's court, upon the which also there hang many vessels of gold, wherein, whosoever will make drink of the said liquor.

In the foresaid palace there are many peacocks of gold: and when any Tartar maketh a banquet unto his lord, if the guests chance to clap their hands for joy and mirth, the said golden peacocks also will spread abroad their wings, and lift up their trains, seeming as if they danced: and this I suppose to be done by art magic or by some secret engine under the ground.

Moreover, when the great Emperor Can sitteth in his imperial throne of estate, on his left side sitteth his queen or empress, and upon another inferior seat there sit two other women, which are to accompany the emperor, when his spouse is absent, but in the lowest place of all, there sit all the ladies of his kindred. All the married women wear upon their heads a kind of ornament in shape like unto man's foot, of a cubit and half in length, and the lower part of the said foot is adorned with cranes' feathers, and is all over thick set with great and orient pearls. Upon the right hand of the great Can sitteth his first begotten son and heir apparent unto his empire, and under him sit all the nobles of the blood royal.

There be also four secretaries, which put all things in

writing that the emperor speaketh. In whose presence likewise stand his barons and divers others of his nobility, with great trains of followers after them, of whom none dare speak so much as one word, unless they have obtained licence of the emperor so to do, except his jesters and stage-players, who are appointed of purpose to solace their lord. Neither yet dare they attempt to do aught, but only according to the pleasure of their emperor, and as he enjoineth them by law.

About the palace gate stand certain barons to keep all men from treading upon the threshold of the said gate. When it pleaseth the great Can to solemnize a feast, he hath about him 14,000 barons, carrying wreaths and little crowns upon their heads, and giving attendance upon their lord, and every one of them weareth a garment of gold and precious stones, which is worth ten thousand florins.

His court is kept in very good order, by governors of tens, governors of hundreds, and governors of thousands, insomuch that every one in his place performeth his duty committed unto him, neither is there any defect to be found. I Friar Odoricus was there present in person for the space of three years, and was often at the said banquets: for we Friars Minorites have a place of abode appointed out for us in the emperor's court, and are enjoined to go and bestow our blessing upon him.

And I inquired of certain courtiers concerning the number of persons pertaining to the emperor's court. And they answered me, that of stage-players, musicians, and such like, there were eighteen thuman at the least, and that the keepers of dogs, beasts and fowls were fifteen thuman, and the physicians for the emperor's body, were four hundred: the Christians also were eight in number, together with one Saracen. At my being there, all the foresaid number of persons had all kinds of necessaries both for apparel and victuals out of the emperor's court.

Moreover, when he will make his progress from one country to another, he hath four troops of horsemen, one being appointed to go a day's journey before, and another to come a day's journey after him, the third to march on his right hand, and the fourth on his left, in the manner of

a cross, he himself being in the midst, and so every particular troop have their daily journeys limited unto them, to the end they may provide sufficient victuals without defect.

Now the great Can himself is carried in manner following: he rideth in a chariot with two wheels, upon which a majestical throne is built of the wood of aloe, being adorned with gold and great pearls, and precious stones, and four elephants bravely furnished do draw the said chariot, before which elephants four great horses richly trapped and covered do lead the way. Hard by the chariot on both sides thereof, are four barons laying hold and attending thereupon, to keep all persons from approaching near unto their emperor.

Upon the chariot also two milk-white ger-falcons do sit, and seeing any game which he would take, he letteth them fly, and so they take it, and after this manner doth he solace himself as he rideth. Moreover, no man dare come within a stone's cast of the chariot, but such as are appointed. The number of his own followers, of his wives, attendants, and of the train of his first begotten son and heir apparent, would seem incredible unto any man, unless he had seen it with his own eyes. The foresaid great Can hath divided his empire into twelve parts or provinces, and one of the said provinces hath two thousand great cities within the precincts thereof. Whereupon his empire is of that length and breadth, that unto whatsoever part thereof he intendeth his journey, he hath space enough for six months' continual progress, except his islands which are at the least 5000.

The foresaid emperor (to the end that travellers may have all things necessary throughout his whole empire) hath caused certain inns to be provided in sundry places upon the highways, where all things pertaining unto victuals are in a continual readiness. And when any alteration or news happen in any part of his empire, if he chance to be far absent from that part, his ambassadors upon horses or dromedaries ride post unto him; and when themselves and their beasts are weary, they blow their horn, at the noise whereof, the next inn likewise provideth a horse and a man who takes the letter of him that is

weary, and runneth unto another inn: and so by divers inns, and divers posts, the report, which ordinarily could scarce come in thirty days, is in one natural day brought unto the emperor: and therefore no matter of any moment can be done in his empire, but straightway he hath intelligence thereof.

Moreover, when the great Can himself will go on hunting, he useth this custom. Some twenty days' journey from the city of Kambaleth there is a forest containing six days' journey in circuit, in which forest there are so many kinds of beast and birds, as it is incredible to report. Unto this forest, at the end of every third or fourth year, himself with his whole train resorteth, and they all of them together environ the said forest, sending dogs into the same, which by hunting do bring forth the beasts: namely, lions and stags, and other creatures, unto a most beautiful plain in the midst of the forest, because all the beasts of the forest do tremble, especially at the cry of the hounds.

Then cometh the great Can himself, being carried upon three elephants, and shooteth five arrows into the whole herd of beasts, and after him all his barons, and after them the rest of his courtiers and family do all in like manner discharge their arrows also, and every man's arrow hath a sundry mark. Then they all go unto the beasts which are slain (suffering the living beasts to return into the wood that they may have more sport with them another time) and every man enjoyeth that beast as his own, wherein he findeth his arrow sticking.

Four great feasts in a year doeth the Emperor Can celebrate: namely, the feast of his birth, the feast of his circumcision, the feast of his coronation, and the feasts of his marriage. And unto these feasts he inviteth all his barons, his stage-players, and all such as are of his kindred.

Then the great Can sitting in his throne, all his barons present themselves before him, with wreaths and crowns upon their heads, being diversly attired, for some of them are in green, namely, the principal; the second are in red, and the third in yellow, and they hold each man in his hand a little ivory table of elephant's tooth, and they are

girt with golden girdles of half a foot broad, and they stand upon their feet keeping silence. About them stand the stage-players or musicians with their instruments.

And in one of the corners of a certain great palace, all the philosophers or magicians remain for certain hours, and do attend upon points or characters: and when the point and hour which the said philosophers expected for, is come, a certain crier crieth out with a loud voice, saying, Incline or bow yourselves before your Emperor; with that all the barons fall flat upon the earth.

Then he crieth out again: "Arise all," and immediately they all arise.

Likewise the philosophers attend upon a point or character the second time, and when it is fulfilled, the crier crieth out amain:

"Put your fingers in your ears."

And forthwith again he sayeth: "Pluck them out."

Again, at the third point he crieth, "Bolt this meal!"

Many other circumstances also do they perform, all which they say have some certain signification; howbeit, neither would I write them, nor give any heed unto them, because they are vain and ridiculous.

And when the musicians' hour is come, then the philosophers say, "Solemnize a feast unto your lord."

With that all of them sound their instruments, making a great and melodious noise.

And immediately another crieth, "Peace, peace!" And they are all whist.

Then come the women musicians and sing sweetly before the Emperor, which music was more delightful unto me. After them come in the lions and do their obeisance unto the great Can. Then the jugglers cause golden cups full of wine to fly up and down in the air, and to apply themselves unto men's mouths that they may drink of them.

These and many other strange things I saw in the court of the great Can, which no man would believe unless he had seen them with his own eyes, and therefore I omit to speak of them.

I was informed also by certain credible persons, of another miraculous thing, namely that in a certain king-

dom of the said Can, wherein stand the mountains called Kepsei (the kingdom's name is Kalor) there grow great gourds or pompions, which being ripe, do open at the tops, and within them is found a little beast like unto a young lamb, even as I myself have heard reported, that there stand certain trees upon the shore of the Irish Sea, bearing fruit like unto a gourd, which, at a certain time of the year do fall into the water, and become birds called bernacles, and this is most true.

And when the Tartars had subdued a great part of the world, they came unto the said old man, and took from him the custody of his paradise: who being incensed thereat, sent abroad divers desperate and resolute persons out of his forenamed paradise, and caused many of the Tartarian nobles to be slain. The Tartars seeing this, went and besieged the city wherein the said old man was, took him, and put him to a most cruel and ignominious death. The friars in that place have this special gift and prerogative: namely, that by the virtue of the name of Christ Jesu, and in the virtue of his precious blood, which he shed upon the cross for the salvation of mankind, they do cast forth devils out of them that are possessed.

And because there are many possessed men in those parts, they are bound and brought ten days' journey unto the said friars, who being dispossessed of the unclean spirits, do presently believe in Christ who delivered them, accounting him for their God, and being baptized in his name, and also delivering immediately unto the friars all their idols, and the idols of their cattle, which are commonly made of felt or of women's hair.

Then the said friars kindle a fire in a public place (whereunto the people resort, that they may see the false gods of their neighbours burnt) and cast the said idols thereunto, howbeit at the first those idols came out of the fire again. Then the friars sprinkled the said fire with holy water, casting the idols into it the second time, and with that the devils fled in the likeness of black smoke, and the idols still remained till they were consumed unto ashes.

Afterward, this noise and outcry was heard in the air: "Behold and see how I am expelled out of my habitation."

And by these means the friars do baptize great

multitudes, who presently revolt again unto their idols: insomuch that the said friars must eftsoons, as it were, underprop them, and inform them anew.

There was another terrible thing which I saw there: for passing by a certain valley, which is situate beside a pleasant river, I saw many dead bodies, and in the said valley also I heard divers sweet sounds and harmonies of music, especially the noise of citherns, whereat I was greatly amazed.

This valley containeth in length seven or eight miles at the least, into the which whosoever entereth, dieth presently, and can by no means pass alive through the midst thereof: for which cause all the inhabitants there about decline unto the one side. Moreover, I was tempted to go in, and to see what it was.

At length making my prayers, and recommending myself to God in the name of Jesu, I entered, and saw such swarms of dead bodies there, as no man would believe unless he were an eye-witness thereof. At the one side of the foresaid valley upon a certain stone, I saw the visage of a man, which beheld me with such a terrible aspect, that I thought verily I should have died in the same place. But always this sentence, "The Word became flesh, and dwelt amongst us," I ceased not to pronounce, signing myself with the sign of the cross, and nearer than seven or eight paces I durst not approach unto the said head: but I departed and fled unto another place in the said valley ascending up into a little sandy mountain, where looking round about, I saw nothing but the said citherns, which methought I heard miraculously sounding and playing by themselves without the help of musicians.

And being upon the top of the mountain, I found silver there like the scales of fishes in great abundance: and I gathered some part thereof into my bosom to show for a wonder, but my conscience rebuking me, I cast it up the earth, reserving no whit at all unto myself, and so, by God's grace, I departed without danger. And when the men of the country knew that I was returned out of the valley alive, they reverenced me much, saying that I was baptized and holy, and that the foresaid bodies were men subject unto the devils infernal, who used to

play upon citherns, to the end they might allure people to enter, and so murder them. Thus much concerning those things which I beheld most certainly with mine eyes, I friar Odoricus have here written: many strange things also I have of purpose omitted, because men will not believe them unless they should see them.

I will report one thing more, which I saw, concerning the great Can. It is an usual custom in those parts, that when the foresaid Can travelleth through any country, his subjects kindle fires before their doors, casting spices therein to make a perfume, that their lord passing by may smell the sweet and delectable odours thereof, and much people come forth to meet him. And upon certain time when he was coming towards Cambaleth, the fame of his approach being published, a bishop of ours, with certain of our Minorite Friars and myself, went two days' journey to meet him: and being come nigh unto him, we put a cross upon wood, I myself having a censer in my hand, and began to sing with a loud voice: "Veni creator spirituis."

And as we were singing on this wise, he caused us to be called, commanding us to come unto him: notwithstanding (as it is above mentioned) that no man dare approach within a stone's cast of his chariot, unless he be called, but such only as keep his chariot.

And when we came near unto him, he vailed his hat or bonnet being of an inestimable price, doing reverence unto the cross. And immediately I put incense into the censer, and our bishop taking the censer perfumed him, and gave him his benediction. Moreover, they that come before the said Can do always bring some oblation to present unto him, observing the ancient law: Thou shalt not appear in my presence with an empty hand. And for that cause we carried apples with us, and offered them in a platter with reverence unto him: and taking out two of them he did eat some part of one. And then he signified unto us, that we should go apart, lest the horse coming on might in aught offend us.

With that we departed from him, and turned aside, going unto certain of his barons, which had been converted to the faith by certain friars of our order, being at the same time in his army: and we offered unto them the

foresaid apples, who received them at our hands with great joy, seeming unto us to be as glad as if we had given them some great gift.

All the premises above written friar William de Solanga hath put down in writing even as the foresaid friar Odoricus uttered them by word of mouth, in the year of our Lord 1330, in the month of May, and in the place of S. Anthony of Padua. Neither did he regard to write them in difficult Latin or in an eloquent style, but even as Odoricus himself rehearsed them, to the end that men might the more easily understand the things reported. I Friar Odoricus of Friuli, of a certain territory called Portuis Vahonis, and of the order of the Minorites, do testify and bear witness unto the reverend father Guidotus, minister of the province of S. Anthony, in the marquisate of Treuiso (being by him required upon my obedience so to do) that all the premises above written, either I saw with mine own eyes, or heard the same reported by credible and substantial persons. The common report also of the countries where I was, testifieth those things, which I saw, to be true. Many other things I have omitted, because I beheld them not with mine own eyes. Howbeit from day to day I purpose with myself to travel countries or lands, in which action I dispose myself to die or to live, as it shall please my God.

St. Ignatius Loyola

Founder of the Society of Jesus

From the Life by Father Bouhours

Translated by JOHN DRYDEN

WHEN John Dryden, the distinguished English literary man of the latter part of the seventeenth century became a convert to Catholicity he wanted to employ his literary talent in some way for the benefit of the Church. He was encouraged in this by King James II who was then on the throne and who hoped to modify English law with regard to Catholicity. As a result of the king's interest, a series of Catholic books were published in England, and among them were two by John Dryden. He translated the lives of Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits, and of Francis Xavier, the great missionary to India and Japan in the mid-sixteenth century. These lives had been written by Father Bouhours, a priest of the Society of Jesus, and had previously been translated into a number of other languages. The life of St. Francis Xavier as translated by Dryden was republished in the collective edition of Dryden's works issued under the editorship of Sir Walter Scott and later under that of Saintsbury. The life of St. Ignatius was not republished in that series. This excerpt from it is taken from the original edition published by his Majesty's command, London, 1686. The copy from which it is made contains in Dryden's own handwriting a dedication of it "To Mrs. Catherine Price." [J.J.W.]

Ignatius was born in the year 1491, in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, and in that part of the Spanish Biscay, which reacheth towards the Pyreneans, and is at

this day called Guipuscoa; Don Bertram his father, Lord of Ognez, and Loyola, was of the ancient nobility in that country, and head of a family, which had always enjoy'd the first charges, and had produc'd many eminent persons. His mother Marina Saez de Balde, was of no less illustrious an extraction. He was the last born of a family of three daughters, and eight sons; well shap'd, of a temper inclining to choller, his aire and his genius lofty, and above all he had an ardent passion for glory; though he seemed outwardly something violent, and haughty, he was nevertheless in his conversation affable, and obliging. He was naturally wise; and in his first years a certain discretion was observ'd in him, which had nothing of childishness.

His father, who judged him proper for the court, sent him thither betimes, and made him page to the Catholick king. Ferdinand took pleasure to see a child so lively and rational, and upon occasions gave him marks of his good liking. But young Ignatius was not of a humor to lead so unactive a life; the love of glory and the example of his brothers, who had signaliz'd themselves in the army of Naples, soon gave him a disgust of the court, and put thoughts of war in his head, at an age, in which others only mind the plays of children. He declar'd his intentions to the Duke of Naiare, Don Antonio Manrique, Grandee of Spain, his kinsman, and a particular friend to his family; the duke, who had a martial soul, and was esteem'd one of the most accomplish'd gentlemen of his time, did not oppose the design of Ignatius. He took care to have him well taught in his exercises, and delighted himself in forming and instructing him in them. Ignatius under so good a master, became in a short time capable of serving his prince; he pass'd through all the degrees of soldiery; in all occasions he shew'd great bravery, and was extreamly intent, and sedulous in the service, whether he obey'd or commanded.

He was not so exact in the duties of Christianity, as in the discipline of war, those ill habits he had contracted at court, were increas'd in him by the licentiousness of the camp; nor did the toils of war lessen in him his propension to love and pleasure. Perhaps there never was a

cavalier more hardened to labour, and at the same time so polite, and addicted to gallantry; and yet as worldly as Ignatius then was, he had in him those principles of morality and religion, which made him keep a kind of decency even in his irregularities. He was never heard to utter any thing that was impious or immodest; he had a reverence for holy places, and sacred persons. Although he were very nice in the point of honour, and his natural promptness incited him to revenge the least injury, yet he easily pardon'd, and was perfectly reconcil'd, upon the least submission, and acknowledgement. He had a particular talent to accommodate, and reconcile quarrels amongst soldiers, and also to appease popular commotions; in so much, that he has been seen more then once, with a word only to make incensed parties lay down their arms, when they were upon the point of falling on.

How generous and disinterest'd he was, appear'd at the taking of Naiare, a town situated upon the frontiers of Biscay, which being left to the pillage of the soldiers, Ignatius (who had the greatest part in the victory, and therefore ought to have no little share in the booty) was content to have for his portion, only the glory of the action; for he judg'd, that a man of honour ought not to enrich himself with the spoils of miserable people. He wanted not dexterity in the management of affairs; and as young as he then was, he very well understood, how to humor both men, and occasions; he hated gaming, but lov'd poetry, and tho he had no tincture of learning, he made very good verses in Spanish, and sometimes upon pious subjects, among which, one poem is particularly mentioned, compos'd by him in the praise of St. Peter.

This notwithstanding, his conduct was never the more Christian, or regular, his fancy was wholly fill'd with gallantry and vanity, and in all his actions he only follow'd the false maxims of the world. In this sort he liv'd to the age of nine and twenty, at which time God was pleas'd to open his eyes, in the way and manner, I am now to relate.

Charles the Fifth, who succeeded Ferdinand, and was newly elected emperor, being gone into Germany, to take

possession of the imperial crown, the people of Spain, irritated by the exactions of the Lord des Cheures, made an insurrection in Castile, and the greatest part of the Castilean lords, jealous of the authority of the Flemings, who govern'd all in Spain, put themselves at the head of the rebels.

Don Frederick Henriques, viceroy and admiral of Castile, being faithful to his prince, made it his business to secure and fortifie the strong holds, and to that end, drew out of Navarre into Castile, both troops and ammunition.

Francis the First of France, who having been a pretender to the empire, was now become an enemy to the emperor, understanding that Navarre was unprovided, resolv'd to make use of the occasion to recover that kingdom, of which Ferdinand had lately dispossess'd John d'Albert, and which Charles the Fifth still held, contrary to the treaty of Noyon, which oblig'd him to restore it in six months. Francis therefore sent a great army thither in the year 1521, under the conduct of Andrew de Foix, lord of Esparre, and brother to the famous Lautrec.

At the notice of this march, Don Manrique, viceroy of Navarre, went in person to demand succours from Don Frederick, who had newly routed the party of the rebels; but in this while, the French army passed the Pyreneans, and were entered into Navarre, through the province of Guypuscoa, and having taken several places of less importance, laid siege to Pampelona, the captial of that kingdom. The viceroy had left behind Don Ignatius of Loyola, not to command, but to encourage the garison, and keep the people in their duty, under the authority of an old officer.

The soldiers and inhabitants, affrighted at the fight of the enemy, were resolv'd to open their gates, notwithstanding all the remonstrances of Ignatius. He promis'd them relief, he threatned them with the indignation of the viceroy, and of the emperor. He reproach'd them for their cowardice, and perfidiousness; but he gain'd nothing upon a sort of people, possess'd with a panick fright, and who gave themselves for lost. To revenge himself of

them, and to save his own honour, he left them to their fears, and retir'd into the cittadel, with one only soldier, who had the heart to follow him.

The governour of the cittadel himself, was in no very good assurance, being ill provided with victuals, and men; his spirit began to fail him, when he saw the French, masters of the town. But he was somewhat recover'd when they offer'd him an interview to capitulate. The ancient officers were of opinion, that they should accept the offer, made by the enemy; Ignatius oppos'd it, but without success; not being able therefore to hinder this interview, he would at least be of it, so to hinder (if possible) the shameful consequence it might have. The besiegers confident of their forces, and success, propos'd very hard conditions to the besieged. Ignatius with disdain rejected them; and finding that his companions were upon the point of making a dishonourable composition, on set purpose he fell into sharp, and provoking language with the enemy, whereupon the conference broke off. And then raising the courage of the officers, who were come forth to capitulate, he shut himself up with them, resolv'd to defend the place to the last drop of his blood, at least to die like a man of honour. The French incensed at the transport, and fierceness of the young Spaniard, attack'd the castle with great fury. They planted all their artillery against it, and where the breach was widest, they made their approaches, and in conclusion their affault. Ignatius appear'd upon the breach, at the head of the bravest, and receiv'd the enemy with his sword in his hand. On both sides it was obstinately fought, and in a little time a great slaughter was made. In the heat of the combat Ignatius was wounded with a splinter in his left leg, and almost in the same instant, his right was broken with a cannon bullet. The soldiers, who had been animated by his courage, lost heart when they saw him thus disabled, and rendred upon discretion.

But the French used their victory with moderation, they carried off Ignatius to the Generals quarter, treated him very civilly, and had all the care of him that was due to his valour and quality. When his leg was set, and the condition of his wound would permit his removal, they

caus'd him to be carried in a litter to the castle of Loyola, which is not far distant from Pampelona.

Where he was scarce arriv'd, but he felt extraordinary pain. The chirurgeons were of opinion, that some of the bones were out of their places, either through the ignorance of him, who first set them, or by reason of the moving, and jogging too soon after the setting; and that to replace the bones in their natural scituation, they must break the leg again. Ignatius readily believ'd them, and being under their hand, he suffered the painful operation without the least concern. But in these occasions courage cannot always support nature, and he was forc'd to yield to a violent fever, which seizing him with dangerous symptoms, cast him down into a languishing weakness. The physitians declar'd to him his danger, and that he had not many days to live.

Tho he recover'd miraculously his health, he did not lose the spirit of the world; his leg, which had been ill set at first, was not so well re-set the second time, but that there remain'd a visible deformity, caus'd by the standing out of a bone under the knee, which hindred the cavalier from wearing a boot with a good grace; he passionately affecting to appear every way compleat, without the least blemish, resolv'd to have this bone cut off. The chirurgions told him, the operation would be extreamly dolorous; he reckon'd pain for nothing, and would neither be bound nor held; the bone was cut off, and Ignatius, whilst it was doing, hardly chang'd his countenance.

This was not the only torment, which he endur'd, that he might have nothing of deformity in his person; one of his thighs being shrunk, by reason of his wound, he was in mighty apprehension, least any lameness should appear in his gate, which to prevent, he put himself for many days together upon a kind of rack, and with an engine of iron he violently stretch't, and drew out his leg; but with all his pains and endeavours, he could never extend it, but that ever after his right leg remain'd shorter then his left.

The posture Ignatius was now in, did not very well agree with his active and ardent nature; he was restrain'd from walking, and confin'd to his bed. Having nothing

to do, it appear'd the more irksom to him, in regard he found himself perfectly in health, bating only the cure of his knee, which requir'd time; he therefore to divert himself, call'd for a romance; Amadis de Gaule, and such books of knight errantry, were at that time in great vogue with all persons of quality; and he above the rest, was most particularly affected with the adventures, and feats of arms, in such books related. Altho the castle of Loyola did not use to be unprovided of such fabulous histories, yet, at that time, they could not light upon any; so that instead of a romance, they brought him the life of our Saviour, and of the saints.

These books he read with no other design, but to wear away the time, and at first, without any gust or pleasure; but after a while, he began insensibly to relish them, and by degrees took such delight in them, that he past whole days in reading. The first effect which this produc'd in him, was to admire in the saints their love for solitude, and for the cross. He considered with astonishment, among the anchorets of Palestine and Aegypt, men that had been of quality, and condition in the world, cover'd with hair-shirts, macerated with fastings, and buried alive in caves and dens; he thereupon said within himself, These men, so much at enmity with their own flesh, and so dead to the vanities of the earth, were of the same nature that I am of; why therefore should not I do, what they have done? Hereupon he took a resolution to imitate them, and thought nothing too great for his courage, nor too hard for his undertaking. He propos'd to himself, to visit the holy sepulchre, and to shut himself up in an hermitage; but these good motions lasted but for a while, and he quickly relaps'd into his former weakness. Besides his innate passion for glory, he had a secret inclination for a certain lady of great quality in the court of Castile, and now instead of thinking upon his retreat, his head was full of I know not what, military exploits, to make himself worthy of the ladies favour, as he himself has afterwards confest to Father Lewis Gonzales, giving him an accompt of his conversion. He was possest to that degree with these fond ideas, that it would not enter into him, how any man of honour could be happy without a strong

passion for glory, and the softer entertainments of love; When his thoughts were tired with thus tumbling about, for his diversion he set himself again to read; and falling into fresh admiration of the vertues he found in the saints, there did appear to him something more wonderful in their actions, then in all the exploits of those romantick heroes, which had formerly fill'd his imagination. And by reading on, and reflecting upon what he read, he came at length to understand, that nothing was more frivolous then that worldly glory, which had so possest his fancy; that God only was capable to content the soul of man, and that he ought to renounce all things, to make his salvation sure.

Thus, whilst his leg was still in cure, he continued reading the lives of our Saviour and the saints; not as formerly, for amuzement sake, and to pass away the time, but to the end of forming his own life according to those great models, and of corroborating his holy resolutions. Nor did he only read them, but he made them the subject of his meditation, and wrote down what he found most sensibly to affect him.

It is farther said of him, that having learn'd in his youth to design; he took delight with crayons of several colours to draw the most signal actions of the saints, and to write down their remarkable sayings; to the intent of printing them deeper in his memory.

Whilst he was thus imploy'd, the great truths of Christianity took such deep root in him, that he himself was astonish'd at his own transformation into another man, so that the conversion of Ignatius was finished, and brought to perfection, by the same means, which first gave the rise, and entrance to it. And the reading of good books work'd that in him, which neither a mortal disease, nor the terrors of death, nor an apparition from heaven, with a miraculous cure could effect; so much it imports worldly persons, and even the most obdurate sinners, sometimes to read books of piety.

His leg being throughly cur'd, he prepar'd himself in good earnest to follow the voice of heaven, but did it with all possible secresie; being then perswaded, that the affairs of God to be carry'd on without noise; and that

no ostentation should be us'd in leaving the world. And yet, to see him so different from himself, plunged in profound meditations, speaking little, and speaking only of the vanity of worldly things, always reading, and writing; it was easie to imagine, that he was disgusted with the world, and that he projected something very extraordinary. Don Martino Garsias, his eldest brother, who since the death of Don Bertram was become lord of the castle of Loyola, one who did not live over-much according to the maxims of the Gospel, did all that he could to discover and break his design. Taking him one day aside, he began to praise the good qualities that nature had bestow'd upon him, and above all, his warlike genius, which from his childhood had made him embrace the profession of arms; and the maturity of his judgement, which appear'd so early in his conduct; after this he conjur'd him not go give way to his melancholly distemper, nor rashly to run upon any extravagant courses. He said to him, "You have gain'd no little glory at the siege of Pampelona, and you are now reckon'd among the most illustrious warriors of Spain, do not destroy your own reputation, nor dishonor your family by a folly unworthy of your name; at least hide not from me those thoughts, with which of late you are so fill'd, and alter'd; and put confidence in a brother, who tenderly loves you."

When God speaks efficaciously to the heart, the words of men, be they never so flattering, make little impression. Ignatius, who thought nothing so truly great, as the contempt of worldly greatness, and apprehending the danger which a conference, with his brother might expose him to, answer'd him in two words; That he was very far from doing any foolish thing, and that he would endeavour always to live like a man of honor. Although so short and general an answer did not content Don Garsias, however it made him hope, that Ignatius would make sober reflections upon what he had said, and so in time would come again to himself.

Soon after this, Ignatius, who had taken his measures for his departure from Loyola, got on horseback, without any other design in appearance, then to visit the

duke of Naiare, who liv'd at Navarret, a small neighbouring town, and who during his sickness had often sent to see him. From this place he took some occasion to send home his two servants which attended him, and having ended his visit, he went without any company onwards in the way to Montserrat, a monastery of St. Bennet's order, distant a day's journey from Barcelona. This place is famous for the devotion of pilgrims, who come thither from all parts of the world.

He hung up his sword upon a pillar near the altar, in testimony of his renouncing secular warfare. Very early in the morning he receiv'd the Communion, and then departed from Montserrat, fearing lest he should be discovered by some of those persons who came from Biscay and Navarr; for that day happen'd to be the feast of the Annunciation, which is celebrated in that holy place with much solemnity, and great concourse of pilgrims from all Spain. He left his horse to the monastery, and carry'd away nothing with him but some penitential instruments, which (at his request) were bestow'd upon him by his ghostly father.

He march'd with his staff in his hand, his script by his side, bareheaded, one foot bare, for the other, which had still a weakness since his hurt, and swell'd every night, he thought necessary to be shod; but he march'd with such vigor and speed, as well shew'd what spirit mov'd him.

He was scarce advanc'd a league, when he heard the noise of a horseman riding with full speed after him; he was an officer of the justice, belonging to Montserrat. Is it true (says he being come up to him) that you have bestow'd rich clothes upon a beggar? Notwithstanding the poor man's protesting the contrary, he is not believ'd; he is suspected of theft, and clapt in prison. At these words Ignatius was sensibly griev'd, and could not restrain tears. To deliver the innocent he confess'd the truth; but would not declare (tho press'd to it) neither his quality, nor his name. He pursu'd his journey with some trouble of mind, for the misfortune of the poor man, which he reckon'd his own, in that he could not assist his neighbour, without bringing him into trouble.

With these thoughts he went on towards Manreze, where he resolv'd to conceal himself, and to wait till the plague did cease at Barcelona, and till the port was open, that he might proceed in his journey to the Holy Land.

*Life Work of Ignatius Loyola**

At Manresa the soldier was changed into the saint. He went to Paris and gathered a group of university students round him not sure as yet just what they would do but intent on doing whole heartedly something that would help to put an end to the religious squabbles in Europe that followed the Reform movement and made for so much unhappiness. Gradually there grew before his mind's eye the idea of a group of priests bound together like a military order for the purpose of accomplishing anything and everything for the benefit of Christianity. Teachers and missionaries they were to be but above all leaders among mankind. He wrote the constitutions of the order and these have shaped the destiny of the little Company of Jesus as with military mindedness he loved to call it.

When the Company of Jesus was founded at Montmartre in 1534, it had seven members. When St. Ignatius died twenty-two years later in 1556, there were nearly twice as many provinces of the orders as there had been members at the beginning and there were nearly one hundred houses of the little Company of Jesus as Ignatius loved to call it and altogether about a thousand members. It continued to increase in numbers during the subsequent century and they devoted themselves to two great tasks, education and the missions. Macaulay has described in one of his wonderful rhetorical flights how they were to be found everywhere, in the hut of the savage, in the palace of the monarch and for two centuries they were the teachers of Europe having no less than 200,000 pupils in their schools at the end of the seventeenth century. When through political machina-

* From The Jesuit Directory, 1921.

tions the order was suppressed by the pope in 1773, there were altogether some 23,000 members, 12,000 of whom were priests and one-half of the remainder in preparation for the priesthood and the other half representing lay coadjutors or lay brothers whose life work it was to help in every way the priests and the scholastics, as those who were not yet priests were called.

The order was refounded at the beginning of the nineteenth century and has rapidly acquired a membership almost equal to that which it had at the time of the suppression one hundred and fifty years ago. At the present time there are nearly 10,000 priests, some 6000 scholastics, and nearly 5000 lay brothers. They are in the Philippines and in Alaska. They are in South Africa under the Equator, they are in South America doing missionary work, and they are the chaplains to many of the jails of the country and many of the large city hospitals into which come the poorest of the poor to be treated. They have their schools in every part of the world, they issue a score of magazines, some of them weeklies, a number of them monthlies, a certain number quarterlies, some of them profoundly thoughtful and most of them exhibiting deep scholarliness. They have important colleges and universities in a dozen of the large cities of this country, but their missions in Jamaica and in the Philippines as well as in Honduras and India where they have replaced the German Jesuits, show that the American Jesuit has the thoroughly unselfish spirit of the Jesuits of other days and that he is a lineal descendant of the spirit of St. Francis Xavier and other great missionaries who risked their lives and imperiled their health in their work for the distant savage, living in a climate that was quite impossible for the white man.

The military spirit of Ignatius' order or at least their thorough-going readiness to do their duty as they see it even when it involves the risk of life, is very well illustrated by the story of their connection with the recent war. Campbell in his history of the Jesuits says, "The number of Jesuits who were under the colors as soldiers, chaplains or stretcher bearers or volunteers in the World War of 1914–1918 ran up to 2014,—a very great

drain on the Society as a whole, which in 1918 had only 17,205 names on its rolls, among whom were very many incapacitated either by age or youth or ailment for any active work. Of the 2014 Belgium furnished 165, Austria 82, France 855, Germany 376, Italy 369, England 83, Ireland 30, Canada 4 and the United States 50. Of the 83 English Jesuits serving as chaplains, 5 died while in the service, 2 won the Distinguished Service Order, 13 the Military Cross, 3 the Order of the British Empire, 21 were mentioned in despatches, 2 were mentioned for valuable services and 4 received foreign decorations,—a total of 45 distinctions.

France calls for special notice in this matter. From the four French provinces of the Society 855 Jesuits were mobilized. Of these 107 were officers, 3 commandants, 1 lieutenant-commander, 13 captains, 4 naval lieutenants, 22 lieutenants, 50 second-lieutenants, 1 naval ensign, and 5 officers in the health services. The loss in dead was 165 Jesuits, of whom 28 were chaplains, 30 officers, 36 sub-officers, 17 corporals and 54 privates. The number of distinctions won is almost incredible. The decoration of the Légion d'honneur was conferred on 68, Médaille militaire on 48, the Médaille des épidémies on 4, the Croix de guerre on 320, the Moroccan or Tunisian medal on 3, while 595 were mentioned in despatches, and 18 foreign decorations were received: in all 1056 distinctions were won by the 855 Jesuits in the French army and navy.

The Jesuits are a great living institution in our day and they are the lengthened shadow of their great founder, the Spanish soldier who fought so bravely and then turned all his military incentive to the cause of peace, happiness and good will among men. His little Company of Jesus is one of the most important international institutions in the world. Its members are modest, retiring, scholarly gentlemen who call Ignatius of Loyola their holy father Ignatius and who rejoice in nothing so much as that they are the brothers of St. Francis Xavier who spent himself on the Indian and Japanese missions, St. Peter Claver who devoted his life to the care of the negro slaves brought from Africa by the slave traders to be sold in the market of Carthagena. They are proud

to be brothers in arms to Father Marquette who discovered the Mississippi, Father Jogues who died so bravely among the Iroquois, and strange though it may seem in this modern twentieth century many of these men are risking their lives in the same fashion in our day. American born missioners are in the bitter cold of Alaska and the torrid heat of Luzon, living their lives for others just as their brothers in the sixteenth century did. They are devoted to just one ideal, the fulfilment of the motto of Father Ignatius, "Ad majorem Dei gloriam," all for the greater glory of God.

St. Francis Xavier

Apostle to the Indies

From the Life by Father Bouhours

Translated by JOHN DRYDEN

I HAVE undertaken to write the life of a saint, who has renewed, in the last age, the greatest wonders which were wrought in the infancy of the church; and who was himself a living proof of Christianity. There will be seen in the actions of one single man, a new world converted by the power of his preaching, and by that of his miracles: idolatrous kings, with their dominions, reduced under the obedience of the gospel; the faith flourishing in the very midst of barbarism; and the authority of the Roman Church acknowledged by nations the most remote, who were utterly unacquainted with ancient Rome.

This apostolical man, of whom I speak, is St. Francis Xavier, of the Society of Jesus, and one of the first disciples of St. Ignatius Loyola. He was of Navarre; and, according to the testimony of Cardinal Antonia Zapata, who examined his nobility from undoubted records, he derived his pedigree from the kings of Navarre.

His father was Don Juan de Jasso, a lord of great merit, well conversant in the management of affairs, and who held one of the first places in the Council of State, under the reign of King John III. The name of his mother was Mary Azpilcueta Xavier, heiress to two of the most illustrious families in that kingdom; for the chief of her house, Don Martin Azpilcueta, less famous by the great actions of his ancestors, than by his own virtue, married Juana Xavier, the only daughter and re-

maining hope of her family. He had by her no other child but this Mary of whom we spoke, one of the most accomplished persons of her time.

This virgin, equally beautiful and prudent, being married to Don Jasso, became the mother of many children; the youngest of whom was Francis, the same whose life I write. He was born in the Castle of Xavier, on the 7th of April, in the year 1506. That castle, situate at the foot of the Pyrenean Mountains, seven or eight leagues distant from Pampeluna, had appertained to his mother's house for about two hundred and fifty years; his progenitors on her side having obtained it in gift from King Thibald, the first of that name, in recompense of those signal services which they had performed for the crown. 'Tis from thence they took the name of Xavier, in lieu of Asnarez, which was the former name of their family. This surname was conferred on Francis, as also on some of the rest of his brothers, lest so glorious a name, now remaining in one only woman, should be totally extinguished with her.

That Providence, which had selected Francis for the conversion of such multitudes of people, endued him with all the natural qualities which are requisite to the function of an apostle. He was of a strong habit of body, his complexion lively and vigorous, his genius sublime, and capable of the greatest designs, his heart fearless, agreeable in his behaviour, but above all, he was of a gay, complying, and winning humour: this notwithstanding, he had a most extreme aversion for all manner of immodesty, and a vast inclination for his studies.

His parents, who lived a most Christian life, inspired him with the fear of God from his infancy, and took a particular care of his education. He was no sooner arrived to an age capable of instruction, than, instead of embracing the profession of arms, after the example of his brothers, he turned himself, of his own motion, on the side of learning; and, as he had a quick conception, a happy memory, and a penetrating mind, he advanced wonderfully in few years.

Having gained a sufficient knowledge in the Latin tongue, and discovered a great propensity to learning,

he was sent to the university of Paris, the most celebrated of all Europe, and to which the gentlemen of Spain, Italy, and Germany resorted for their studies.

He came to Paris in the eighteenth year of his age, and fell immediately on the study of philosophy. 'Tis scarcely credible with how much ardour he surmounted the first difficulties of logic. Whatsoever his inclinations were towards a knowledge so crabbed and so subtle, he tugged at it with incessant pains, to be at the head of his fellow-students; and perhaps never any scholar besides himself could join together so much ease, and so much labour.

Xavier minded nothing more, than how to become an excellent philosopher, when his father, who had a numerous family of children, and who was one of those men of quality, whose fortunes are not equal to their birth, was thinking to remove him from his studies, after having allowed him a competent maintenance for a year or two. He communicated these his thoughts to Magdalen Jasso, his daughter, abbess of the convent of St. Clare de Gandia, famous for the austerity of its rules, and established by some holy French women of that order, whom the calamities of war had forced to forsake their native country, and to seek a sanctuary in the kingdom of Valencia.

Magdalen, in her younger days, had been maid of honour and favourite to the Catholic Queen Isabella. The love of solitude, and of the cross, had caused her to forsake the Court of Arragon, and quit for ever the pleasures of this world. Having chosen the most reformed monastery of Spain for the place of her retreat, she applied herself, with the fervour, to the exercises of penitence and prayer; and became, even from her noviciate, a perfect pattern of religious perfection.

It was six years before the death of Magdalen, that Don Jasso, her father, writ to her concerning Xavier. After she had received the letter, she was illuminated from above; and, according to the dictates of that divine light, she answered Don Jasso, that he should beware of recalling her brother Francis, whatsoever it might cost him for his entertainment in the university of Paris. That

he was a chosen vessel, preordained to be the apostle of the Indies, and that one day he should become a great pillar of the church.

These letters have been preserved for a long time afterwards, and have been viewed by many persons, who have deposed the truth judicially in the process of the canonisation of the saint.

Don Jasso received this answer from his daughter as an oracle from Heaven; and no longer thought of recalling his son from his studies.

Xavier, thereupon, continued his philosophy; and succeeded so well in it, that having maintained his theses, at the end of his course, with a general applause, and afterwards taking his degree of master of arts, he was judged worthy to teach philosophy himself. His parts appeared more than ever in this new employment; and he acquired an high reputation in his public lectures on Aristotle. The praises, which universally were given him, were extremely pleasing to his vanity. He was not a little proud to have augmented the glory of his family by the way of learning, while his brothers were continually adorning it by that of arms; and he flattered himself, that the way which he had taken, would lead him onward to somewhat of greater consequence.

But God Almighty had far other thoughts than those of Xavier; and it was not for these fading honours that the Divine Providence had conducted him to Paris.

At the same time, when this young master of philosophy began his course, Ignatius Loyola, who had renounced the world, and cast the model of a learned society, wholly devoted to the salvation of souls, came into France to finish his studies, which the obstacles he found in Spain, after his conversion, had constrained him to interrupt.

He had not continued long in the university of Paris, before he heard talk of Xavier, and grew acquainted with him. Our new professor, who taught at the college of Beauvois, though he dwelt in the college of St. Barbe, with Peter le Fevre, a Savoyard, was judged by Ignatius to be very proper for the preaching of the gospel, as well as his companion. To gain the better opportunity of in-

sinuating himself into their acquaintance, he took lodgings with them, and was not wanting to exhort them to live up to the rules of Christianity.

Le Fevre, who was of a tractable nature, and was not enamoured of the world, resigned himself without opposition. But Xavier, who was of a haughty spirit, and whose head was filled with ambitious thoughts, made a fierce resistance at the first. The discipline and maxims of Ignatius, who lived in a mean equipage, and valued nothing but that poverty, made him pass for a low-minded fellow in the opinion of our young gentleman. And accordingly Xavier treated him with much contempt; rallying him on all occasions, and making it his business to ridicule him.

This notwithstanding, Ignatius omitted no opportunities of representing to him the great consequence of his eternal welfare, and urging the words of our blessed Saviour, "What profit is it to a man to gain the whole world, and to lose his own soul?" but perceiving that he could make no impression on a heart where self-conceit was so very prevalent, and which was dazzled with vainglory, he bethought himself of assaulting him on the weaker side.

When he had often congratulated with him for those rare talents of nature with which he was endowed, and particularly applauded his great wit, he made it his business to procure him scholars, and to augment his reputation by the crowd of his auditors. He conducted them even to his chair; and in presenting them to their master, never failed to make his panegyric.

Xavier was too vain, not to receive, with a greedy satisfaction, whatever incense was given him of that kind: applause was welcome from whatever hands it came; and withal he was too grateful, not to acknowledge those good offices which were done him, by a person whom he had used so very ill: he was the more sensible of such a kindness, by being conscious to himself how little he had deserved it. He began to look with other eyes on him who had the appearance of so mean a creature; and at the same time was informed, that this man, of so despicable a presence, was born of one of the noblest

families in Guipuscoa; that his courage was correspondent to his birth; and that only the fear of God had inspired him with the choice of such a life, so distant from his inclination and his quality.

These considerations, in favour of Ignatius, led him to hearken, without repugnance, to those discourses which were so little suitable to his natural bent; as if the quality and virtue of him who made them, had given a new charm and weight to what he said.

While things were passing in this manner, Xavier's money began to fail him, as it frequently happens to foreigners, who are at a great distance from their own country; and Ignatius, who was newly returned from the voyages which he had made into Flanders and England, from whence he had brought back a large contribution of alms, assisted him in so pressing an occasion, and thereby made an absolute conquest of his affections.

Having one day found Xavier more than ordinarily attentive, he repeated to him these words more forcibly than ever: "What will it profit a man to gain the whole world, and to lose his own soul?" After which he told him, that a mind so noble and so great as his, ought not to confine itself to the vain honours of this world; that celestial glory was the only lawful object of his ambition; and that right reason would require him to prefer that which was eternally to last, before what would vanish like a dream.

Then it was that Xavier began to see into the emptiness of earthly greatness, and found himself touched with the love of heavenly things. But these first impressions of grace had not all their effect immediately: he made frequent reflections within himself, of what the man of God had said to him; and it was not without many serious thoughts, and after many a hard struggling, that, being overcome at length by the power of those eternal truths, he took up a solid resolution, of living according to the maxims of the gospel, and of treading in his footsteps, who had made him sensible of his being gone astray.

He resigned himself therefore to the conduct of Ignatius, after the example of Le Fevre, who had already

reformed his life, and was inflamed with the zeal of edifying others. The directions of a guide so well enlightened, made easy to Xavier the paths of that perfection which were hitherto unknown to him. He learnt from his new master, that the first step which a sincere convert is to make, is to labour in the subduing of his darling passion. As vainglory had the greatest dominion over him, his main endeavours, from the very beginning, were to humble himself, and to confound his own pride in the sense of his emptiness, and of his sins. But well knowing that he could not tame the haughtiness of the soul without mortifying the flesh, he undertook the conquest of his body, by haircloth, by fasting, and other austerities of penance.

When this time of vacancies was come, he performed his spiritual exercises, which his lectures of philosophy had till then hindered. Those very exercises I mean, which Ignatius, inspired of God, had composed at Manreza; and of which I have drawn the model, in the life of that holy founder of the Society of Jesus.

By meditating at his leisure on the great truths of Christianity, and especially on the mysteries of our Saviour, according to the method of Ignatius, he was wholly changed into another man; and the humility of the cross appeared to him more amiable than all the glories of the world. These new insights caused him, without the least repugnance, to refuse a canonry of Pampeluna, which was offered him at that time, and was very considerable, both in regard of the profits and of the dignity. He formed also, during his solitude, the design of glorifying God by all possible means, and of employing his whole life for the salvation of souls.

On these foundations, having finished the course of philosophy which he read, and which had lasted three years and a half, according to the custom of those times, he studied in divinity, by the counsel of Ignatius, whose scholar he openly declared himself to be.

In the meantime, Ignatius, who found in himself an inward call to the Holy Land, for the conversion of Jews and Infidels, discovered his intentions to Xavier, which he had already communicated to Le Fevre, and

four other learned young men, who had embraced his form of life.

All the seven engaged themselves, by promise to each other, and by solemn vows to God Almighty, to forsake their worldly goods, and undertake a voyage to Jerusalem; or in case that, in the compass of a year, they could not find an accommodation of passing the seas, that they would cast themselves at the feet of our holy Father, for the service of the church, into whatever part of the world he would please to send them.

They made these vows at Montmartre, on the day of Our Lady's Assumption, in the year 1534. That holy place, which has been watered with the blood of martyrs, and where their bodies are still deposited, inspired a particular devotion into Xavier, and possessed him with a fervent desire of martyrdom.

Towards the end of the year following, he went from Paris, in the company of Le Fevre, Laynez, Salmeron, Rodriguez, Bobadilla, and three other divines, whom Le Fevre had gained in the absence of Ignatius, who, for important reasons, was obliged to go before, and who was waiting for them at Venice.

Xavier was serviceable to his companions on all occasions, and was always beforehand with them in the duties of charity; whether it were, that, being naturally officious, and of a warm temper, he was more eager to employ himself for them; or that his health, miraculously restored, rendered him more obliging and charitable towards those by whose prayers it was recovered.

When they were arrived at Venice, their breathings were only after the holy places. Ignatius whom they were ravished to see again, and whom they acknowledged for their common father, was of opinion, that while they were waiting the opportunity of going to receive the Pope's blessing for their voyage to Jerusalem, each of them should employ himself on works of charity, in the hospitals of the town.

Xavier, whose lot fell in the hospital of the incurable, was not satisfied only with busying himself all day, in dressing sick men's sores, in making their beds, and doing them more inferior service, but also passed whole

nights in watching by them. But his care and pains were not confined to the succour of their bodies. Though he was wholly ignorant of the Italian tongue, he frequently spoke of God to them; and, above all things, exhorted the greatest libertines to repentance, by causing them to comprehend, in the best manner he was able, that though their corporal maladies were incurable, yet the diseases of their souls were not so; that how enormous soever our offences were, we ought always to rely on God's mercy; and that a desire of being sincerely converted, was only requisite in sinners for obtaining the grace of their conversion.

One of these sick alms-men had an ulcer, which was horrible to the sight, but the noisomeness of the stench was yet more insupportable; every one shunned the miserable creature, not enduring so much as to approach him; and Xavier once found a great repugnance in himself to attend him; but at the same time he called to his remembrance a maxim of Ignatius, that we make no progress in virtue, but by vanquishing ourselves; and that the occasion of making a great sacrifice was too precious to be lost. Being fortified with these thoughts, and encouraged by the example of St. Catherine de Sienna, which came into his mind, he embraced the sick person, applied his mouth to the ulcer, surmounted his natural loathing, and sucked out the corruption. At the same moment his repugnance vanished; and after that, he had no further trouble in the like cases: of so great importance it is to us, once to have thoroughly overcome ourselves.

In the meantime, James Govea, a Portuguese, who had been acquainted with Ignatius, Xavier, and Le Fevre, at Paris, and who was principal of the college of Saint Barbe, when they lived together there, being come to Rome on some important business, for which he was sent thither by John III. King of Portugal, and seeing the wonderful effects of their ministry, wrote to the King, as he had formerly done from Paris, on the reports which were spread of them, that such men as these, knowing, humble, charitable, inflamed with zeal, indefatigable in labour, lovers of the cross, and who aimed at nothing but the honour of Almighty God, were fit to

be employed in the East Indies, to plant and propagate the faith. He adjoined, that if his Majesty were desirous of these excellent men, he had only to ask them from the Pope, who had the absolute disposition of them.

John III, the most religious prince then living, wrote thereupon to his ambassador, Don Pedro Mascaregnas, and ordered him to obtain from his Holiness, six at least of those apostolic men, which had been commended to him by Govea. The Pope having heard the proposition of Mascaregnas, remitted the whole business to Father Ignatius, for whom he had already a great consideration, and who had lately presented to his Holiness the model of the new order, which he and his companions were desirous to establish.

Ignatius, who had proposed to himself no less a design than the reformation of the whole world, and who saw the urgent necessities of Europe, infected with heresy on every side, returned this answer to Mascaregnas, that of ten, which was their whole number, he could spare him at the most but two persons. The Pope approved this answer, and ordered Ignatius to make the choice himself.

"Xavier," said he, "I had named Bobadilla for the Indies, but the Almighty has nominated you this day. I declare it to you from the Vicar of Jesus Christ. Receive an employment committed to your charge by his Holiness, and delivered by my mouth, as if it were conferred on you by our blessed Saviour in person. And rejoice for your finding an opportunity, to satisfy that fervent desire, which we all have, of carrying the faith into remote countries. You have not here a narrow Palestine, or a province of Asia, in prospect, but a vast extent of ground, and innumerable kingdoms. An entire world is reserved for your endeavours, and nothing but so large a field is worthy of your courage and your zeal. Go, my brother, where the voice of God has called you; where the Holy See has sent you, and kindle those unknown nations with the flame that burns within you."

Xavier, wholly confounded in himself with these expressions of Ignatius, with tears of a tender affection in

his eyes, and blushing in his countenance, answered him, that he could not but be astonished, that he should pitch upon a man, so weak, and pusillanimous as himself, for an enterprise which required no less than an apostle: that nevertheless he was ready to obey the commands of Heaven; and that he offered himself, with the whole power of his soul, to do and suffer all things for the salvation of the Indies. After which, giving leave to his internal joy to break out, and to diffuse itself, he more confidently said to Father Ignatius, that his desires were now accomplished; that for a long time he had sighed after the Indies without daring to declare it; and that he hoped, from those idolatrous nations, to have the honour of dying for Jesus Christ, which had been denied him in the Holy Land.

As Xavier was advertised of this voyage to the Indies but the day before Mascaregnas departed, he had but time enough to piece up his cassock, bid his friends farewell, and go to kiss the feet of our holy Father.

Paul III., overjoyed, that under his pontificate a gate should be opened to the gospel in the Oriental Indies, received him with a most fatherly affection, and excited him to assume such thoughts, as were worthy of so high an undertaking; telling him for his encouragement, that the Eternal Wisdom is never failing to supply us with strength, to prosecute the labours to which it has ordained us, even though they should surpass all human abilities. He must, indeed, prepare himself for many sufferings; but the affairs of God succeeded not but by the ways of suffering, and that none could pretend to the honour of an apostleship, but by treading in the steps of the apostles, whose lives were but one continual cross, and a daily death; that Heaven had employed him in the mission of St. Thomas, the apostle of the Indies, for the conquest of souls; that it became him to labour generously, in reviving the faith in those countries, where it had been planted by that great apostle; and that if it were necessary for him to shed his blood, for the glory of Christ Jesus, he should account it his happiness to die a martyr.

It seemed that God himself had spoken by the mouth

of his vicegerent, such impression had these words on the mind and heart of Xavier. They inspired into him a divine vigour; and in his answer to his Holiness, there shone through a profound humility such a magnanimity of soul, that Paul III had from that very minute a certain presage of those wonderful events which afterwards arrived. Therefore the most holy Father, having wished him the special assistance of God in all his labours, tenderly embraced him, more than once, and gave him a most ample benediction.

Xavier departed in the company of Mascaregnas the 15th of March, in the year 1540, without any other equipage besides his breviary. In giving his last adieu to Father Ignatius, he cast himself at his feet, and with all humility desired his blessing; and, in taking leave of Laynez, he put into his hands a small memorial, which he had written, and signed.

This memorial, which is still preserved at Rome, contains, that he approves, as much as depends on him, the rules and constitutions, which shall be drawn up, by Ignatius and his companions; that he elects Ignatius to be their General, and, in failure of him, Le Fevre; that he consecrates himself to God, by the three vows, of poverty, chastity, and obedience, in the Society of Jesus, when it shall be raised into a religious order, by the apostolical authority.

The conclusion of that affair was daily expected; and indeed it was happily finished, before the ending of the year, in that almost miraculous manner, as is related in the Life of St. Ignatius.

His journey from Rome to Lisbon was all the way by land, and was above three months. Xavier had a horse allowed him, by order from the ambassador; but they were no sooner on their way, than he made him common. The father often alighted to ease the servants who followed on foot; or exchanged his horse with others, who were not so well mounted. At the inns he was every man's servant, even to the rubbing of the horses, by an excess of humility, which, on those occasions, caused him to forget the dignity of his character. He resigned his chamber and his bed to those who wanted them; and

never lodged but either on the ground, or on the litter in the stable. In the rest of his actions, ever cheerful, and pleasant in discourse, which made all men desirous of his company; but always mixing somewhat with that gaiety, which was edifying both to the masters and the servants, and inspired them alike with thoughts of piety.

They went by Loretto, where they rested at the least, eight days; after which they continued their journey by Bologna. From thence, Xavier wrote to Ignatius in this manner:—

"I received, on the holiday of Easter, the letter which you wrote and inclosed in the packet of my lord ambassador. God only knows my joy in receiving it. Believing, as I do, that we shall never entertain each other in this world, by any other way than that of writing, and that we shall never see each other but in heaven, it concerns us, that little time we have to live in this place of exile, to give ourselves the mutual consolation of frequent letters. The correspondence, on my part, shall be exactly kept; for being convinced, by the reasons which you gave me at our parting, that a commerce of this nature ought to be established, in a regular method, betwixt the colonies and the mother country, I have resolved, that in whatever parts of the world I shall reside, or any members of our Society with me, to maintain a strict communication with you, and with the fathers at Rome, and send you as large an account, as possibly I can, of any news concerning us. I have taken my opportunity of seeing the Cardinal of Invrea, as you gave me in command, and have discoursed at leisure with him. He received me with much goodness, and offered me, with great civility, his interest, for our common cause. In the midst of the discourse, which we had together, I threw myself at his feet, and kissed his hand, in the name of all our Society. As much as I can gather by his words, he extremely approves the manner of our living.

"As concerning my lord ambassador, he loads me with so many favours, that I should never conclude, if I began to relate them. And I know not how I could suf-

fer the many good offices he does me, if I had not some hope of repaying him in the Indies, at the expense of my life itself. Your brother and servant in Jesus Christ,

"FRANCIS.

"From Bologna, March 31, 1540."

Missionary Labors of St. Francis Xavier

REV. J. SCHURHAMMER, S. F.

WHEN Xavier set sail from Lisbon in 1541, it was in the expectation of reaching India after a wearisome six months' journey. Even under favorable circumstances the journey was a hard one, involving intense suffering from excessive heat and severe storms, from sickness, pestilence and death. But these conditions were multiplied a hundredfold on this particular journey. As a result, it was only in May, 1542, after a voyage lasting full thirteen months that Xavier finally landed at Goa, the capital of Portuguese India. With the zeal of an Apostle and of a true crusader, he had commenced his work of mercy on the ship. He now continued it in the city and was soon known as the holy Padre. He visited the sick, the lepers, the prisoners, the poor; but the instruction of the children was his chief concern.

Bell in hand, he walked through the streets and byways and called them together. He then led them to the chapel of Our Lady and taught them their Catechism in song. Soon the hymns of Xavier were to be heard in the rice fields and the palm groves, in the palaces of the rich and the hovels of the poor.

What the children learned at school they sang at home, thus teaching parents and slaves to know the true faith and to despise the idols. These latter they destroyed without fear of the demons. They placed the crucifix of the saint on the heads of their sick and prayed over them, and the sick were healed.

The king of Portugal rejoiced at the glorious harvest,

as did the Bishop of Goa. Schools for the teaching of Christian Doctrine were opened everywhere, and the father who would not send his child to the Catechism class, was regarded as more degraded than a pagan or Mohammedan.

Scarcely had the rainy season in Goa passed, when Xavier bent his steps toward the south of India to Cape Komorin, where dwelt the pearl fishers of the Fishery Coast, some 20,000 in all. Eight years had passed since they had been baptized, but they were without instruction and had no priest.

Xavier became their apostle. Tirelessly he went from village to village, instructing the ignorant, demolishing everywhere their idols, and protecting the inhabitants against the extortion of the Portuguese, oppression on the part of heathen officials and the attacks of the wild horsemen of Madura.

A brief two years Xavier spent on the Malabar coast, yet never have the people forgotten their apostle, and despite the entreaties and the persecution of their pagan neighbors, they have remained Catholic even to the present day.

The Paravers paid heed to their apostle, but the Brahmins, the priests of the idols, remained stubborn.

"They are the most depraved caste in the world," wrote Xavier, "and the truth is not in them. 'You know more than all of us together' they tell me in private conversation with them. 'We know there is but one God, but the idols are our one source of revenue.' They send me presents, asking me not to betray their deception. But everywhere I manifest their evil character. Were there no Brahmins, there would be universal conversions. In one temple over 200 Brahmins reside. 'What must a man do to get to Heaven,' I asked them?"

"This was their answer: 'Two things the gods command; kill no cebu (sacred cow) and give alms to the Brahmins.'" The cebu is, of course, the object of their special veneration.

"Then filled with anger that the devil should wield such influence over the hearts of man, I loudly began the

act of faith before them, and explained the concepts of heaven and hell, and showed them who they were who inhabited either place. All arose and said: 'The God of the Christians is the only true God, for His commands alone are consonant with reason.'"

"'Well and good—Do you then become Christians,' I said to them.

"But their answer was: 'What will the world say were we to change our mode of life, and how, too, should we live?'"

Even the gallant Crusader was necessarily helpless in the face of human respect.

While the Brahmins rejected God's grace, the Karean caste to the north of the Fishery Coast, and the Makuan caste of fishermen in Travancore begged for the favor of Baptism. A native priest baptized the Kareans, but the Saint went in person to Travancore.

He was received with joy and acclamation. In each of their villages he assembled the men and all who would come to hear him. He taught them how to make the sign of the cross and explained to them its meaning. The act of faith, the commandments, the Our Father, the Hail Mary and the Hail, Holy Queen, he recited for them, and then in a loud voice all repeated his words.

Thereupon he preached an eloquent sermon on faith and the commandments and all had to ask pardon for their sins. After this he repeated the Creed and after each article he asked them: "Do you believe this article of our holy faith?" And they all crossed their arms upon their breasts and said: "We do believe."

Now came the solemn moment of baptism. Each person received a Christian name, and lest it might possibly be forgotten, it was written out for him on a broad palm leaf. The women followed in order after the men, and then the converts were set to the task of destroying their idols.

Thus in a single month the Saint baptized the entire population, over 10,000 in all. Even to this day the members of the Makuan caste proudly style themselves the children of St. Francis Xavier.

The blessing of God descended upon Xavier's work by his prayers and penance. These transfigured his countenance and gave him a marvelous power over even the most confirmed sinners.

On his journey from Travancore, he learned that on the Islands to the East a glorious harvest could be reaped. Thither he resolved to go.

A soldier hardened in crime was Xavier's travelling companion on the vessel from Goa. On one occasion during the voyage his whole possessions had been staked on the cast of a die,—and had been lost. Then he blasphemed. More gold was forthcoming from Xavier's meager store to afford him another chance to woo the fickle goddess—and he won. Confidence in the Saint followed and the two became friends. At the very first landing place, he accompanied Xavier to a chapel outside the city, made a general confession of his whole life, and, greatly to his surprise, received a very slight penance.

His brief prayer ended, he sought the Saint but in vain, for he had already departed. A search revealed him in a neighboring palmetto thicket, scourging himself unmercifully for the sins of his penitent. The sight was more effective than the sternest sermons would have been. He hastened to the Saint, seized the whip of cords from his hand, and began to scourge himself to blood. Henceforth the converted sinner became a model of a truly Christian life.

From Malacca God called the Saint to Japan. A Japanese fugitive, Hanshiro, embarked at Kagoshima in a Portuguese ship for China, because of a murder he had just committed. Sins of his youth haunted him and he sought a peace which the priests of Buddha could not give him. Then he heard of the holy Padre. He sought him to no avail in Malacca and in despair he returned homeward. But a storm cast him on the shores of China. The agonies of death encompassed him; his heart yearned for God. Again he came to Malacca and this time found the Saint and through him the true faith and the peace he sought. As a Christian, he returned to Japan with Xavier. On Assumption Day, 1549, the two landed at

Kagoshima. Then indeed it was, that a momentous hour had struck for the Island kingdom.

The sovereign received him courteously and allowed him to preach. Aided by Hanshiro, Xavier wrote out an explanation of the Christian teaching in Japanese. This he daily read to the people before one of the temples. His barbarous accent drew down upon himself the jeers of the multitude. The more zealous, however, gradually inquired into his teachings. The result was a golden dawn after a night of the thickest darkness. Soon hundreds had received Baptism and Xavier could write: "The Japanese are the best disposed nation I have so far discovered here, and it seems that never will the Japanese be surpassed by any infidel people."

The learned Japanese priests frequently invited Francis to their bonzerie at Kagoshima.

"What becomes of a man who has been decapitated?" was the first question put by them to Xavier. True to their own teachings the bonzes' answer had to be: "Nothing, for the soul perishes with the body." But Xavier corrected them: "The body indeed perishes, but the soul of man lives on. The soul of the just man dwells in regions of perpetual joy, that of the wicked in torments of everlasting fire." Henceforth the soul of Ninshit, the chief of the bonzes, knew no peace. "Thy soul is immortal, thy soul is immortal."

One day Xavier asked him: "Were you given the choice, which period of life would you prefer, youth or old age?" "Youth," promptly answered Ninshit, "because at that period one can do just exactly as one pleases."

But the saint continued: "Which period does the mariner prefer, the hour of the storm-wracked deep or that of his safe arrival at his destined port?"

Sadly Ninshit answered: "I understand, but the comparison does not fit, as I do not know whither I am bound."

Though convinced, he still wavered between Buddha and Christ. After a year Xavier had to leave Kagoshima. Twice thereafter missionaries came to the city and Ninshit sought them out on both occasions. "I despise Buddha

and Amida," he said, "and I pray to the true God alone." But he hesitated at the threshold, and for twenty-six years he deferred Baptism. Finally he summoned a priest, but when the latter arrived, Ninshit was already dead.

Forced to flee from Kagoshima by the hostility of the bonzes consequent upon their utter confutation, Xavier departed for Hirado where he founded a Christian congregation. At Hakata and Yamagushi he courageously preached against the vices of the bonzes, and at Sakai he made a convert of his host. Then he departed for Meako.

Here, so he had heard, resided the Emperor and the supreme head of the bonzes; here, too, were the far famed Universities. Here he would challenge the Buddhist sages to a solemn public debate. Truth must prevail. The Emperor would allow the discussion, and thereupon Xavier visioned the realization of his Ideal, the conquest of this whole Island for Christ, his liege, the King of this world.

Bitter, however, was to be his disappointment. War was devastating the country. The insurgents were in possession at Meako. The doors of the Universities were closed to him. The emperor was unapproachable, disarmed and powerless; the regent had fled. The people scoffed at the Saint and cast stones at him.

Thus after eleven days Xavier was forced to depart from Meako. But as his boat drifted down the partly frozen river, his eyes were riveted on the unfortunate city, and he earnestly prayed for the conversion of Japan.

He then travelled southward. Here was a prince, so he had heard, more powerful than the regent and the emperor, the king of Yamagushi. Thither the ambassador of Christ directed his steps.

With unusual gifts Xavier came to the city of Yamagushi, where the prince freely allowed him to preach. Debates began with the most learned of the bonzes. All were silenced by the Saint. The power of Buddha and Amida tottered. The city was in a ferment and many nobles were converted.

Then the Portuguese sent word to the neighboring king of Bungo about the holy priest. The king was desirous of seeing him and Xavier went. In triumphal procession the Portuguese led him to the palace. Just when the first conversions began to take place, important business affairs recalled him to India.

At his departure the king promised to protect Christianity and was true to his word. Through his efforts the faith found entrance into Meako and into the south countries. He himself sought peace in the meditations of the Buddhists but found it not. Thereupon he heeded the call of grace. Twenty-seven years after Xavier's departure he was baptized as King Francis, and 70,000 of his subjects followed in his footsteps. Soon the church of Japan counted 600,000 subjects, and even a persecution extending over a period of two and a half centuries could not efface the Saint's work altogether. The realization of his Ideal had almost come true. The day that sees the conversion of the whole of Japan will be the dawn of her true and lasting greatness.

"How can your faith be true, since China does not know it?" was the constant query of the Japanese, for from China all the culture and wisdom of Japan had been derived. So the Crusader's heart glowed anew as he realized that he must gain China also for Christ. But the policy of the "Closed Door" was absolute.

Just outside the walls of Canton is the island of Sanchan. From this point Xavier intended to enter China. The intense cold, the pangs of hunger, and the prisons of Canton held no fears for him. But his companions fled at the thought of death. Antonio alone, the faithful Chinese guide, remained with him. A merchant had promised to convey them secretly to the land. But the appointed time had come and had passed and no ship had arrived. Thereupon the Saint fell sick; a burning fever wasted his strength. In perfect conformity with God's will he lay there, his countenance glowing in sweet intercourse with God and His Holy Mother. On the second Friday he lost the power of speech. The spectre of death made its presence felt on the threshold. Antonio alone held watch at his bedside. Xavier's motionless eyes

were fixed on his crucifix. Midnight passed. The day of December 3, 1552, dawned. Then Antonio placed the blessed candle in the dying Saint's hand and soon he had departed from this life in a calm sleep, and had gone to his sovereign Liege and Home. In the Church of the Bom Jesus at Goa, there is a beautiful sarcophagus of silver. Therein lies India's greatest treasure, the earthly remains of Francis Xavier, and the pilgrims who each year venerate at his shrine are counted by thousands.

Father James Marquette

Explorer of the Mississippi and Missionary to the Indians of North America

By JOHN GILMARY SHEA

NEAR a little branch of the river Oise, in the department of Aisne, the traveller finds perched on the mountainside the small but stately city of Laon. Strong fortifications without, and a vast cathedral within, show that in former days it was one of those cities which were constantly replete with life and movement in the endless contests between noble and noble, and not unfrequently between the suzerain himself and his more powerful vassal.

The most ancient family in this renowned city, is that of Marquette, and in its long annals we find the highest civic honors borne almost constantly by members of that illustrious race. It already held an important place in the reign of Louis the young, and its armorial bearings still commemorate the devotedness of the sieur James Marquette, sheriff of Laon, to the cause of his royal master, the unfortunate John of France, in 1360.

A martial spirit has always characterized this citizen family, and its members have constantly figured in the dazzling wars of France. Our own republic is not without its obligations to the valor of the Marquettes, three of whom died here in the French army during the Revolutionary war.

Yet not their high antiquity nor their reckless valor would ever have given the name of Marquette to fame; the unsought tribute which it has acquired among us, is due to the labors of one who renounced the enjoyments

of country and home to devote his days to the civilization and conversion of our Indian tribes; who died in the bloom of youth, worn down by toil, in a lonely, neglected spot, whose name every effort was made to enshrine in oblivion, but who has been at last, by the hand of strangers, raised on a lofty pedestal among the great, the good, and the holy, who have honored our land; the family is known to us only as connected with Father James Marquette of the Society of Jesus, the first explorer of the Mississippi.

Born at the ancient seat of his family, in the year 1637, he was, through his pious mother Rose de la Salle, allied to the venerable John Baptist de la Salle, the founder of the institute known as the Brothers of the Christian Schools, whose services in the cause of gratuitous education of the poor had instructed thousands before any of the modern systems of public schools had been even conceived. From his pious mother the youthful Marquette imbibed that warm, generous, and unwavering devotion to the mother of God, which makes him so conspicuous among her servants. None but a mother could have infused such a filial affection for Mary.

At the age of seventeen his heart, detached from this world and all its bright allurements, impelled him to enter the Society of Jesus, as he did in the year 1654. When the two years of self study and examination had passed away, he was as is usual with the young Jesuits, employed in teaching or study, and twelve years glided away in the faithful performance of the unostentatious duties assigned him. No sooner, however, was he invested with the sacred character of the priesthood, than his ardent desire to become in all things an imitator of his chosen patron, St. Francis Xavier, induced him to seek a mission in some land that knew not God, that he might labor there to his latest breath, and die unaided and alone.

The province of Champagne in which he was enrolled contained no foreign mission: he was transferred to that of France, and, in 1666, sailed for Canada. On the 20th of September he landed, buoyant with life and health, at Quebec, and amid his brethren awaited the new destination on which his superiors should decide.

The moment of his arrival was one of deep interest in the religious history of a colony, which had in its early settlement so nobly represented the purest Catholicity, neither hampered by civil jealousy, nor unhearted by the cold and selfish policy of a pagan age. The halcyon days of the Canadian church were passing away, but God had raised up one to guide and guard his church, that is, in fact, his poor and little ones, in the coming struggle with worldliness and policy. This was Francis de Laval, who landed at Quebec in 1659, with the title of bishop of Petrea, and vicar apostolic of New France. Gradually he gathered around him a few secular priests and began to settle the ecclesiastical affairs of the French posts, till then mere missions in the hands of the Jesuits. At the period of Marquette's arrival, he had already begun to see his diocese assume a regular shape, his clergy had increased, his cathedral and seminary were rapidly rising. The war with the Iroquois which had so long checked the prosperity of the colony, and the hopes of the missionaries, was at last brought to a successful issue by the efforts of the viceroy de Tracy, and a new field was opened for the missions.

These had always been an object of his deep solicitude; the wide west especially was a field which he sighed to penetrate himself, cross in hand, but this could not be. As early as 1660, from the new impulse thus given, an Ottawa mission was resolved upon, and the veteran Ménard, one of the last survivors of the old Huron mission, cheered by the parting words of his holy bishop, embarked to raise the cross of Sault St. Mary's, which his companions Jogues and Raymbaut had planted twenty years before. He bore it on to Keweena bay in Lake Superior, and while full of projects for reaching the Sioux on the upper Mississippi, died in the woods, a victim to famine or the hatchet of the roving Indian. At the time of Marquette's arrival, Father Allouez was there exploring parts which no white man had yet visited, and as he saw a wide field opening before his view, earnestly imploring a new missionary reinforcement.

Such was the Ottawa mission; but there were others also. Father Jogues thus associated with the earliest

western discoveries, had penetrated into New York, and reddening the Mohawk with his life's blood, brought it within the bounds of Catholicity. From this moment New York was a land which each missionary ambitioned; visited successively by two more as prisoners, their sufferings and blood confirmed the title of the missionaries, and, in 1654, Father Simon le Moyne visited Onondaga, and gave the first account of western New York. A mission was established the next year, and the missionaries explored the whole state from the Hudson to the Niagara; but a sudden change took place—a plot was formed against the French colony at Onondaga, and this first mission was crushed in its infancy, after a brief existence of three years. The war which ensued made Canada itself tremble, and a new mission in New York was not even thought of; the attempt to renew that in Michigan is, indeed, one of the hardiest undertakings in the annals of the Jesuit missions, and a noble monument of their fearless zeal. But now the tree of peace was planted, the war-parties had ceased, and missionaries hastened to the Iroquois cantons, which, for nearly twenty years, were to be so well instructed in the truths of Christianity, that even now the Catholic Iroquois almost outnumber the rest of their countrymen.

Another great mission of the time was that of the Abnakis, in Maine, founded by Druillettes in 1647, and continued by him at intervals until it became at last the permanent residence of several zealous men.

Besides these were the missions of the wandering Algonquins of the river, which centred at Sillery and Three Rivers, but had been almost entirely destroyed by the Iroquois after the destruction of the Huron missions and depopulation of Upper Canada. These expiring missions the Jesuits still maintained; but another and a harder field was that of the Montagnais, of which Tadoussac was the centre. Here at the mouth of that strange river, the Saguenay, which pours its almost fathomless tide into the shallower St. Lawrence, is the oft-mentioned post of Tadoussac. For a few weeks each year, it was a scene of busy, stirring life; Indians of every petty tribe from the Esquimaux of Labrador, to the Micmac of Nova Scotia,

came to trade with the French. Here, then, a missionary was always found to instruct them as much as time permitted, and when found sufficiently acquainted with the mysteries of our faith, to baptize them. The Christian Indian always repaired to this post to fulfil the obligations of the church, to lay down the burthen of sin, to receive the bread of life, and then depart for the wilderness with his calendar and pin to be able to distinguish the Sundays and holydays; and thus amid the snows and crags join in the prayers and devotions of the universal church. When the trade was over, a new field lay before the missionary; the country was to be traversed in every direction to carry the light of faith from cabin to cabin, to exhort, instruct, confirm. These adventurous expeditions through parts still a wilderness, are full of interest, and, strange as it may seem, are rife with early notices of our western country; they reached from the Saguenay to Hudson's Bay, and stretching westward, almost reached Lake Superior.

This mission required one full of life, zeal, and courage, and to it Father Marquette was in the first instance destined. The Montagnais was the key language to the various tribes, and as early as the tenth of October, we find him starting for Three Rivers to begin the study of that language under Father Gabriel Druilletes. While thus engaged, his leisure hours were of course devoted to the exercise of his ministry, and here he remained until April, 1668, when the first project was abandoned, and he was ordered to prepare for the Ottawa mission, as that of Lake Superior was then called. He had by this time acquired also a knowledge of the Algonquin, and thus fitted for his new mission, he left Quebec on the 21st of April with three companions for Montreal, where he was to await the Ottawa flotilla, which was to bear him westward. A party of Nezpercés came at last, bearing Father Nicholas Louis, the companion of Allouez, and with them Father Marquette embarked. The journey up the Ottawa River, and through French River to Lake Huron, and then across that inland sea to Sault St. Mary's, has been too often and too vividly described to need repetition here.

Its toil and danger are associated with the accounts of all the early Huron missionaries.

When he reached Lake Superior, Marquette found that the tribes whom fear of the Iroquois had driven to the extremity of the lake, were now returning to their former abodes. New missions were thus required, and it was resolved to erect two, one at Sault St. Mary's, the other in Green Bay. The former was assigned to Father Marquette, and planting his cabin at the foot of the rapid on the American side, he began his missionary career. Here, in the following year, he was joined by Father Dablon, as superiors of the Ottawa missions, and by their united exertion, a church was soon built; and thus, at last, a sanctuary worthy of the faith raised at that cradle of Christianity in the west.

The tribes to which he ministered directly here were all Algonquin, and numbered about two thousand souls. They showed the greatest docility to his teaching, and would all gladly have received baptism, but caution was needed, and the prudent missionary contented himself for a time with giving them clear, distinct instructions, and with efforts to root out all lurking superstitions, conferring the sacrament only on the dying. The missionary's first lesson was, "to learn to labor and to wait."

His stay at the Sault among the Pahwitting-dach-irini, Outchibous, Maramegs, &c., was not, however, to be of long duration. Father Allouez departed for Green Bay, and a missionary was to be sent to Lapointe to continue the disheartening labors of that ungrateful field. Marquette was chosen. Without repugnance he set out for his new station in the autumn of 1669. We can not better depict his labors than by inserting at length the letter descriptive of his mission, which he addressed to Father Francis Le Mercier, the superior of the missions in the following year.

"Reverend Father,

"The Peace of Christ.

"I am obliged to render you an account of the mission of the Holy Ghost among the Ottawas, according to the orders I received from you and again from Father Dablon

on my arrival here, after a month's navigation on snow and through ice which closed my way, and kept me in and through peril of life.

"Divine Providence having destined me to continue the mission of the Holy Ghost begun by Father Allouez, who had baptized the chiefs of the Kiskakonk, I arrived there on the thirteenth of September, and went to visit the Indians who were in the clearings which are divided into five towns. The Hurons to the number of about four or five hundred, almost all baptized, still preserve some little Christianity.

"A number of the chiefs assembled in council, were at first well pleased to see me; but I explained that I did not yet know their language perfectly, and that no other missionary was coming, both because all had gone to the Iroquois, and because Father Allouez, who understood them perfectly, did not wish to return that winter, as they did not love the prayer enough. They acknowledged that it was a just punishment, and during the winter held talks about it, and resolved to amend, as they tell me.

"The nation of the Outaouaks Sinagaux is far from the kingdom of God, being above all other nations addicted to lewdness, sacrifices, and juggleries. They ridicule the prayer, and will scarcely hear us speak of Christianity. They are proud and undeveloped, and I think that so little can be done with this tribe, that I have not baptized healthy infants who seem likely to live, watching only for such as are sick.

"The Indians of the Kinouché tribe declare openly that it is not yet time. There are, however, two men among them formerly baptized. One now rather old, is looked upon as a kind of miracle among the Indians, having always refused to marry, persisting in this resolution in spite of all that had been said. He has suffered much even from his relatives, but he is as little affected by this as by the loss of all goods which he brought last year from the settlement, not having even enough left to cover him."

"These are hard trials for Indians, who generally seek only to possess much in this world. The other, a new-married young man, seems of another nature than the rest.

The Indians extremely attached to their reveries had resolved that a certain number of young women should prostitute themselves, each to choose such partner as she liked. No one in these cases ever refuses, as the lives of men are supposed to depend on it.

This young Christian was called; on entering the cabin he saw the orgies which were about to begin, and feigning illness immediately left, and though they came to call him back, he refused to go. His confession was as prudent as it could be, and I wondered that an Indian could live so innocently, and so nobly profess himself a Christian. His mother and some of his sisters are also good Christians. The Ottawas, extremely superstitious in their feasts and juggleries, seem hardened to the instructions given them, yet they like to have their children baptized. God permitted a woman to die this winter in her sin; her illness had been concealed from me, and I heard it only by the report that she had asked a very improper dance for her cure.

"I immediately went to a cabin where all the chiefs were at feast, and some Kiskakonk Christians among them. To these I exposed the impiety of the woman and her medicine-men, and gave them proper instructions. I then spoke to all present, and God permitted that an old Ottawa rose to advise, granting what I asked, as it made no matter, he said, if the woman did die.

"An old Christian then rose and told the nation that they must stop the licentiousness of their youth, and not permit Christian girls to take part in such dances. To satisfy the woman, some child's play was substituted for the dance; but this did not prevent her dying before morning. The dangerous state of a sick young man caused the medicine-men to proclaim that the devil must be invoked by extraordinary superstitions. The Christians took no part. The actors were these jugglers and the sick man, who was passed over great fires lighted in every cabin. It was said that he did not feel the heat, although his body had been greased with oil for five or six days.

"Men, women, and children, ran through the cabins asking as a riddle to divine their thoughts, and the successful guesser was glad to give the object named. I pre-

vented the abominable lewdness so common at the end of these diabolical rites. I do not think they will recur, as the sick man died soon after.

"The nation of Kiskakons, which for three years refused to receive the gospel preached them by Father Allouez, resolved, in the fall of 1668, to obey God. This resolution was adopted in full council, and announced to that father who spent four winter months instructing them. The chiefs of the nation became Christians, and as Father Allouez was called to another mission, he gave it to my charge to cultivate, and I entered on it in September, 1669.

"All the Christians were then in the fields harvesting their Indian corn; they listened with pleasure when I told them that I came to Lapointe for their sake and that of the Hurons; that they never should be abandoned, but be beloved above all other nations, and that they and the French were one. I had the consolation of seeing their love for the prayer and their pride in being Christians. I baptized the new-born infants, and instructed the chiefs whom I found well-disposed. The head-chief having allowed a dog to be hung on a pole near his cabin, which is a kind of sacrifice the Indians make to the sun, I told him that this was wrong, and he went and threw it down.

"A sick man instructed, but not baptized, begged me to grant him that favor, or to live near him, as he did not wish medicine-men to cure him, and that he feared the fires of hell. I prepared him for baptism, and frequently visited his cabin. His joy at this partly restored his health; he thanked me for my care, and soon after saying that I had recalled him to life, gave me a little slave he had brought from the Ilinois two or three months before.

"One evening, while in the cabin of the Christian where I sleep, I taught him to pray to his guardian-angel, and told him some stories to show him the assistance they give us, especially when in danger of offending God. 'Now,' said he, 'I know the invisible hand that struck me when, since my baptism, I was going to commit a sin, and the voice that bid me remember that I was a Christian; for I left the companion of my guilt without committing the

sin.' He now often speaks of devotion to the angels, and explains it to the other Indians.

"Some young Christian women are examples to the tribe, and are not ashamed to profess Christianity. Marriages among the Indians are dissolved almost as easily as they are made, and then it is no dishonor to marry again. Hearing that a young Christian woman abandoned by her husband was in danger of being forced to marry by her family, I encouraged her to act as a Christian; she has kept her word. Not a breath has been uttered against her. This conduct, with my remonstrances, induced the husband to take her back again at the close of winter, since which time she has come regularly to the chapel, for she was too far off before. She has unbosomed her conscience to me, and I admired such a life in a young woman.

"The pagans make no feast without sacrifices, and we have great trouble to prevent them. The Christians have now changed these customs, and to effect it more easily, I have retained some, suppressing only what is really bad. The feast must open with a speech; they then address God, asking him for health and all they need, as they now give food to men. It has pleased God to preserve all our Christians in health except two children whom they tried to hide, and for whom a medicine-man performed his diabolic rites, but they died soon after my baptizing them.

"Having invited the Kiskakons to come and winter near the chapel, they left all the other tribes to gather around us so as to be able to pray to God, be instructed, and have their children baptized. They call themselves Christians; hence, in all councils and important affairs, I address them, and when I wish to show them that I really wish what I ask, I need only address them as Christians; they told me even that they obeyed me for that reason. They have taken the upper hand, and control the three other tribes. It is a great consolation to a missionary to see such pliancy in savages, and thus live in such peace with his Indians, spending the whole day in instructing them in our mysteries, and teaching them the prayers.

"Neither the rigor of the winter, nor the state of the weather, prevents their coming to the chapel; many never let a day pass, and I was thus busily employed from morn-

ing till night, preparing some for baptism, some for confession, disabusing others of their reveries. The old men told me that the young men had lost their senses, and that I must stop their excesses.

I often spoke to them of their daughters, urging them to prevent their being visited at night. I knew almost all that passed in two tribes near us, but though others were spoken of, I never heard anything against the Christian women, and when I spoke to the old men about their daughters, they told me that they prayed to God. I often inculcated this, knowing the importunities to which they are constantly exposed, and the courage they need to resist. They have learned to be modest, and the French who have seen them, perceive how little they resemble the others, from whom they are thus distinguished.

"One day instructing the old people in my cabin, and speaking of the creation of the world, and various stories from the Old Testament, they told me what they had formerly believed, but now treat as a fable. They have some knowledge of the tower of Babel, saying that their ancestors had related that they had formerly made a great house, but that a violent wind had thrown it down. They now despise all the little gods they had before they were baptized: they often ridicule them, and wonder at their stupidity in sacrificing to these subjects of their fables.

"I baptized an adult after a long trial. Seeing his assiduity at prayer, his frankness in recounting his past life, his promises especially with regard to the other sex, and his assurance of good conduct, I yielded to his entreaty. He has persevered, and since his return from fishing, comes regularly to chapel. After Easter, all the Indians dispersed to seek subsistence; they promised me that they would not forget the prayer, and earnestly begged that a father should come in the fall when they assemble again. This will be granted, and if it please God to send some father, he will take my place, while I, to execute the orders of our father superior, will go and begin my Ilinois mission.

"The Ilinois are thirty days' journey by land from Lapointe by a difficult road; they lie south-southwest of it. On the way you pass the nation of the Ketchigamins, who

live in more than twenty large cabins; they are inland, and seek to have intercourse with the French, from whom they hope to get axes, knives, and ironware. So much do they fear them that they unbound from the stake two Ilinois captives, who said, when about to be burned, that the Frenchman had declared he wished peace all over the world.

"You pass then to the Miamiwek, and by great deserts reach the Ilinois, who are assembled chiefly in two towns, containing more than eight or nine thousand souls. These people are well enough disposed to receive Christianity. Since Father Allouez spoke to them at Lapointe, to adore one God, they have begun to abandon their false worship, for they adored the sun and thunder. Those seen by me are of apparently good disposition; they are not night-runners like the other Indians.

"A man kills his wife, if he finds her unfaithful; they are less prodigal in sacrifices, and promise me to embrace Christianity, and do all I require in their country. In this view, the Ottawas gave me a young man recently come from their country, who initiated me to some extent in their language during the leisure given me in the winter by the Indians at Lapointe. I could scarcely understand it, though there is something of the Algonquin in it; yet I hope by the help of God's grace to understand, and be understood if God by his goodness leads me to that country.

"No one must hope to escape crosses in our missions, and the best means to live happy is not to fear them, but in the enjoyment of little crosses, hope for others still greater. The Ilinois desire us, like Indians, to share their miseries, and suffer all that can be imagined in barbarism. They are lost sheep to be sought amid woods and thorns, especially when they call so piteously to be rescued from the jaws of the wolf. Such really can I call their entreaties to me this winter. They have actually gone this spring to notify the old men to come for me in the fall.

"The Ilinois always come by land. They sow maize which they have in great plenty; they have pumpkins as large as those of France, and plenty of roots and fruit. The chase is very abundant in wild-cattle, bears, stags,

turkeys, duck, bustard, wild-pigeon, and cranes. They leave their towns at certain times every year to go to their hunting-grounds together, so as to be better able to resist, if attacked. They believe that I will spread peace everywhere, if I go, and then only the young will go to hunt.

"When the Ilinois come to Lapointe, they pass a large river almost a league wide. It runs north and south, and so far that the Ilinois, who do not know what canoes are, have never yet heard of its mouth; they only know that there are very great nations below them, some of whom raise two crops of maize a year. East-south-east of the country is a nation they call Chawanon, which came to visit them last summer. The young man given me who teaches me the language saw them; they wear beads, which shows intercourse with Europeans; they had come thirty days across land before reaching their country.

"This great river can hardly empty in Virginia, and we rather believe that its mouth is in California. If the Indians who promise to make me a canoe do not fail to keep their word, we shall go into this river as soon as we can with a Frenchman and this young man given me, who knows some of these languages, and has a readiness for learning others; we shall visit the nations which inhabit it, in order to open the way to so many of our fathers, who have long awaited this happiness. This discovery will give us a complete knowledge of the southern or western sea.

"Six or seven days below the Ilois (sic) is another great river (Missouri), on which are prodigious nations, who use wooden canoes; we can not write more till next year, if God does us the grace to lead us there.

"The Ilinois are warriors; they make many slaves whom they sell to the Ottawas for guns, powder, kettles, axes, and knives. They were formerly at war with the Nadouessi, but having made peace some years since, I confirmed it, to facilitate their coming to Lapointe, where I am going to await them, in order to accompany them to their country.

"The Nadouessi are the Iroquois of this country beyond Lapointe, but less faithless, and never attack till attacked. They lie southwest of the mission of the Holy Ghost,

and are a great nation, though we have not yet visited them, having confined ourselves to the conversion of the Ottawas. They fear the Frenchman, because he brings iron into their country. Their language is entirely different from the Huron and Algonquin; they have many towns, but they are widely scattered; they have very extraordinary customs; they principally adore the calumet; they do not speak at great feasts, and when a stranger arrives, give him to eat with a wooden fork as we would a child.

"All the lake tribes make war on them, but with small success; they have false oats, use little canoes, and keep their word strictly. I sent them a present by an interpreter, to tell them to recognise the Frenchman everywhere, and not kill him or the Indians in his company; that the black-gown wished to pass to the country of the Assinipoüars, to that of the Kilistinaux; that he was already at Outagamis, and that I was going this fall to the Ilinois, to whom they should leave a free passage. They agreed; but as for my present waited till all came from the chase, promising to come to Lapointe in the fall, to hold a council with the Ilinois and speak to me.

"Would that all these nations loved God, as much as they fear the French! Christianity would soon flourish.

"The Assinipoüars, whose language is almost that of the Nadouessi, are toward the west from the mission of the Holy Ghost; some are fifteen or twenty days off on a lake where they have false oats and abundant fishery. I have heard that there is in their country a great river running to the western sea, and an Indian told me that at its mouth he saw Frenchmen, and four large canoes with sails.

"The Kilistinaux are a nomad people, whose rendezvous we do not yet know. It is northwest of the mission of the Holy Ghost; they are always in the woods, and live solely by their bow. They passed by the mission where I was last fall in two hundred canoes, coming to buy merchandise and corn, after which they go to winter in the woods; in the spring I saw them again on the shore of the lake."

Such is the substance of his letter as it has reached us, and shows us the hopes which Marquette entertained of reaching in the fall of that year, the Ilinois mission to which he had been appointed and for which he was now prepared by his knowledge of their language. If the Sioux and Ilinois met him at Lapointe in the fall, nothing was concluded; and the missionary did not begin his overland journey to the lodges of the Ilinois.

It is not, however, probable that the meeting took place; for early in the winter the Sioux, provoked by the insolence of the Hurons and Ottawas, declared war, and first sent back to the missionaries the pious pictures which he had sent them as a present. Their war parties now came on in their might, and the Indians of Lapointe trembled before the fierce Dahcotah with his knives of stone stuck in his belt, and in his long, black hair.

In the spring both Huron and Ottawa resolved to leave so dangerous a neighborhood; the latter were the first to launch upon the lake, and they soon made their way to Ekaentouton island. Father Marquette, whose missionary efforts had been neutralized by the unsettled state of his neophytes, and the concentration of their thoughts on the all-engrossing war, was now left alone with the Hurons. With both he had more to suffer than to do; and now he was at last compelled to leave Lapointe, and turn his back on his beloved Ilinois to accompany his Hurons in their wanderings and hardships.

The remnant of a mighty nation resolved once more to commit themselves to the waves and seek a new home: with their faithful missionary they all embarked in their frail canoes, and now for the first time turned toward their ancient home. Fain would they have revisited the scenes of Huron power, the land of the fur-lined graves of their ancestors; fain too would the missionary have gone to spend his surviving years on the ground hallowed by the blood of Daniel, Brebeuf, Lalemant, Garnier, and Chabanel, but the power of the Iroquois was still too great to justify the step, and the fugitives remembering the rich fisheries of Mackinaw, resolved to return to that pebbly strand.

But who, the reader may ask, were the Hurons with

whom the missionary's career seems thus linked, yet who at first were not the special object of his care. It is a tale worthy of an historian.

The Wendats, whom the French called Hurons and the English Wyandots, are a nation of the same stock as the Iroquois. They were one of the first tribes known to the French, to whom they always remained closely united. They were a trading people, and their many fortified towns lay in a very narrow strip on Georgian Bay, a territory smaller than the state of Delaware. Between the west and southwest lay in the mountains the kindred tribe of the industrious Tionontates, whose luxuriant fields of tobacco, won them from the early French the name of Petuns, while south of both, from Lake St. Claire to Niagara and even slightly beyond were the allied tribes, which from the connection between their language and that of the Hurons, were called by the latter Attiwandaronk, but Neutral by the French, from their standing aloof in the great war waged by the Iroquois against the Hurons and Algonquins.

No sooner had the French founded Quebec than the Franciscan missionaries attempted the conversion of the Hurons. Father Joseph Le Caron, the founder of that mission, wintered among them in 1615, and in subsequent years other recollects did their best to prepare them for the faith. The Jesuits were at last called in by the recollects to aid them, and laboring together in harmony, they looked forward with sanguine hope to the speedy conversion of the Hurons and Neuters, for they, too, were visited, when all their prospects were blasted by the English conquest of Canada, in 1629.

On its restoration the French court offered the Canada missions to the Sapucins, but, on their recommendation, committed it to the Jesuits alone. Brebeuf, for the second time, reached Upper Canada, and labored zealously on till the Huron nation was annihilated by the Iroquois. Twenty-one missionaries at different times came to share his toils, and of these eight like himself perished by hostile hands, martyrs to their faith and zeal, a nobler body of heroes than any other part of our country can boast.

On the deaths of Brebeuf and Garnier, in 1650, the ruin of the Hurons and Petuns was consummated. The survivors fled and blended into one tribe, soon divided into two great parties, one composed entirely of Christians repairing to Quebec to settle on Orleans island, whose descendants are still lingering at Lorette: the other part Christians, part pagans, fled at last to Mackinaw, but pursued constantly by the Iroquois, they next settled on some islands at the mouth of Green Bay, where they seem to have been in Ménard's time; later still, after roaming to the lodges of the Sioux on the Mississippi, they came to pitch their cabins by the mission cross planted by Allouez, at Chegoimegon, and here Marquette had found them. Such is the tale of their wanderings, till the period of our narrative.

Mackinaw, where they now rested, was indeed a bleak spot to begin a new home; it was a point of land almost encompassed by wind-tossed lakes, icy as Siberian waters. The cold was intense, and cultivation difficult; but the waters teemed with fish, and the very danger and hardships of their capture gave it new zest. Besides this, it was a central point for trade, and so additionally recommended to the Huron, who still, as of old, sought to advance his worldly prospects by commerce.

Stationed in this new spot, Father Marquette's first care was to raise a chapel. Rude and unshapely was the first sylvan shrine raised by Catholicity at Mackinaw; its sides of logs, its roof of bark had nothing to impress the senses, nothing to win by a dazzling exterior the wayward child of the forest; all was as simple as the faith he taught. Such was the origin of the mission of St. Ignatius, or Michilimackinac, already in a manner begun the previous year by missionary labors on the island of that name. The Hurons soon built near the chapel a palisade fort, less stout and skilful indeed than the fortresses found in among their kindred Iroquois by Cartier and Champlain, but in their declining state sufficient for their defence.

No details of Marquette's labors during the first year have reached us; he wrote no letters to recount his wanderings, but of the second year we are better in-

formed. An unpublished manuscript gives us the following letter addressed to Father Dablon:—

"Rev. Father:—

"The Hurons, called Tionnontateronnons or Petun nation, who compose the mission of St. Ignatius at Michilimakinong began last year near the chapel a fort enclosing all their cabins. They have come regularly to prayers, and have listened more readily to the instructions I gave them, consenting to what I required to prevent their disorders and abominable customs. We must have patience with untutored minds, who know only the devil, who like their ancestors have been his slaves, and who often relapse into the sins in which they were nurtured. God alone can fix these fickle minds, and place and keep them in his grace, and touch their hearts while we stammer at their ears.

"The Tionnontateronnons number this year three hundred and eighty souls, and besides sixty Outaouasinagaux have joined them. Some of these came from the mission of St. Francis Xavier, where Father André wintered with them last year; they are quite changed from what I saw them at Lapointe; the zeal and patience of that missionary have gained to the faith those hearts which seemed to us most averse to it. They now wish to be Christians; they bring their children to the chapel to be baptized, and some regularly to prayers.

"Having been obliged to go to St. Marie du Sault with Father Allouez last summer, the Hurons came to the chapel during my absence as regularly as if I had been there, the girls singing what prayers they knew. They counted the days of my absence, and constantly asked when I was to be back; I was absent only fourteen days, and on my arrival all assembled at chapel, some coming even from their fields, which are at a very considerable distance.

"I went readily to their pumpkin-feast, where I instructed them, and invited them to thank God, who gave them food in plenty, while other tribes that had not yet embraced Christianity, were actually struggling with famine. I ridiculed dreams, and urged those who had

been baptized to acknowledge Him, whose adopted children they were. Those who gave the feast, though still idolaters, spoke in high terms of Christianity, and openly made the sign of the cross before all present. Some young men, whom they had tried by ridicule to prevent from doing it, persevered, and make the sign of the cross in the greatest assemblies, even when I am not present.

"An Indian of distinction among the Hurons, having invited me to a feast where the chiefs were, called them severally by name and told them that he wished to declare his thoughts, that all might know it, namely, that he was a Christian; that he renounced the god of dreams and all their lewd dances; that the black-gown was master of his cabin; and that for nothing that might happen would he forsake his resolution. Delighted to hear this, I spoke more strongly than I had ever yet done, telling them that my only design was to put them in the way of heaven; that for this alone I remained among them; that this obliged me to assist them at the peril of my life. As soon as anything is said in an assembly, it is immediately divulged through all the cabins, as I saw in this case by the assiduity of some in coming to prayers, and by the malicious efforts of others to neutralize my instructions.

"Severe as the winter is, it does not prevent the Indians from coming to the chapel. Some come twice a day, be the wind or cold what it may. Last fall I began to instruct some to make general confessions of their whole life, and to prepare others who had never confessed since their baptism. I would not have supposed that Indians could have given so exact an account of all that had happened in the course of their life; but it was seriously done, as some took two weeks to examine themselves. Since then, I have perceived a marked change, so that they will not go even to ordinary feasts without asking my permission.

"I have this year baptized twenty-eight children, one of which had been brought from Ste. Marie du Sault, without having received that sacrament as the Rev. F. Henry Nouvel informed me, to put me on my guard. Without my knowing it, the child fell sick, but God per-

mitted that while instructing in my cabin two important and sensible Indians, one asked me, whether such a sick child was baptized. I went at once, baptized it, and it died the next night. Some of the other children too are dead, and now in heaven. These are the consolations which God sends us, which make us esteem our life more happy as it is more wretched.

"This, rev. father, is all I give about this mission, where minds are now more mild, tractable, and better disposed to receive instructions, than in any other part. I am ready, however, to leave it in the hands of another missionary to go on your order to seek new nations toward the south sea who are still unknown to us, and to teach them of our great God whom they have hitherto unknown."

Such was the laborious post to which this talented, yet humble missionary condemned himself, daily subjected to the caprices of some, the insults and petty persecutions of others, looking only to another world for the reward of labors which, crowned with the most complete success, would in the eyes of the world seem unimportant; but "motives are the test of merit," and convinced by the studies of riper years, no less than by the early teachings of a mother, that the baptismal promises were a reality, he sought to open by that sacrament the doors of bliss to the dying infant, or more aged but repenting sinner. To him the salvation of a single soul was more grand and noble than the conquest of an empire, and thus borne up, he labored on.

This letter of which the date is not given, nor the closing words, must have been written in the summer of 1672, and transmitted to Quebec by the Ottawa flotilla. The same conveyance, doubtless, brought him back the assurance that his prayers had been heard, that the government had at last resolved to act in the matter, and that he was the missionary selected to accompany the expedition. His heart exulted at the prospect, though he foresaw the danger to which he was exposed, a health already shaken by his toils and hardships, a difficult and unknown way, the only nation known—the fierce Dah-

cotah—now hostile to the French and their allies, with many another tribe noted in Indian story for deeds of blood, closed up their path. But this did not alarm him. The hope of a glorious martyrdom while opening the way to future heralds of the cross, buoyed him up, though in his humility he never spoke of martyrdom. To him it was but "a death to cease to offend God."

This now engrossed his thoughts, and he waited with anxiety the coming of Jolliet, named to undertake the expedition. At last he arrived, and by a happy coincidence on the feast of the Immaculate Conception of the blessed Virgin, "whom," says the pious missionary, "I had always invoked since my coming to the Ottawa country, in order to obtain of God the favor of being able to visit the nations on the Missisipi river."

The winter was spent in the necessary arrangements, regulating the affairs of his mission, which he left, it would seem, in the hands of Father Pierson, and in drawing up the maps and statements which Indian narrators could enable them to form. At last, on the 17th of May, 1673, they embarked in two canoes at Mackinaw, and proceeded to Green Bay, whence ascending the Fox river they at last reached the Wisconsin by its portage, and glided down to the Mississippi. We need not here detail this remarkable voyage, the first down the great river, as his whole narrative is contained in the volume. Sufficient to say, that with Jolliet he descended to the Arkansas, and having thus ascertained the situation of the mouth, and the perfect navigability of the river, reascended it as far as the mouth of the Ilinois, into which they turned, and by a portage reached Lake Michigan, and in September arrived without accident at the mission in Green Bay.

In this voyage he twice met the Peoria tribe of the Ilinois, and baptized one dying child at the water's edge, as he left them finally. He also passed the Kaskaskia tribe of the same nation on the upper waters of the Ilinois, and having been already named an Ilinois missionary, he yielded to their earnest entreaties, and promised to return and begin a mission among them.

He had now reached Green Bay, but his health had

given way; he was prostrated by disease, and was not completely restored before the close of the following summer. By the Ottawa flotilla of that year he transmitted to his superior copies of his journal down the Mississippi, and doubtless the map which we now publish. The return of the fleet of canoes brought him the necessary orders for the establishment of the Ilinois mission; and as his health was now restored, he set out on the 25th of October, 1674, for Kaskaskia. The line of travel at that time was to coast along to the mouth of Fox river, then turn up as far as the little bay which nearly intersects the peninsula, where a portage was made to the lake. This was the route now taken by Marquette with two men to aid him, accompanied by a number of Pottawotamies and Illinois. Reaching the lake, the canoes coasted along slowly, the missionary often proceeding on foot along the beautiful beach, embarking only at the rivers. He represents the navigation of the lake as easy; "there being," says he, "no portage to make, and the landing easy, provided you do not persist in sailing when the winds and waves are high." The soil except in the prairies was poor, but the chase was abundant, and they were thus well supplied.

In spite of all his courage, he was at last unable to proceed; by the 23d of November his malady had returned, and though he continued to advance, exposed to the cold and snows, when he reached Chicago river on the 4th of December, he found the river closed, and himself too much reduced to be able to attempt that winter march by land. There was no alternative but to winter there alone, and accordingly instructing his Indian companions as far as time allowed, they went their way, and he remained with his two men at the portage.

Within fifty miles of them were two other Frenchmen, trappers and traders, one of whom was a surgeon at least in name, and still nearer an Illinois village. The former had prepared a cabin for the missionary, and one came now to visit him, being informed of his ill health; the Indians who had also heard it, wished to send a party to carry him and all his baggage, fearing that he might suffer from want. The good missionary, charmed

at their solicitude, sent to reassure them on that head, although he was forced to tell them that if his malady continued, he would find it difficult to visit them even in the spring.

Alarmed at this, the sachems of the tribe assembled and deputed three to visit the blackgown, bearing three sacks of corn, dried meat and pumpkins, and twelve beaver-skins; first to make him a mat; second, to ask him for powder; third, to prevent his being hungry; fourth, to get some merchandise. "I answered them," says Marquette in his last letter, "first, that I came to instruct them by speaking of the prayer; second, that I would not give them powder, as we endeavor to make peace everywhere, and because I did not wish them to begin a war against the Miamis; third, that we did not fear famine; fourth, that I would encourage the French to bring them merchandise, and that they must make reparation to the traders for the beads taken from them, while the surgeon was with me." The missionary then gave them some axes, knives, and trinkets, in return for their presents, and as a mark of his gratitude for their coming twenty leagues to visit him. Before he dismissed them, he promised to make every effort to reach the village, were it but for a few days.

"On this," says he, "they bid me take heart and stay and die in their country, as I had promised to remain a long time," and they returned to their winter-camps.

Despairing now of being able to reach his destined goal without the interposition of Heaven, the missionary turned to the patroness of his mission, the blessed Virgin Immaculate, and with his two companions began a novena in her honor. Nor was his trust belied; God heard his prayer, his illness ceased, and though still weak, he gradually gained strength, and when the opening of the river and the consequent inundation compelled them to remove, he again resumed his long interrupted voyage to Kaskaskia, then on the upper waters of the Illinois river.

During this painful wintering, which for all his expressions of comfort, was one of great hardships and suffering, his hours were chiefly spent in prayer. Convinced that the term of his existence was drawing rapidly

to a close, he consecrated this period of quiet to the exercises of a spiritual retreat, in which his soul overflowed with heavenly consolations, as rising above its frail and now tottering tenement, it soared toward that glorious home it was so soon to enter.

The journal of his last voyage comes down to the sixth of April, when the weather arrested his progress; two days after he reached Kaskaskia, where he was received as an angel from heaven. It was now Monday in holy week, and he instantly began his preliminary instructions, assembling for that purpose the chiefs and old men, and going from cabin to cabin where new crowds constantly gathered.

When he had thus prepared all to understand his meaning and object, he convoked a general assembly in the open prairie on Maunday-Thursday, and raising a rustic altar, adorned it with pictures of the blessed Virgin, under whose invocation he had placed his new mission; he turned to the assembled chiefs and warriors, and the whole tribe seated or standing around, and by ten presents declared the object of his coming and the nature of the faith he bore, explaining the principal mysteries of religion, and especially the mystery of redemption, the incarnation and death of the Son of God, which the church then commemorated.

He then celebrated mass for the first time in his new mission, and during the following days renewed his separate instructions. After celebrating the great festival of Easter, his malady began to appear once more, and he felt that the period granted to his earnest prayers was ended. The sole object to which he had for years directed all the aspirations of his heart was now attained. He had actually begun his Illinois mission; he had given them the first rudiments of instructions in public and in private; he had twice in their midst offered up the adorable sacrifice; there was no more to be asked on earth; he was content to die.

In hopes of reaching his former mission of Mackinaw to die with his religious brethren around him, fortified by the last rites of the church, he set out escorted to the lake by the Kaskaskias, to whom he promised that he,

or some other missionary should soon resume his labors.

He seems to have taken the way by the St. Joseph's river, and reached the eastern shore of Lake Michigan, along which he had not yet sailed. His strength now gradually failed, and he was at last so weak that he had to be lifted in and out of his canoe when they landed each night. Calmly and cheerfully he saw the approach of death, for which he prepared by assiduous prayer; his office he regularly recited to the last day of his life; a meditation on death, which he had long since prepared for this hour, he now made the subject of his thoughts; and as his kind but simple companions seemed overwhelmed at the prospect of their approaching loss, he blessed some water with the usual ceremonies, gave his companions directions how to act in his last moments, how to arrange his body when dead, and commit it to the earth, with the ceremonies he prescribed. He now seemed but to seek a grave; at last perceiving the mouth of a river which still bears his name, he pointed to an eminence as the place of his burial.

His companions, Peter Porteret and James ——, still hoped to reach Mackinaw, but the wind drove them back, and they entered the river by the channel, where it emptied then, for it has since changed. They erected a little bark cabin, and stretched the dying missionary beneath it, as comfortably as their want permitted them. Still a priest, rather than a man, he thought of his ministry, and, for the last time, heard the confessions of his companions, and encouraged them to rely with confidence on the protection of God, then sent them to take the repose they so much needed. When he felt his agony approaching he called them, and taking his crucifix from around his neck, he placed it in their hands, and pronouncing in a firm voice his profession of faith, thanked the Almighty for the favor of permitting him to die a Jesuit, a missionary and alone.

Then he relapsed into silence, interrupted only by his pious aspirations, till at last, with the names of Jesus and Mary on his lips, with his eyes raised as if in ecstasy above his crucifix, with his face all radiant with joy, he passed from the scene of his labors to the God who was

to be his reward. Obedient to his directions his companions, when the first outbursts of grief were over, laid out the body for burial, and to the sound of his little chapel-bell, bore it slowly to the point which he had pointed out. Here they committed his body to the earth, and raising a cross above it, returned to their now desolate cabin.

Such was the edifying and holy death of the illustrious explorer of the Mississippi, on Saturday, the 18th of May, 1675. He was of a cheerful, joyous disposition, playful even in his manner, and universally beloved. His letters show him to us a man of education, close observation, sound sense, strict integrity, a freedom from exaggeration, and yet a vein of humor which here and there breaks out, in spite of all his self-command.

But all these qualities are little compared to his zeal as a missionary, to his sanctity as a man. His holiness drew on him in life the veneration of all around him, and the lapse of years has not even now destroyed it in the descendants of those who knew him. In one of his sanctity, we naturally find an all-absorbing devotion to the mother of the Savior, with its constant attendants, an angelical love of purity, and a close union of the heart with God. It is, indeed, characteristic of him. The privilege which the church honors under the title of the Immaculate Conception, was the constant object of his thoughts; from his earliest youth, he daily recited the little office of the Immaculate Conception, and fasted every Saturday in her honor.

As a missionary, a variety of devotions directed to the same end still show his devotions and to her he turned in all his trials. When he discovered the great river, when he founded his new mission, he gave it the name of the Conception, and no letter, it is said, ever came from his hand that did not contain the words, "Blessed Virgin Immaculate," and the smile that lighted up his dying face, induced his poor companions to believe that she had appeared before the eyes of her devoted client.

Like St. Francis Xavier, whom he especially chose as the model of his missionary career, he labored nine years for the moral and social improvement of nations sunk in

paganism and vice, and as he was alternately with tribes of varied tongues, found it was necessary to acquire a knowledge of many American languages; six he certainly spoke with ease; many more he is known to have understood less perfectly. His death, however, was as he had always desired, more like that of the apostle of the Indies; there is, indeed, a striking resemblance between their last moments, and the wretched cabin, the desert shore, the few destitute companions, the lonely grave, all harmonize in Michigan and Sancian.

He was buried as he had directed on a rising ground near the little river, and a cross raised above his grave showed to all the place of his rest. The Indians soon knew it, and two years after his death, and almost on the very anniversary his own flock, the Kiskakons, returning from their hunt stopped there, and with Indian ideas, resolved to disinter their father, and bear his revered bones to their mission. At once they did so; the bones were placed in a neat box of bark, and the flotilla now become a funeral convoy, proceeded on its way; the missionary thus accomplishing in death the voyage which life had not enabled him to terminate.

A party of Iroquois joined them, and as they advanced to Mackinaw, other canoes shot out to meet them with the two missionaries of the place, and there upon the waters rose the solemn De Profundis, continued till the body reached the land. It was then borne to the church with cross, and prayer, and tapers burning like his zeal, and incense rising like his aspirations to heaven; in the church a pall had been arranged in the usual form for a coffin, and beneath it was placed the little box of bark, which was next, after a solemn service, deposited in a little vault in the middle of the church, "where," says our chronicler, "he reposes as the guardian-angel of our Ottawa missions."

There he still reposes, for I find no trace of any subsequent removal; vague tradition, like that of his death as given by Charlevoix and others, would indeed still place him at the mouth of his river; but it is certain that he was transferred to the church of old Mackinaw, in 1677. This church was, as I judge from a manuscript Relation

(1675), erected subsequent to the departure of Marquette from Mackinaw, and probably about 1674. The founding of the post of Detroit drew from Mackinaw the Christian Hurons and Ottawas, and the place became deserted. Despairing of being able to produce any good among the few pagan Indians, and almost as pagan coureurs-de-bois who still lingered there, the missionaries resolved to abandon the post, and set fire to their church in or about the year 1706. Another was subsequently erected, but this too has long since disappeared.

The history of his narrative and map are almost as curious as that of his body. We have seen that he transmitted copies to his superior, and went to his last mission. Frontenac had promised to send a copy to the government, and in all probability he did. At this moment the publication of the Jesuit Relations ceases; though not from choice on their part as the manuscript of the year 1672–'73 prepared for the press by Father Deblon, still exists; it could not have been from any difficulty on the part of the printer, as the announcement of the expedition to the Mississippi would have given it circulation, even though the journal itself were reserved for the next year.

To the French government then we must attribute the non-publication of further relations, the more so, as they neglected to produce the narrative of Marquette in their possession. The whole might have fallen into perfect oblivion, had not the narrative come into the hands of Thevenot who had just published a collection of travels; struck with the importance of this, he issued a new volume in 1681, called Receuil de Voyages, in which the journal of Father Marquette as commonly known, appeared with a map of the Mississippi.

The narrative is evidently taken from a manuscript like that in my hands, in the writing of which I can see the cause of some of the strange forms which Indian names have assumed. The opening of the narrative was curtailed, and occasional omissions made in the beginning, few at the end. The map is so different from that which still exists in the hand-writing of Father Marquette, that it is not probable that it was taken from it. With greater

likelihood we may believe it to be Jolliet's map drawn from recollection, which Frontenac, as his despatch tells us, transmitted to France in 1674.

If this be so, it has a new value as an original map, and not a blundering copy. Sparks, in his life of Father Marquette, observes truly of this first-published map of the Mississippi. "It was impossible to construct it, without having seen the principal objects delineated;" and he adds, "It should be kept in mind that this map was published at Paris, in the year 1681, and consequently the year before the discoveries of La Salle on the Mississippi, and that no intelligence respecting the country it represents, could have been obtained from any source subsequently to the voyage of Marquette."

Of the narrative itself, he says, "It is written in a terse, simple, and unpretending style. The author relates what occurs, and describes what he sees without embellishment or display. He writes as a scholar, and as a man of careful observation and practical sense. There is no tendency to exaggerate, nor any attempt to magnify the difficulties he had to encounter, or the importance of his discovery. In every point of view, this tract is one of the most interesting of those, which illustrate the early history of America."

St. Vincent de Paul

Founder of Charitable Orders

By REV. F. GOLDIE, S. J.

IN the cheerless Landes, the sandy reaches at the extreme south-west of France, you may see, as the train speeds onwards to the Pyrenees, a dome rising among a few trees. The building marks the hamlet of Pouy, the birthplace of the great hero of Catholic charity, Vincent de Paul. It was on the Tuesday in Easter-week, April 24, 1576, that this son of poor peasants first saw the light. He grew up to the hard life of those around him, and he was still but a child when he was set to look after the few sheep which his father possessed.

Tradition pointed out the hollowed trunk of an old oak, which had served the little Vincent as a shelter against the pelting rain or driving wind. He had made it into a sort of cell or oratory, where he used to spend long time in prayer. There was a chapel hard by, dedicated to our Lady, a favourite pilgrimage blessed by God as a source of grace and help for the simple and believing peasants. The love of Mary, ever a sign of right Catholic feeling, made this chapel his favorite resort. He brought wild flowers to decorate it, and would let out his heart there in joyful hymns to his Queen and Mother.

A kindred love was that which he had, poor though he was, to any who were poorer than himself. When his parents sent him to the mill with corn to be ground, he would, on his way back, give a handful of flour to any beggar he might meet, and Vincent's father had too Christian a heart to find fault with his child's generosity. Once some one gave him, or he had saved, the sum of fifteen

pence, no small store in those days for a peasant lad. But he could not keep it; even his clothes sometimes went to those who were in need. He was kind and he was prayerful, and his parents thought that if he were a priest he might be a help to them in their poverty; so when Vincent was twelve years old, his father placed him at school with the Franciscans in the little town of Dax hard by.

John de Paul was doing God's work, though not in God's way, and his worldly aims about his son were destined to be thoroughly disappointed, for Vincent always held in after life strong views against raising his family from their humble station. When he had become the almsgiver of kings, and streams of money flowed through his hands, he never could be induced even to say a word for those whom he had left behind. Nor was this from any want of affection; for the only time he went to visit them when a priest, he owned afterwards that he cried bitterly at parting, that with these tears there came a strong desire to help his brothers and sisters out of his salary, and that he had to battle with this yearning for full three months.

So diligently did the boy work, and so successfully, that in barely four years he was sufficiently educated to become tutor to the children of a barrister of some position in the town. Only in 1598 did Vincent receive the tonsure and begin at Toulouse his studies of theology. His father shortly after sold two of his oxen, and sent their price to start him in life as a poor scholar at the University of Saragossa.

But the air was full of disputes on Grace. There was more discussion than divinity. So Vincent returned to France and resumed his studies at Toulouse. His father died about the same time and left him a share of his scanty goods; but of these the young ecclesiastic would have none, and, to support himself, he had to accept the post of schoolmaster to the sons of the gentry of the neighborhood. It was very hard for Vincent to follow the course of theology, and to direct the school at the same time; but courage bore him through, and in 1600 he was ordained priest. He never lost his holy dread of that

sublime dignity, and we are told that he chose for the place of his first Mass a little mountain chapel in the deep solitude of a wood, so that no public ceremony should cause distractions at that solemn moment. He still continued his studies for another few years, when he took his degree of Bachelor of Divinity; and, as was the custom with graduates in those times, he gave public lectures on theology.

Some business had taken St. Vincent to Marseilles. The weather was fine, and he accepted the invitation of a friend to return by boat on the bright Mediterranean as far as Narbonne. Suddenly—no rare thing in those days—three Turkish corsairs appeared. They bore down upon the Frenchmen, and, though passengers and crew fought stoutly, before long two or three of them were killed, all the rest were wounded, and the ship had to yield to the enemy. Vincent was struck by an arrow and that severely.

The prisoners' wounds were but roughly bandaged; they were taken through the town, with a chain around their necks and then brought back to the ship where—St. Vincent tells us the story—"the slave merchants came to see who could eat heartily and who could not, and to examine if our wounds were mortal. When that was over they led us back to the great square, and the merchant looked at us just as you do at a horse or an ox when you are going to buy one, making us open our mouths to see our teeth, feeling our sides, probing our wounds, forcing us to show our paces, to trot and run, to lift weights and also to wrestle to test our strength, and a thousand other brutalities."

St. Vincent was bought by a fisherman; but as he was no sailor, he was resold to an old man, half alchemist, half doctor, who treated him kindly, and who would gladly have initiated his slave into the mysteries of his art, had he not steadily refused all his tempting offers.

After a year the poor old man was carried off by order of the Sultan to work for the grand Turk, and the doctor's nephew sold Vincent to an apostate Savoyard. As the Saint was digging on the estate, a Turkish wife of his employer begged him to sing for her. With tears in his

eyes he entoned the 136th Psalm, *Upon the waters of Babylon,* and then at her request sang the *Salve Regina* and other hymns. So delighted was she that the same night she blamed her husband for leaving a religion which seemed to her so holy.

The words went deep into the man's soul, and he told Vincent on the following day that he would flee away with him to Europe as soon as he had the chance. Ten months however went by before the chance arrived, when at length, in a small boat, the two escaped to France. From France Vincent accompanied his deliverer, who had been solemnly reconciled to the Church, to seek for him a place of penance in Rome, where he wished of his own accord to expiate his crimes. The penitent entered the charitable order of St. John of God, or, as they are called in Italy, the Do-good Brothers.

The terrible hardships, the heroic struggle for his faith and virtue, the sight of the sufferings and moral dangers of the other Christian slaves had been the best of schools for St. Vincent's after life. But it looked as if a far different career, and that a brilliant one in the eyes of the world, was opening out to the peasant's son. He was introduced at the Papal Court by the Legate who had brought him and the prodigal son to the Eternal City. He was taken into the councils of the French Ambassador and envoys, and was sent on an errand of trust to King Henry IV. of France; and on his return made almoner to the ex-Queen Margaret. The Crown was then the fount of honors, ecclesiastical as well as civil. But St. Vincent was as anxious to escape from the Court as he had been to flee from Tunis. He shared a modest room with a magistrate from his own part of France, in an out-of-the-way quarter, and he gave much time to visiting a neighboring hospital.

One day when St. Vincent was ill in bed, this gentleman left a cupboard open, in which he kept a large sum of money. The chemist's lad, who came to bring some medicine to the sick Saint, while searching for a glass, came upon the treasure, and he carried it off while Vincent was asleep. When the magistrate discovered the theft, not only did he accuse Vincent of it, but went

round about to his acquaintances and told them all that it was this priest who had robbed him. Six long years after, the youth, who had been arrested for another offence, sent to the magistrate to confess his crime, and to restore to him the money he had taken. Vincent's only defence all the while had been to say, "God knows the truth!"

In 1612, de Berulle, [the founder of the French Oratory] who was his director, and knew his ardent wish to labour for souls, obtained for him a country parish; and he gladly fled from Paris and from his post of honour to devote himself to his new work. He rebuilt the church, and still more, he sanctified the people. But in a few months Father de Berulle, to whom he paid a religious obedience, ordered him to undertake the education of the children of Emmanuel de Gondi, the Marshal de Retz. The Gondi was one of those many Italian families which under the protection of the Florentine queen-mother, Mary de Medici, had risen to the height of power in France. In their magnificent houses in town and country, at which he was forced to dwell, St. Vincent led the life of a hermit, taking no part in the splendours around him, never leaving his room except for some duty. He made it a rule never to go to see the Marshal and his lady except when summoned, and never to mix himself up in any matter which did not directly concern his charge.

When the family went to any of their country seats, St. Vincent became the apostle of the neighborhood, and, ably supported by the excellent wife of the Marshal, devoted himself to the spiritual and temporal needs of the poor tenants. His health broke down under the stress of work (1616), and he had a sharp and severe illness.

A second time St. Vincent escaped from the luxuries and comforts of high life, and secretly went off to a parish where irreligion and error had tainted both shepherds and sheep; and, though the Countess obtained his recall a few months later, he had already converted the place, and in a society of ladies, banded together for works of mercy, he had sown the first seeds of another of his greatest works, the *Sisters of Charity*.

A new field opened out to his zeal. Gondi was the head of the galleys of France, and in that post he had

the care of the swarms of unhappy galley slaves who gave the motive power to the men-of-war of those days. The prisoners, captives of war, victims of justice, and often of injustice, were hardly regarded as human beings, and when waiting for embarkation were prepared for the horrors of the rowing bench and of the lower decks by an imprisonment where the ordinary laws of health and decency seemed utterly disregarded. Chained by massive fetters, without any hope to cheer them, the felons gave way to rage against God; and nothing but the heroic love and patience of a saint could comfort or console them.

A story runs that, finding one of these galley slaves in a fury of despair at the thought of his wife and children whom he had left to starve, Vincent set him free and took upon himself the prisoner's fetters. It was some weeks before the missing Saint was discovered and was released from his voluntary imprisonment. But even his new duties as chaplain-in-chief to the French fleet did not prevent St. Vincent from giving himself to his work of country missions. He gathered together a few zealous helpers, and on March 1, 1624, two of them were sent by St. Vincent to take possession of a ruinous house which the Archbishop of Paris, de Retz, the brother of Gondi, had assigned to them. The Countess paid down a sum she had promised as an endowment, and then God called her to her reward. The Congregation of the Mission had begun, and St. Vincent was left free to train and to direct it.

His long years of theological study had given him a reserve of power which, when occasion demanded, even his modesty could not conceal. He was as able to carry out, as he was quick to conceive, schemes whose vastness might otherwise have been well taken for the dreams of a visionary. Rarely has one man undertaken so much; rarely has any one accomplished so much. And the very fact that his works have lasted through the changes and storms of so many years is a proof of his calm and well-balanced judgment which never seemed to err.

If he was the Saint of active charity, he was not less the Saint of good sense. Critics—and what a large and miscellaneous class they are!—found fault with his slow-

ness in coming to a decision. He was too clear-sighted to be swift; for difficulties and objections that others overlooked, he took in at a glance. But there was a deeper reason for his slowness. *Do not tread on the heels of Providence, who is our guide,* was one of his many wise yet homely sayings. He gave God the chance to work His holy will because he waited for His direction.

The societies of charity of pious ladies which he had founded in so many parts of France, had grown and prospered under the direction and entire devotedness of a widow lady, Madame Le Gras, one of the penitents and spiritual children of St. Vincent. But it soon became evident that something more stable and more firmly constituted was needed to do the work that grew under their hands.

Ladies who had home duties could but give a limited time to the calls of external charity. Neither were delicately-nurtured dames, fresh from the refinements of fashionable society, suited for the rough work of nursing in the public hospitals. Nor were their servant-maids, whom they sometimes sent as substitutes, always very willing or very capable. It was evident that the work could not depend on mere volunteers. St. Vincent had often in the course of his missions come across poor young women of holy life and high ideal, but whose lowly station and absence of all dowry seemed to close to these any hope of religious life. While preaching in a country village he met with a peasant girl who while minding the cows had taught herself to read in order that she in turn might teach the poor children of the neighborhood, and she consulted the Saint as to whether she should take up this good work. He fully approved. When, however, as usual, the Confraternity of Charity was founded during the Mission, she threw her whole soul and energy into the work. St. Vincent saw her aptitude and devotion, and called her to Paris. There she went so far as to share her bed with a poor woman who was stricken with the plague. She caught the infection and died. But meantime many other young women of humble life offered to devote themselves to the painful duties which nursing the sick poor involves; and, under the guidance of

Madame Le Gras (1634) they were formed at once to religious life and external work. The example of these soon attracted others; and before long so numerous were they that their holy founder drew up for them a rule, marvellous in its elasticity and its fitness for the object in view. He placed them under the spiritual care of his own Congregation of the Mission and the white *cornette* or head-dress of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul is now known in every quarter of the globe. They are as at home in the crowded cities of London and Liverpool, in Peru and Pekin, on American and French battlefields, in far-off missionary lands, as in their own native land of France. There are some 40,000 in the world.

To aid the sick poor in the great hospital of Paris, where the numbers far exceeded the power of the Sisters in attendance to give them necessary care he called in the charitable ladies of Paris. And wonderful was the spiritual harvest that was gathered in, especially in the frequentation of the Sacraments.

Nothing in fact escaped the vigilant eye of Vincent's charity. He was horrified at the frequent duels, which were considered by so many, as they are still upon the Continent, as a matter of positive duty. He founded an association of gentlemen who bound themselves never to challenge, or to accept a challenge: and a very large number of officers of the court and of the army signed the engagement.

St. Vincent is perhaps best known as the friend and protector of the multitude of helpless infants whom the crime of a great capital left fatherless and motherless in the streets of Paris. It is terrible to read of the horrors of baby-farming in those days. The official depôt of deserted children was altogether insufficiently endowed and insufficiently served, and the infants were given to any one, however unworthy of the charge, who either begged for them or bought them. Those who thus obtained were generally utterly unfit to see to the spiritual or bodily needs of the helpless infants. But the long wars of religion had singularly weakened the moral sense in the population. St. Vincent appealed to the pious ladies who were his helpers in his good works. They went to the

depôt and were shocked at its darkness and dirt. As a beginning, they took, by lot, eight out of twelve of these poor babies (1638). Madame Le Gras and her Sisters of Charity became true mothers to them.

By prayer, the true lever of action in the Saint's way of thinking, the hearts of many were touched. He himself gave largely of the revenues of St. Lazarus; and the Court, by handsome donations, seconded his efforts. But spite of all these sacrifices, the work to be done soon outran all the funds at St. Vincent's disposal, and the hearts of the workers failed. Again the Saint called the ladies around him. He made a fresh appeal to them; he reminded them that the lives of the little ones were in their hands. If they ceased to be their mothers, they would become their judges. The good ladies broke down, they cried their hearts out, and resolved never to give in again; and before long an ample Foundling Hospital was built and endowed by the State.

In the unhappy rivalry of France and Austria, (1636-1643) the source of such fatal losses to the Church in Europe, Lorraine—then an independent state—was ravaged by Protestants and Catholics alike. The horrors of war and of famine renewed in that once fruitful land the horrors of the siege of Jerusalem. Not content with freely docking the frugal table of the Fathers to the narrowest limits in order that they might have more to give, St. Vincent begged and implored for aid on all sides. The alms he received were enough to succor twenty-four towns for several years, and he made his Fathers his almoners. The sum was said to have amounted to £400,000 of the money of the day, equal to nearly ten times as much in the money of these times. But even that could not have sufficed, unless God had blessed and multiplied the alms in a perfectly wondrous manner. Vincent was truly *a father of the poor; and the cause which he knew not, he searched out most diligently.*

After the death of Louis XIII., whom St. Vincent attended at his last hour, the widowed queen summoned him to a permanent commission, whose duty was to nominate the bishops and other ecclesiastical dignitaries of France. He carried out this duty with the utmost indif-

ference to praise or blame, never allowing any motives to govern his choice but the honour of God and the personal merits of the candidate. Cardinal Mazarin was the head of the commission. He set the last example of one, though not in holy orders, holding a number of church livings. It was not likely that his theory would be much in advance of his practice. All powerful though he was, St. Vincent did not fear to oppose his suggestions when they were against justice and right.

Besides all his other occupations, St. Vincent was above all the acting and active Superior of a growing Congregation, which reproduced in its members the insatiable zeal for souls of its founder and father. The work of training, directing, governing that body seemed enough to have absorbed their energies and the time of any one man. Besides their home missions he sent his sons into the scenes of his captivity—among his old fellow-slaves of Tunis and Algiers, into far-off Madagascar, into Corsica and Poland.

The iron hand of Cromwell had conquered Ireland, and numbers of faithful Irish had fled to France. These refugees had sought service under the French flag. The Irish regiments suffered severely in the civil wars of the Fronde which convulsed France in the days of the Cardinal-Minister Mazarin, and the remnant of them was accompanied by troops of soldiers' widows and orphans, whose only clothes were the rags of their husbands or fathers who had perished. Half dead with cold and hunger, they tramped on over the snow to the town of Troyes which had been appointed for their winter quarters. St. Vincent straightway sent one of his Irish Fathers to comfort and to aid them. Thanks to the Saint's magnificent alms, the girls and widows were lodged in a hospital where they were taught to earn their living, while the rest were clothed and fed. The good Father preached to them in their native tongue to prepare them for their Easter duties. The whole town caught the infection of St. Vincent's charity and cheered the hearts of the exiles of Erin by their large-hearted assistance. They were perishing of hunger, and St. Vincent came to their rescue, at the very time that Paris

and its neighbourhood were suffering from the horrors of war.

Charity in every form was the characteristic of our Saint. It was in great things as in small. The multitude of bold and dangerous beggars who infested the streets of Paris was ever increasing. Pity for their souls, as much as, nay, more than, for their bodies, made him devise and carry out a project by which begging was prohibited and all the poor were lodged in a house of charity, and brought up to the habits of order. The government gave a large disused manufactory of saltpetre wherein the multitude was housed, and finally took the whole establishment into their own hands. But with the help of his friends among the clergy, the Congregation of the Lazarists undertook the spiritual charge of these four or five thousand souls.

Forced in his old age to employ a carriage,—which he called *his disgrace*,—St. Vincent used to bring in the poorest and most revolting sufferers whom he found in the streets. If he saw anyone lying on the road-side he would get down, and, when convinced that there was no deceit, and that they were really ill, he offered at once to drive them to the hospital. Once as he was going by, he spied a child crying bitterly and at once he went up to him, asked what was the matter; and when the boy showed him a wound in his hand, he took him off to have it dressed by a surgeon, stayed till all was done, and paid the man for his trouble.

St. Vincent shared, with all old men, the painful void which death makes around them, but it was particularly bitter for one with so tender a heart. His utter disregard for anything approaching comfort, his delicate health, his frequent illnesses never till the very end prevented him from devoting himself to work for others, much less from his direct duties to God. Little by little his maladies increased upon him, at length his legs, swollen and covered with ulcers, refused to bear him, and he had to lie on his hard bed, his nights rendered sleepless by torture. At last the end arrived.

On Sept. 27, 1660, after receiving the last Sacraments, St. Vincent was seated on a chair, for he was too weak

to be moved to his bed. One of the clergy under his care begged him to bless the confraternity to which he belonged. The Saint's reply was in the words of St. Paul: "He who hath begun a good work will perfect it——." His head fell forward and before he could complete the quotation, he had gone to his reward.

The Revolution sacked the house and shrine of the Saint, but respected his remains. St. Lazarus is now a prison: the new shrine is now in the beautiful Chapel of the Lazarists in the Rue de Sèvres at Paris.

The society of St. Vincent de Paul has, in the nineteenth century, reproduced his spirit; and, though not founded by him, has borrowed all its strength and guidance from him, whom these lay workers of the Universal Church have taken for their patron. The weapons of their power are patient charity and prayer, as they were his. In their ranks the men of society learn the pleasure of doing good; and from them the poor in turn learn to look on the rich as their brothers—children of the same Father.

Father Isaac Jogues

Missionary to the Iroquois

By C. J. DEVINE, S. J.

THIS heroic missionary who shed his blood for Christ in New France, as the northern and western part of North America was then called, near the middle of the seventeenth century, and who has left an illustrious name in our annals, was the son of a pious couple, Lawrence Jogues and Françoise de Saint-Mesmin. He was born at Orleans, in France, on January 10, 1607. While he was still young his father died, leaving him exclusively in the care of his "honored mother" (as he was pleased to call her in his letters). In 1617 the boy began his studies in the Jesuit college which had been recently founded in his native city, and had reached the class of rhetoric when he heard the call of God; at the age of seventeen he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus, in Paris, October 24, 1624.

A desire for active service on foreign missions had already begun to reveal itself in the generous soul of the young novice. The arduous field of Ethiopia appealed to him at first and he asked to be sent thither; but prudent counsel turned these aspirations in another direction. His spiritual director told him that work among the natives of New France would amply gratify his ambition for trials and suffering; the savage Iroquois and Hurons would be worthy objects of his apostolic zeal. The novice bent his head in acquiescence; henceforward the missions beyond the Atlantic became for him the longed-for goal. Meanwhile, as several years of preparation would necessarily intervene before the young religious could exercise his ministry, he set actively to work to acquire those vir-

tues which would prepare him for his future apostolate.

At the end of his term of probation in 1626, Isaac Jogues was sent to the college of his Order at La Fleche where he spent three years in the fascinating study of philosophy. In 1629 we find him occupying a professor's chair in Rouen, whither he had gone to begin the term of teaching which usually forms part of a Jesuit's career. Shortly after his arrival there he had the consolation of meeting Father John de Brébeuf, Charles Lalemant and Ennemond Masse, three of his Jesuit brethren who had been driven back to France when the English seized Quebec, and who had gone to Rouen to await the outcome of Champlain's negociations to regain the colony. The presence of those three pioneers of the Canadian missions in the college of Rouen and the young professor's daily contact with them, especially with Father de Brébeuf who had spent several years among the savage Hurons, undoubtedly strengthened his vocation and inspired him to be their generous rival in the coming years. In 1632 he returned to the college of Clermont, in Paris, to study theology and prepare for the priesthood. He was ordained early in 1636 and started for Canada in the summer of the same year.

After a wearying voyage of eight weeks the young missionary stepped ashore at Quebec, determined to give the best years of his manhood—he was only twenty-nine —to the service of God and souls. His first duty on landing was to inform his mother in Old France of his safe arrival in the New. "I do not know," he wrote her, "what it is to enter Heaven, but I do know that it would be hard to feel in this world a joy more intense or more overpowering than I felt when I set foot in this new world."

Father Jogues did not tarry long at Quebec. He had been named for the missions on the Lower St. Lawrence, but the call for more laborers in the Huron country changed the decision of his superiors in his regard. He was chosen to go to Huronia, and he set out immediately for Three Rivers to join the flotilla of canoes which was soon to start for Georgian Bay. At that little fort, recently built at the mouth of the St. Maurice, he had his

first glimpse of what missionary life meant when he beheld the arrival from Huronia of a brother Jesuit, Father Anthony Daniel, bare-footed, broken with fatigue, his cassock in tatters, his breviary hanging from his neck by a cord. But the sight of the intrepid Daniel, haggard and wayworn, did not chill the ardor of the young priest; rather it spurred him on to similar sacrifices. He bravely stepped into a Huron canoe, waved farewell to his friends on shore, and started westward on his long journey.

The trip to Georgian Bay was the first great trial of a Huron missionary, a sort of initiation in the physical hardships of his future life. In Father Jogues' case, however, the journey was remarkable not so much for the trials he had to endure as for the rapidity with which it was accomplished. "I quitted Three Rivers on August 24," he wrote to his mother, "and such haste did we make that, instead of twenty-five or thirty days which the ship usually takes, only nineteen were required to reach the spot where five of our Fathers were stationed."

His brethren at Ihonatiria gave him a joyous welcome; unhappily their joy was soon turned into the gravest anxiety. The *Relation* of 1637 informs us that Father Jogues arrived in good health, but a week had hardly elapsed when he was seized with a dangerous fever which threatened to cut short his missionary career. The crushing poverty of the place, with its lack of medical aid and physical comforts, helped to aggravate his condition until his life hung by a thread. "If a bed of feathers often seems hard to a sick person," wrote one of his brethren to the superior in Quebec, "I beg Your Reverence to imagine how one could rest easily upon a bed which was nothing but a mat of rushes spread over some bark, and, at most, a blanket or a piece of skin to cover it." The illness of Father Jogues at last developed such alarming symptoms that blood-letting, the panacea for many ills in those times, was resorted to, the patient himself acting as his own surgeon. A change for the better ensued, the fever gradually left him, his strength returned, his health continued slowly to improve. Before the winter set in he had begun to apply himself to the study of the language with-

out which his presence in Huronia would have been useless. He accompanied Charles Garnier, the future martyr of the Petuns, on his rounds through the neighboring villages, baptizing little children in danger of death, and imparting religious instruction to the sick and dying.

These first essays in the ministry among the Hurons gave the young missionary much consolation and helped to excite his zeal for future conquests. However, neither he nor his fellow Jesuits were without apprehensions, and in their letters to France they did not exaggerate the difficulties and dangers of their situation. They were living and laboring in the midst of superstitious savages who, while willing to receive the attentions of the Blackrobes, dreaded their preternatural power, and attributed to their influence the evils which had begun to visit the nation. Father Jogues had been hardly a year among the Hurons when a pestilence broke out which carried off hundreds of the tribe. The savages blamed the missionaries for these disasters and in their terror resolved to do away with them. Fearing that the unhappy wretches might carry out their murderous design, and feeling it to be his duty to acquaint his brethren in Quebec of the danger they were incurring, Father de Brébeuf wrote a farewell letter in which he and his fellow-missionaries revealed a complete resignation to whatever fate God had in store for them. This interesting document, which has been preserved for us in the *Relation* of 1638, was signed by all the Fathers at Ossossane, Brébeuf adding in a postscript, "I have left at the residence of St. Joseph (Ihonatiria) Father Peter Pijart and Father Isaac Jogues who are animated by the same sentiments."

Ihonatiria had been the scene of Jogues' labors during the first two years of his sojourn in Huronia. It was there he studied the intricacies of the Huron tongue, there he accustomed himself to the discomforts of life among the savages. When that residence was transferred to Teanaostaye, in 1638, Father Jogues was sent thither, and in November of the following year he started with Father Garnier to visit the Petuns, or Tobacco tribe, the first missionary expedition made beyond the Blue Hills. Unhappily, superstitious and ill-disposed Hurons had pre-

ceded them and had sown distrust in the minds of the Petuns. When the two Jesuits arrived they were received as dangerous sorcerers and treated as such. The savages refused to listen to them and finally drove them from their country.

In September, 1641, a native ceremony, known as the "feast of the dead," brought together various nations bordering on Huronia. Among the delegates were a number of Sauteux, a tribe dwelling along the river which links the great lakes Huron and Superior. No Blackrobes had as yet gone so far west, and a pressing invitation to them to make the journey was gladly accepted. Father Jogues, accompanied by Father Charles Raymbault, set out in a bark canoe; after seventeen days' paddling they reached the village situated on or near the present site of Sault Ste Marie, Ont. The two missionaries were given a generous welcome by those pagans, and they would gladly have remained with them had not their services been needed nearer home. Others members of their Order took up the work of evangelization among this branch of the Algonquins in after years, but history records the fact that Jogues and Raymbault were the first white men who set eyes on Lake Superior; or, as the historian Bancroft puts it, "Thus did the religious zeal of the French bear the cross to the banks of the St. Mary and the confines of Lake Superior, and look wistfully towards the homes of the Sioux in the valley of the Mississippi, five years before the New England Eliot had addressed the tribe of Indians within six miles of Boston harbor."

Fort Ste Marie, the building planned by Father Jerome Lalemant as a central residence for the Huron missionaries on the river Wye, was then nearing completion. The main edifice was opened in the autumn of 1639, but various additions were made in the following three years to provide a home for the French in the service of the mission as well as a rendezvous for the Huron neophytes who were invited to come and renew their piety within its walls. During those three years Father Jogues was in charge. It was his privilege to welcome not merely the Indians whom he and Father DuPeron had converted

in the neighboring villages, but also those who came from the villages in the interior. In this important office he had the consolation of witnessing the results of the work of his fellow-missionaries.

However, while the Jesuits were gathering in the fruits of their ministry the situation was far from encouraging from a temporal point of view. Owing to the hostility of the Iroquois who had blocked the Ottawa route, no communication had been held with the French colony for a couple of years and the missionaries were reduced to the direst need. As the necessaries of life were wanting and as something had to be done to relieve the situation, it was decided in the spring of 1642 to attempt to reach Quebec. A flotilla, under the leadership of Father Jogues, quitted Huronia and was successful in running the Iroquois blockade. The missionary laid before the authorities the desperate plight of the men on Georgian Bay, and his canoes were soon on their way back laden with supplies. Father Jogues hoped to be as lucky on the home journey as he was on the downward trip, but he had not calculated with his crafty enemies. He had reached a spot thirty-one miles above Three Rivers when the flotilla was waylaid by a band of ferocious Iroquois who were awaiting its return. Several Hurons were killed outright in the skirmish; the rest, with the Jesuit and two young Frenchmen, René Goupil and Guillaume Couture, were seized, beaten with clubs, tightly bound with thongs, flung into canoes and then taken up the Richelieu River over Lake Champlain and Lake George, to the village of Ossernenon in the Mohawk country, where Father Jogues and his companions had to submit to other tortures.

Shortly before his departure from Huronia, while kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament, alone in the chapel at Ste Marie, he begged God to grant him the favor to suffer for His glory. He heard an interior voice telling him that his prayer would be heard, and counselling him to be strong and patient. The answer to his prayer came in the first days of his captivity. The barbarous Iroquois showered blows on him with sticks and iron rods, plucked out his beard, tore off his finger-nails and then with their teeth crushed the bleeding finger-tips;

a squaw sawed off the thumb of his left hand; the little Indian children applied to his flesh burning coals and red hot irons. The Huron prisoners fared worse. They were hurried from village to village, notably Andagaron and Tionnontoguen, in each of which they were tortured anew and forced to mount platforms where in their pitiable state they were exposed to the ridicule and insolence of those barbarians. The poor missionary was spared this sorrowful journey, but he had meanwhile, notwithstanding his bleeding wounds and his intense pain, to submit to the cruel ordeal of suspension between two posts by cords tightly wound around his wrists. Goupil and Couture had also their share in these various tortures which happily, in Goupil's case, were soon to end. Three blows from a tomahawk, September 29, six weeks after his capture, gave the saintly young man the reward he so heroically purchased. This tragedy deeply impressed Father Jogues and led him to expect a similar fate in the near future. He had, in fact, been warned that his end would soon come, and he would probably have been slain had not some Dutch traders from Fort Orange (now Albany) intervened when they heard of his captivity and sufferings.

The sympathetic fur-traders succeeded in saving the missionary's life but they did not secure his release from captivity. Already he had been formally adopted as a slave by one of the Mohawk clans and he had to undertake the most degrading menial labors, carrying burdens on his back over rough trails from village to village, following and serving his masters on the hunt and during their fishing expeditions, meanwhile bending under their blows when his efforts did not win their approval. While at home in Ossernenon he was allowed to wander freely through the village, but the eyes of his masters were continually watching him. He had been warned that his life was in danger if he passed beyond the limits of the village, and yet he escaped frequently to the neighboring forest to kneel before a cross he had carved in a large birch tree and there pour out his soul in prayer to God, "Whom he alone in those vast wilds adored." Perhaps the greatest torture the heroic sufferer had to endure was

the desolation of spirit and mental anguish with which he was frequently overwhelmed. These trials he bore with unconquerable patience, but God oftentimes rewarded him by flooding his soul with sweetness and light. In these moments of ecstasy his physical suffering lost its poignancy, and he offered himself to his Heavenly Comforter to suffer even more for the glory of His name.

Weeks and months passed away in this rigid captivity. Father Jogues had been given up for dead; the news that he was still alive relieved the anxiety of his friends in France and Canada and urged them to take measures to free him from his unhappy lot. The Dutch in Fort Orange were also moved to sympathy and sought occasions for him to escape, but much to their surprise the holy man's zeal would not permit him to run away from a field of labor where there was still something to do for souls of the Christian Hurons who had been taken with him. He looked upon his slavery as a special disposition of Providence in their regard. Writing to his superior in France, in the summer of 1643, he asked, who would, in the event of his release from captivity, remain to console and absolve his fellow captives? who would keep the Hurons attentive to their duties? who would teach the new prisoners, fortify them in their tortures and baptize them before they went to the stake? who would look after the dying children of the Mohawks and instruct the adults? In a letter which he sent to the governor at Quebec thirteen months after his capture, he wrote, "I have taken a resolution, which grows stronger every day, to stay here as long as it pleases our Lord, and not to seek my freedom, even though the occasion present itself. I do not wish to deprive the French Huron and Algonquin prisoners of the help which they get from my ministry. I have given baptism to many who have since gone to heaven."

In the same letter he notified Montmagny that an attack was projected on the new fort which had recently been built by the French at the mouth of the Richelieu. This warning, which had been sent secretly, made the Iroquois suspect treachery somewhere; it put Father Jogues' life in such danger again that Keift, the Dutch governor

of Manhattan, gave orders to the commandant at Fort Orange to secure his freedom if possible. When this fresh effort in his behalf was made known to him, the holy Jesuit once more refused to listen; not unless it was plainly the will of Heaven would he throw off his shackles.

On this occasion, however, he spent a whole night in prayer asking God to inspire him what to do, whether or no it were His will that he should remain a slave. After mature deliberation and evidently with a clear conscience, he decided to make a strike for freedom; shortly afterwards he disappeared while the Mohawks were fishing in the Hudson. He fled to Fort Orange where he lay hidden and in constant danger of being apprehended by the savages who were furious at his flight. After six weeks of exciting adventures he succeeded in boarding a vessel which brought him down the Hudson river, accompanied by Jan Megapolensis, a Calvinist minister, who proved himself a sincere friend of the Jesuit. Six days later he reached New Amsterdam (New York) where he received a warm welcome from the governor. His arrival caused a sensation in the Dutch settlement, the marks of his tortures, plainly visible, and his wretched poverty exciting the sympathy of all. One of the colonists fell at his feet and kissed his mangled hands, exclaiming, "Martyr of Jesus Christ!" a testimony which echoed the sentiments of the whole Calvinist community.

Father Jogues had no alternative left now but to return to France; to retrace his steps to Canada through the Mohawk country meant certain death. After a month's delay in New Amsterdam the opportunity of a voyage to Europe presented itself. A bark of fifty tons weighed anchor in Manhattan harbor and sailed down the bay to the Atlantic, with the Jesuit on board. Clothes had been given to him by the Dutch to replace the rags of his captivity, but he suffered much hardship and penury during the voyage. Being without money to pay his passage or to procure the necessaries of life, Father Jogues had to depend on the charity of a Calvinist crew who were not as indulgent as their brethren in Manhattan.

After seven weeks the coast of England was sighted, and on Christmas Day the bark ran into Falmouth har-

bor, in Cornwall. Even there ill-luck and misery pursued the poor missionary. While the sailors were ashore, robbers entered the vessel and snatched from him the coat and hat which had been given him by the Dutch to shield him from the wintry weather. A French brig brought him across the channel, and the day after Christmas he landed on the coast of Brittany in the direst distress, with hardly clothing enough to cover his weak and emaciated body. He would have perished from cold and hunger had not a charitable merchant helped him to pay his way to the Jesuit college at Rennes. There Father Jogues met his brethren in religion who made him forget for the nonce all his trials and sufferings.

The *Jesuit Relations,* published in France every year and read so extensively, had made the Iroquois savages well known in that country and had given them an unenviable notoriety. When the news spread about that a missionary had arrived who had been a victim of their cruelties, Father Jogues was looked on as a confessor of the faith, and sympathy and veneration were shown him on every side. In Paris the Court of France wished to see and speak with the good priest. When the Queen Regent, Anne of Austria, saw the marks of his sufferings and when she heard from his own lips the tale of his captivity, she was moved to deep compassion, and remarked that this was a case where truth was stranger than fiction. All these expressions of esteem and sympathy grieved the humble missionary, and he sought to hide what were in reality the tokens of his heroism. Meanwhile his health continued to improve; the gentle care lavished on him in his homeland gave him a new lease of life. There was one cross, however, which he had still to carry; if that were lifted his happiness would be complete. Owing to the loss of an index finger and the mutilation of the others, he was deprived of the privilege of saying Mass. This was an impediment which could be removed by the Sovereign Pontiff and a petition was accordingly sent to Rome. Urban VIII graciously granted the holy man permission to officiate at the altar again, remarking, at the same time, that a martyr of Christ should not be prevented from drinking the Blood

of Christ—*Indignum esset martyrem Christi non bibere sanguinem Christi.*

While a six months' sojourn in France had had a salutary effect on the health of Father Jogues, it had also given him new courage and spurred him on to further sacrifices. The foretaste of martyrdom which he had received among the Iroquois had inspired this athlete of the Cross with a desire to drink deeper of the bitter cup; but he knew that he could not quench this thirst in his native land. The lure of the Canadian missions had seized the intrepid missionary again; he was ready to face another voyage across the Atlantic to reach them. In the spring of 1644 he sailed from La Rochelle for the land "where the fragrance of his virtues refreshed and comforted all those who had the happiness of knowing and conversing with him."

Montreal, then in the second year of its existence, was the first scene of his ministry after his return from France. Sieur Chomedey de Maisonneuve was the guiding genius of the little colony begun under the auspices of Mary at the foot of Mount Royal, and Jogues lent his aid to the founder to strengthen the souls of those brave pioneers whose communal life recalled the fervor and simplicity of the primitive Christian Church.

In 1644 Montreal was the outpost of French civilization in Canada nearest the Iroquois and was necessarily exposed to their raids; but Quebec and Three Rivers, further down the St. Lawrence, were also in danger. No spot in the French colony was safe from those roving savages, and Montmagny was at a loss to know how it was all going to end. The affairs of the French were at a low ebb; their military strength was well nigh exhausted; their Huron allies were demoralized; the fur trade was waning; the colonists lived in dread of the Iroquois who were constantly prowling around the settlements and along the waterways.

The governor of the colony knew well that he could neither punish those daring enemies nor dictate terms of peace to them; his only fear was that they were aware of his precarious situation. On the other hand, he had learned from prisoners and others that the Iroquois were

also showing signs of weakness as a result of the long struggle, and a hope arose within him that perhaps some sort of treaty might be concluded with the Confederacy. From among the prisoners whom the French still held, the governor selected a Mohawk chief whom he sent back to his country to feel the pulse of the nation and learn whether or no his fellow countrymen would be willing to bury the hatchet. This proposal, accompanied as it was by presents, was received with evident satisfaction, for the Mohawk returned shortly after with other chiefs to discuss terms of peace. Conferences were held at Three Rivers in which Father Jogues was called to take part, his knowledge of the Iroquois tongue and the experience gained during his captivity making him a valuable interpreter as well as prudent counsellor. There was much talk but little progress during those parleys, but in the end mutual promises of peace and good will were made, and the Iroquois delegates returned to their cantons.

The French, however, were not enthusiastic over the results of the deliberations; they had had such thrilling experiences of the double dealing and treachery of the Iroquois that they did not put much confidence in their profession of future peace. Still it would have been impolitic to reveal these suspicions, and, two years later, the governor suggested the sending of an embassy from Quebec to show how satisfied he was at the happy outcome of the negociations. A French embassy would flatter the Iroquois and might possibly impress them.

Father Jogues was chosen as one of the ambassadors. This new task called for courage and abnegation; it meant going back to the land of his tortures and his thirteen months' captivity. At the first intimation he received of this new mission a moment of fear and hesitation arose in the bosom of the heroic man. "Would you believe that on opening Your Reverence's letter," he wrote to Jerome Lalemant, his superior at Quebec, "my heart was, as it were, seized with dread. . . . My poor nature quailed when it recalled the past, but our Lord in His goodness has calmed it and will continue to do so."

A patriotic duty called Jogues to make this new sacrifice, and stifling all sentiment of fear, he set out on May

16, 1646, for the Mohawk cantons, accompanied by Jean Bourdon, one of the chief citizens of the colony. His instructions were not merely to express the governor's feelings regarding the future peace between the French and the Iroquois, but also to secure the adhesion of the cantons which had held back on the plea that they had not been invited to the conferences at Three Rivers. In this mission Father Jogues was not entirely successful. At an assembly which he convoked at Ossernenon in June, only the Mohawks and a few Onondaga delegates were present. The other Iroquois cantons were so little interested in the peace proposals of the French governor that at that moment they were hidden here and there along the Ottawa river looking for the scalps of French, Huron and Algonquin stragglers. Even the Mohawks themselves, then the most powerful unit of the Iroquois Confederacy, were divided. The Wolf and Turtle clans were willing to stand by the treaty of Three Rivers, but the Bear clan refused to be bound by barriers of any kind; they were resolved to go to war when their interests called for it. However, Father Jogues had secured the adherence of the majority—a pyrrhic victory at most—and after an absence of six weeks he was back in Three Rivers.

Although undertaken for reasons of state this second visit to "the land of his crosses" had revealed anew to the future martyr the spiritual destitution of the unfortunate Iroquois. It excited his zeal for the conversion of his former persecutors, and he promised himself an early return to them, perhaps in the autumn. So confident was he that no opposition would be offered in the colony to this project that he left in the safe-keeping of the savages a box of clothes and religious articles in order to avoid the annoyance and expense of double transportation. His plans fully met the wishes of his superiors who desired nothing better than that the new era of peace should be employed in spreading the Gospel among the Iroquois. The Jesuits determined to attempt the establishment of a mission in the cantons along the Mohawk river and Father Jogues was the man to attempt it. And yet, notwithstanding this decision and his own heroic ab-

negation, the holy man had his presentiments of danger.

He wrote to a friend in France, "My heart tells me that if I have the blessing of being employed on this mission, *ibo et non redibo,* I will go but shall not return. But I will be happy if our Lord be willing to finish the sacrifice where He began it, and if the little blood which I have shed in that land be a pledge of what I would willingly yield from every vein in my body." In giving expression to these grave words Father Jogues was prophesying better than he knew. After his return from the embassy in the previous June a change in public sentiment in his regard had taken place among the Mohawks. A pestilence had broken out and had carried off many victims; the crop of Indian corn was destroyed by worms, and the superstitious savages laid the blame on the box which the Blackrobe had left behind him in their care. The box, they said, concealed an evil spirit which was spreading the contagion and causing their people to die. This apparently trifling incident was used by the Bear clan to justify their irreconcilable attitude towards the French and their missionaries. Why should they join the Wolf and the Turtle clans in welcoming one who was showing himself a public malefactor?

The holy missionary, quite unconscious of these happenings, was preparing to go to live among them. Even had he known of the threatening danger it is doubtful whether the nearness of death would have alarmed him or caused him to put off the beginnig of so great a work.

After having said farewell to his brethren in Three Rivers, a farewell which was to be his last, he set out on September 24, 1646, with a companion, Jean de la Lande, and a few Hurons. After that date he was seen no more by white men. It was learned later that he had arrived at the village of Andaragon on October 17. The wretched barbarians hardly gave him time to reach his cabin when they seized him, stripped him of his clothing and cruelly beat him.

"You will die tomorrow," one of them exclaimed; "but do not fear; you shall not be burned; you shall fall under our tomahawks."

The humble victim, now completely at their mercy,

tried to make them realize the enormity of their crime. He reminded them of the treaty of peace entered into between the French and themselves. He came to them as a friend, to live with them, to show them the way to heaven. He feared neither torture nor death—why, then, did they seek his life? Did they not fear the vengeance of the Great Spirit? These words, however, were received with derision. The only response the treacherous Iroquois gave him was to cut bits of flesh from his arms and devour them before his eyes. In the evening of the following day, October 18, 1646, a couple of savages accompanied him to his lodge, where a traitor armed with a tomahawk was hiding behind the door.

The unhappy missionary had hardly crossed the threshold when a blow split his head open and he fell lifeless to the ground bathed in his own blood. He was decapitated and his head placed on a picket. The next day his body was thrown into the Mohawk river.

The news of the murder did not reach Quebec until June of the following year. A letter from Kieft, the Dutch governor, to Montmagny announced that Father Jogues has been assassinated shortly after his arrival in the country, the only reason given for the atrocious deed being that the missionary had concealed an evil spirit among some clothes which he had left in their custody. This spirit had spread pestilence in the country and caused their crops of corn to fail. A second letter from the same quarter gave the details of the murder which we have cited above, and added that it was the Bear clan that had put him to death.

This tragic event created a painful sensation in the French colony and showed what little reliance could be placed in the promises of the treacherous Iroquois. The Jesuits, on their side, were deeply moved; Father Jogues was the first of their Order in Canada to be slain by the savages. But his death was looked upon as a triumph; all were convinced that this victim of savage hatred had gone to Heaven; the blood he shed for Christ had won him an eternal crown. Both missionaries and citizens looked on him as a martyr of the faith. "We have honored this death," writes Lalemant, "as that of a

martyr. Although far apart without being able to confer with each other, many of us could not resolve to say Mass for his soul. But we offered the adorable Sacrifice in thanksgiving for the favor which God had bestowed on him. The lay people who knew him intimately and our religious communities had also the same sentiments; they were drawn rather to invoke him than to pray for his soul."

Father Jerome Lalemant, to whom we are indebted for the account of the glorious death of Father Jogues, discusses his case in the *Relation* of 1647 and continues in this strain: "In the opinion of many learned men (whose opinion seems reasonable) a man is really a martyr before God, first, if he gives testimony before Heaven and earth that he values the faith and the preaching of the Gospel more than his life; and, secondly, if truly conscious of the danger he incurs, he still throws himself into it for Jesus Christ, protesting that he is willing to die to make Him known. It was in this way that Father Jogues gave up his soul to Jesus Christ and for Jesus Christ. I will say more: not merely did he take the means to spread the Gospel, means which caused his death, but we may be assured also that he was killed out of hatred of the doctrines of Christ. . . . In the Primitive Church the reproach was cast against the children of Christ that they caused misfortunes everywhere, and some of them were slain on that account; likewise are we persecuted here because of our doctrines, which are none other than those of Christ. We are told we depopulate their countries. It is for these doctrines that they killed Father Jogues, and consequently we may regard him as a martyr before God."

This verdict, given in the seventeenth century, has been that of posterity. Not merely has the name of Father Jogues become a symbol in American history of heroic endurance in suffering, but he has always been looked upon as a martyr as well.

Father Jerome Lobo

Missionary to Abyssinia

By SAMUEL JOHNSON

THIS brief sketch from the travels of Father Jerome Lobo, the Jesuit priest who was sent down to North Africa for the conversion of the Abyssinians, is taken from the translation of Lobo's voyage to Abyssinia made by Dr. Samuel Johnson. Mr. Henry Morley in his introduction to the *Voyage to Abyssinia* written for Cassell's National Library series, said, "On the 31st of October, 1728, Samuel Johnson, aged nineteen, went to Pembroke College, Oxford, and Legrand's 'Voyage Historique d'Abissinie du R. P. Jerome Lobo, de la Compagnie de Jésus, Traduit du Portugais, continué et augmenté de plusieurs Dissertations, Lettres et Mémoires,' was one of the new books read by Johnson during his short period of college life. In 1735, when Johnson's age was twenty-six, and the world seemed to have shut against him every door of hope, Johnson stayed for six months at Birmingham with his old schoolfellow Hector, who was aiming at medical practice, and who lodged at the house of a bookseller. Johnson spoke with interest of Father Lobo, whose book he had read at Pembroke College. Mr. Warren, the bookseller, thought it would be worth while to print a translation. Hector joined in urging Johnson to undertake it, for a payment of five guineas. Although nearly brought to a stop midway by hypochondriac despondency, a little suggestion that the printers also were stopped, and if they had not their work he had not their pay, caused Johnson to go on to the end.

Legrand's book was reduced to a fifth of its size by the omission of all that overlaid Father Lobo's personal account of his adventures, and Johnson began work as a writer with this translation, first published at Birmingham in 1735."

The beginning of Dr. Johnson's preface to his translation runs as follows: "The following relation is so curious and entertaining, and the dissertations that accompany it so judicious and instructive, that the translator is confident his attempt stands in need of no apology, whatever censures may fall on the performance.

"The Portuguese traveller, contrary to the general vein of his countrymen, has amused his reader with no romantic absurdities or incredible fictions; whatever he relates, whether true or not, is at least probable; and he who tells nothing exceeding the bounds of probability has a right to demand that they should believe him who cannot contradict him.

"He appears by his modest and unaffected narration to have described things as he saw them, to have copied nature from the life, and to have consulted his senses, not his imagination; he meets with no basilisks that destroy with their eyes, his crocodiles devour their prey without tears, and his cataracts fall from the rock without deafening the neighboring inhabitants.

"The reader will here find no regions cursed with irremediable barrenness, or blessed with spontaneous fecundity, no perpetual gloom or unceasing sunshine; nor are the nations here described either devoid of all sense of humanity, or consummate in all private and social virtues; here are no Hottentots without religion, polity, or articular language, no Chinese perfectly polite, and completely skilled in all sciences; he will discover, what will always be discovered by a diligent and impartial inquirer, that wherever human nature is to be found there is a mixture of vice and virtue, a contest of passion and reason, and that the Creator doth not appear partial in his distributions, but has balanced in most countries their particular inconveniences by particular favours." [J.J.W.]

Account of Father Jerome Lobo's Voyage to Abyssinia, Translated by Samuel Johnson

I EMBARKED in March, 1622, in the same fleet with the Count Vidigueira, on whom the king had conferred the viceroyship of the Indies, then vacant by the resignation of Alfonso Noronha, whose unsuccessful voyage in the foregoing year had been the occasion of the loss of Ormus, which being by the miscarriage of that fleet deprived of the succours necessary for its defence, was taken by the Persians and English.

The beginning of this voyage was very prosperous: we were neither annoyed with the diseases of the climate nor distressed with bad weather, till we doubled the Cape of Good Hope, which was about the end of May. Here began our misfortunes; these coasts are remarkable for the many shipwrecks the Portuguese have suffered. The sea is for the most part rough, and the winds tempestuous; we had here our rigging somewhat damaged by a storm of lightning, which when we had repaired, we sailed forward to Mosambique, where we were to stay some time. When we came near that coast, and began to rejoice at the prospect of ease and refreshment, we were on the sudden alarmed with the sight of a squadron of ships, of what nation we could not at first distinguish, but soon discovered that they were three English and three Dutch, and were preparing to attack us. I shall not trouble the reader with the particulars of this fight, in which, though the English commander ran himself aground, we lost three of our ships, and with great difficulty escaped with the rest into the port of Mosambique.

This place was able to afford us little consolation in our uneasy circumstances; the arrival of our company almost caused a scarcity of provisions. The heat in the day is intolerable, and the dews in the night so unwholesome that it is almost certain death to go out with one's head uncovered. Nothing can be a stronger proof of the malignant quality of the air than that the rust will immediately

corrode both the iron and brass if they are not carefully covered with straw.

We stayed, however, in this place from the latter end of July to the beginning of September, when having provided ourselves with other vessels, we set out for Cochim, and landed there after a very hazardous and difficult passage, made so partly by the currents and storms which separated us from each other, and partly by continual apprehensions of the English and Dutch, who were cruising for us in the Indian seas. Here the viceroy and his company were received with so much ceremony, as was rather troublesome than pleasing to us who were fatigued with the labours of the passage; and having stayed here some time, that the gentlemen who attended the viceroy to Goa might fit out their vessels, we set sail, and after having been detained some time at sea, by calms and contrary winds, and somewhat harassed by the English and Dutch, who were now increased to eleven ships of war, arrived at Goa, on Saturday, the 16th of December, and the viceroy made his entry with great magnificence.

I lived here about a year, and completed my studies in divinity; in which time some letters were received from the fathers in Æthiopia, with an account that Sultan Segued, Emperor of Abyssinia, was converted to the Church of Rome, that many of his subjects had followed his example, and that there was a great want of missionaries to improve these prosperous beginnings. Everybody was very desirous of seconding the zeal of our fathers, and of sending them the assistance they requested; to which we were the more encouraged, because the emperor's letters informed our provincial that we might easily enter his dominions by the way of Dancala, but unhappily, the secretary wrote Zeila for Dancala, which cost two of our fathers their lives.

We were, however, notwithstanding the assurances given us by the emperor, sufficiently apprised of the danger which we were exposed to in this expedition, whether we went by sea or land. By sea, we foresaw the hazard we run of falling into the hands of the Turks, amongst whom we should lose, if not our lives, at least our liberty, and be for ever prevented from reaching the

court of Æthiopia. Upon this consideration our superiors divided the eight Jesuits chosen for this mission into two companies. Four they sent by sea and four by land; I was of the latter number. The four first were the more fortunate, who though they were detained some time by the Turkish bassa, were dismissed at the request of the emperor, who sent him a zebra, or wild ass, a creature of large size and admirable beauty.

As for us, who were to go by Zeila, we had still greater difficulties to struggle with: we were entirely strangers to the ways we were to take, to the manners, and even to the names of the nations through which we were to pass. Our chief desire was to discover some new road by which we might avoid having anything to do with the Turks.

Among great numbers whom we consulted on this occasion, we were informed by some that we might go through Melinda. These men painted that hideous wilderness in charming colours, told us that we should find a country watered with navigable rivers, and inhabited by a people that would either inform us of the way, or accompany us in it. These reports charmed us, because they flattered our desires; but our superiors finding nothing in all this talk that could be depended on, were in suspense what directions to give us, till my companion and I upon this reflection, that since all the ways were equally new to us, we had nothing to do but to resign ourselves to the Providence of God, asked and obtained the permission of our superiors to attempt the road through Melinda. So of we who went by land, two took the way of Zeila, and my companion and I that of Melinda.

Those who were appointed for Zeila embarked in a vessel that was going to Caxume, where they were well received by the king, and accommodated with a ship to carry them to Zeila; they were there treated by the check with the same civility which they had met with at Caxume. But the king being informed of their arrival, ordered them to be conveyed to his court at Auxa, to which place they were scarce come before they were thrown by the king's command into a dark and dismal dungeon, where

there is hardly any sort of cruelty that was not exercised upon them.

The Emperor of Abyssinia endeavoured by large offers to obtain their liberty, but his kind offices had no other effect than to heighten the rage of the king of Zeila. This prince, besides his ill will to Sultan Segued, which was kept up by some malcontents among the Abyssin nobility, who, provoked at the conversion of their master, were plotting a revolt, entertained an inveterate hatred against the Portuguese for the death of his grandfather, who had been killed many years before, which he swore the blood of the Jesuits should repay. So after they had languished for some time in prison their heads were struck off. A fate which had been likewise our own, had not God reserved us for longer labours!

Having provided everything necessary for our journey, such as Arabian habits, and red caps, calicoes, and other trifles to make presents of to the inhabitants, and taking leave of our friends, as men going to a speedy death, for we were not insensible of the dangers we were likely to encounter, amongst horrid deserts, impassable mountains, and barbarous nations, we left Goa on the 26th day of January in the year 1624, in a Portuguese galliot that was ordered to set us ashore at Patè, where we landed without any disaster in eleven days, together with a young Abyssin, whom we made use of as our interpreter.

While we stayed here we were given to understand that those who had been pleased at Goa to give us directions in relation to our journey had done nothing but tell us lies. That the people were savage, that they had indeed begun to treat with the Portuguese, but it was only from fear, that otherwise they were a barbarous nation, who finding themselves too much crowded in their own country, had extended themselves to the sea-shore; that they ravished the country and laid everything waste where they came, that they were man-eaters, and were on that account dreadful in all those parts.

My companion and I being undeceived by this terrible relation, thought it would be the highest imprudence to expose ourselves both together to a death almost certain and unprofitable, and agreed that I should go with our

Abyssin and a Portuguese to observe the country; that if I should prove so happy as to escape being killed by the inhabitants, and to discover a way, I should either return, or send back the Abyssin or Portuguese.

Having fixed upon this, I hired a little bark to Jubo, a place about forty leagues distant from Patè, on board which I put some provisions, together with my sacerdotal vestments, and all that was necessary for saying mass: in this vessel we reached the coast, which we found inhabited by several nations: each nation is subjected to its own king; these petty monarchies are so numerous, that I counted at least ten in less than four leagues.

On this coast we landed, with an intention of travelling on foot to Jubo, a journey of much greater length and difficulty than we imagined. We durst not go far from our bark, and therefore were obliged to a toilsome march along the windings of the shore, sometimes clambering up rocks, and sometimes wading through the sands, so that we were every moment in the utmost danger of falling from the one, or sinking in the other.

Our lodging was either in the rocks or on the sands, and even that incommoded by continual apprehensions of being devoured by lions and tigers. Amidst all these calamities our provisions failed us; we had little hopes of a supply, for we found neither villages, houses, nor any trace of a human creature; and had miserably perished by thirst and hunger had we not met with some fishermen's boats, who exchanged their fish for tobacco.

Through all these fatigues we at length came to Jubo, a kingdom of considerable extent, situated almost under the line, and tributary to the Portuguese, who carry on a trade here for ivory and other commodities. This region so abounds with elephants, that though the teeth of the male only are valuable, they load several ships with ivory every year. All this coast is much infested with ravenous beasts, monkeys, and serpents, of which last here are some seven feet in length, and thicker than an ordinary man; in the head of this serpent is found a stone about the bigness of an egg, resembling bezoar, and of great efficacy, as it is said, against all kinds of poison.

I stayed here some time to inform myself whether I

might, by pursuing this road, reach Abyssinia; and could get no other intelligence but that two thousand Galles (the same people who inhabited Melinda) had encamped about three leagues from Jubo; that they had been induced to fix in that place by the plenty of provisions they found there. These Galles lay everything where they come in ruin, putting all to the sword without distinction of age or sex; which barbarities, though their numbers are not great, have spread the terror of them over all the country. They choose a king, whom they call Lubo: every eighth year they carry their wives with them, and expose their children without any tenderness in the woods, it being prohibited, on pain of death, to take any care of those which are born in the camp.

This is their way of living when they are in arms, but afterwards when they settle at home they breed up their children. They feed upon raw cow's flesh; when they kill a cow, they keep the blood to rub their bodies with, and wear the guts about their necks for ornaments, which they afterwards give to their wives.

Several of these Galles came to see me, and as it seemed they had never beheld a white man before, they gazed on me with amazement; so strong was their curiosity that they even pulled off my shoes and stockings, that they might be satisfied whether all my body was of the same colour with my face. I could remark, that after they had observed me some time, they discovered some aversion from a white; however, seeing me pull out my handkerchief, they asked me for it with a great deal of eagerness; I cut it into several pieces that I might satisfy them all, and distributed it amongst them; they bound them about their heads, but gave me to understand that they should have liked them better if they had been red; after this we were seldom without their company, which gave occasion to an accident, which though it seemed to threaten some danger at first, turned afterwards to our advantage.

As these people were continually teasing us, our Portuguese one day threatened in jest to kill one of them. The black ran in the utmost dread to seek his comrades, and we were in one moment almost covered with Galles; we

thought it the most proper course to decline the first impulse of their fury, and retired into our house. Our retreat inspired them with courage; they redoubled their cries, and posted themselves on an eminence near at hand that overlooked us; there they insulted us by brandishing their lances and daggers. We were fortunately not above a stone's cast from the sea, and could therefore have retreated to our bark had we found ourselves reduced to extremities.

This made us not very solicitous about their menaces; but finding that they continued to hover about our habitation, and being wearied with their clamours, we thought it might be a good expedient to fright them away by firing four muskets towards them, in such a manner that they might hear the bullets hiss about two feet over their heads. This had the effect we wished; the noise and fire of our arms struck them with so much terror that they fell upon the ground, and durst not for some time so much as lift up their heads. They forgot immediately their natural temper, their ferocity and haughtiness were softened into mildness and submission; they asked pardon for their insolence, and we were ever after good friends.

After our reconciliation we visited each other frequently, and had some conversation about the journey I had undertaken, and the desire I had of finding a new passage into Æthiopia. It was necessary on this account to consult their lubo or king: I found him in a straw hut something larger than those of his subjects, surrounded by his courtiers, who had each a stick in his hand, which is longer or shorter according to the quality of the person admitted into the king's presence.

The ceremony made use of at the reception of a stranger is somewhat unusual; as soon as he enters, all the courtiers strike him with their cudgels till he goes back to the door; the amity then subsisting between us did not secure me from this uncouth reception, which they told me, upon my demanding the reason of it, was to show those whom they treated with that they were the bravest people in the world, and that all other nations ought to bow down before them.

I could not help reflecting on this occasion how imprudently I had trusted my life in the hands of men unac-

quainted with compassion or civility, but recollecting at the same time that the intent of my journey was such as might give me hopes of the divine protection, I banished all thoughts but those of finding a way into Æthiopia.

In this strait it occurred to me that these people, however barbarous, have some oath which they keep with an inviolable strictness; the best precaution, therefore, that I could use would be to bind them by this oath to be true to their engagements. The manner of their swearing is this: they set a sheep in the midst of them, and rub it over with butter, the heads of families who are the chief in the nation lay their hands upon the head of the sheep, and swear to observe their promise. This oath (which they never violate) they explain thus: the sheep is the mother of them who swear; the butter betokens the love between the mother and the children, and an oath taken on a mother's head is sacred.

Upon the security of this oath, I made them acquainted with my intention, an intention, they told me, it was impossible to put in execution. From the moment I left them they said they could give me no assurance of either life or liberty, that they were perfectly informed both of the roads and inhabitants, that there were no fewer than nine nations between us and Abyssinia, who were always embroiled amongst themselves, or at war with the Abyssins, and enjoyed no security even in their own territories.

We were now convinced that our enterprise was impracticable, and that to hazard ourselves amidst so many insurmountable difficulties would be to tempt Providence; despairing, therefore, that I should ever come this way to Abyssinia, I resolved to return back with my intelligence to my companion, whom I had left at Patè.

I cannot, however, leave this country without giving an account of their manner of blood-letting, which I was led to the knowledge of by a violent fever, which threatened to put an end to my life and travels together. The distress I was in may easily be imagined, being entirely destitute of everything necessary. I had resolved to let myself blood, though I was altogether a stranger to the manner of doing it, and had no lancet, but my compan-

ions hearing of a surgeon of reputation in the place, went and brought him. I saw, with the utmost surprise, an old Moor enter my chamber, with a kind of small dagger, all over rusty, and a mallet in his hand, and three cups of horn about half a foot long. I started, and asked what he wanted. He told me to bleed me; and when I had given him leave, uncovering my side, applied one of his horn cups, which he stopped with chewed paper, and by that means made it stick fast; in the same manner he fixed on the other two, and fell to sharpening his instrument, assuring me that he would give me no pain. He then took off his cups, and gave in each place a stroke with his poignard, which was followed by a stream of blood. He applied his cups several times, and every time struck his lancet into the same place; having drawn away a large quantity of blood, he healed the orifices with three lumps of tallow. I know not whether to attribute my cure to bleeding or my fear, but I had from that time no return of my fever.

When I came to Patè, in hopes of meeting with my associate, I found that he was gone to Mombaza, in hopes of receiving information. He was sooner undeceived than I, and we met at the place where we parted in a few days; and soon afterwards left Patè to return to the Indies, and in nine-and-twenty days arrived at the famous fortress of Diou.

We were told at this place that Alfonso Mendes, patriarch of Æthiopia, was arrived at Goa from Lisbon. He wrote to us to desire that we would wait for him at Diou, in order to embark there for the Red Sea; but being informed by us that no opportunities of going thither were to be expected at Diou, it was at length determined that we should meet at Bazaim; it was no easy matter for me to find means of going to Bazaim.

However, after a very uneasy voyage, in which we were often in danger of being dashed against the rocks, or thrown upon the sands by the rapidity of the current, and suffered the utmost distress for want of water, I landed at Daman, a place about twenty leagues distant from Bazaim. Here I hired a catre and four boys to carry me to Bazaim: these catres are a kind of travelling couches,

in which you may either lie or sit, which the boys, whose business is the same with that of chairmen in our country, support upon their shoulders by two poles, and carry a passenger at the rate of eighteen or twenty miles a day. Here we at length found the patriarch, with three more priests, like us, designed for the mission of Æthiopia. We went back to Daman, and from thence to Diou, where we arrived in a short time.

The Nile, which the natives call Abavi, that is, the Father of Waters, rises first in Sacala, a province of the kingdom of Goiama, which is one of the most fruitful and agreeable of all the Abyssinian dominions. This province is inhabited by a nation of the Agaus, who call, but only call, themselves Christians, for by daily intermarriages they have allied themselves to the Pagan Agaus, and adopted all their customs and ceremonies. These two nations are very numerous, fierce, and unconquerable, inhabiting a country full of mountains, which are covered with woods, and hollowed by nature into vast caverns, many of which are capable of containing several numerous families, and hundreds of cows. To these recesses the Agaus betake themselves when they are driven out of the plain, which it is almost impossible to find them, and certain ruin to pursue them. This people increases extremely, every man being allowed so many wives as he hath hundreds of cows, and it is seldom that the hundreds are required to be complete.

In the eastern part of this kingdom, on the declivity of a mountain, whose descent is so easy that it seems a beautiful plain, is that source of the Nile which has been sought after at so much expense of labour, and about which such variety of conjectures hath been formed without success.

This spring, or rather these two springs, are two holes, each about two feet in diameter, a stone's cast distant from each other; the one is but about five feet and a half in depth—at least we could not get our plummet farther, perhaps because it was stopped by roots, for the whole place is full of trees; of the other, which is somewhat less, with a line of ten feet we could find no bottom, and were assured by the inhabitants that none ever had been

found. It is believed here that these springs are the vents of a great subterraneous lake, and they have this circumstance to favour their opinion, that the ground is always moist and so soft that the water boils up under foot as one walks upon it.

This is more visible after rains, for then the ground yields and sinks so much, that I believe it is chiefly supported by the roots of trees that are interwoven one with another; such is the ground round about these fountains. At a little distance to the south is a village named Guix, through which the way lies to the top of the mountain, from whence the traveller discovers a vast extent of land, which appears like a deep valley, though the mountain rises so imperceptibly that those who go up or down it are scarce sensible of any declivity.

On the top of this mountain is a little hill which the idolatrous Agaus have in great veneration; their priest calls them together at this place once a year, and having sacrificed a cow, throws the head into one of the springs of the Nile; after which ceremony, every one sacrifices a cow or more, according to their different degrees of wealth or devotion. The bones of these cows have already formed two mountains of considerable height, which afford a sufficient proof that these nations have always paid their adorations to this famous river.

They eat these sacrifices with great devotion, as flesh consecrated to their deity. Then the priest anoints himself with the grease and tallow of the cows, and sits down on a heap of straw, on the top and in the middle of a pile which is prepared; they set fire to it, and the whole heap is consumed without any injury to the priest, who while the fire continues harangues the standers by, and confirms them in their present ignorance and superstition. When the pile is burnt, and the discourse at an end, every one makes a large present to the priest, which is the grand design of this religious mockery.

To return to the course of the Nile: its waters, after the first rise, run to the eastward for about a musket-shot, then turning to the north, continue hidden in the grass and weeds for about a quarter of a league, and discover themselves for the first time among some rocks—

a sight not to be enjoyed without some pleasure by those who have read the fabulous accounts of this stream delivered by the ancients, and the vain conjectures and reasonings which have been formed upon its original, the nature of its water, its cataracts, and its inundations, all which we are now entirely acquainted with and eye-witnesses of.

Many interpreters of the Holy Scriptures pretend that Gihon, mentioned in Genesis, is no other than the Nile, which encompasseth all Æthiopia; but as the Gihon had its source from the terrestrial paradise, and we know that the Nile rises in the country of the Agaus, it will be found, I believe, no small difficulty to conceive how the same river could arise from two sources so distant from each other, or how a river from so low a source should spring up and appear in a place perhaps the highest in the world: for if we consider that Arabia and Palestine are in their situation almost level with Egypt; that Egypt is as low, if compared with the kingdom of Dambia, as the deepest valley in regard of the highest mountain; that the province of Sacala is yet more elevated than Dambia; that the waters of the Nile must either pass under the Red Sea, or take a great compass about, we shall find it hard to conceive such an attractive power in the earth as may be able to make the waters rise through the obstruction of so much sand from places so low to the most lofty region of Æthiopia.

But leaving these difficulties, let us go on to describe the course of the Nile. It rolls away from its source with so inconsiderable a current, that it appears unlikely to escape being dried up by the hot season, but soon receiving an increase from the Gemma, the Keltu, the Bransu, and other less rivers, it is of such a breadth in the plain of Boad, which is not above three days' journey from its source, that a ball shot from a musket will scarce fly from one bank to the other.

Here it begins to run northwards, deflecting, however, a little towards the east, for the space of nine or ten leagues, and then enters the so much talked of Lake of Dambia, called by the natives Bahar Sena, the Resemblance of the Sea, or Bahar Dambia, the Sea of

Dambia. It crosses this lake only at one end with so violent a rapidity, that the waters of the Nile may be distinguished through all the passage, which is six leagues. Here begins the greatness of the Nile. Fifteen miles farther, in the land of Alata, it rushes precipitately from the top of a high rock, and forms one of the most beautiful water-falls in the world: I passed under it without being wet; and resting myself there, for the sake of the coolness, was charmed with a thousand delightful rainbows, which the sunbeams painted on the water in all their shining and lively colours.

The fall of this mighty stream from so great a height makes a noise that may be heard to a considerable distance; but I could not observe that the neighbouring inhabitants were at all deaf. I conversed with several, and was as easily heard by them as I heard them. The mist that rises from this fall of water may be seen much farther than the noise can be heard. After this cataract the Nile again collects its scattered stream among the rocks, which seem to be disjoined in this place only to afford it a passage. They are so near each other that, in my time, a bridge of beams, on which the whole Imperial army passed, was laid over them.

Sultan Segued hath since built here a bridge of one arch in the same place, for which purpose he procured masons from India. This bridge, which is the first the Abyssinians have seen on the Nile, very much facilitates a communication between the provinces, and encourages commerce among the inhabitants of his empire.

Here the river alters its course, and passes through many various kingdoms; on the east it leaves Begmeder, or the Land of Sheep, so called from great numbers that are bred there, *beg,* in that language, signifying sheep, and *meder,* a country.

It then waters the kingdoms of Amhara, Olaca, Choaa, and Damot, which lie on the left side, and the kingdom of Goiama, which it bounds on the right, forming by its windings a kind of peninsula. Then entering Bezamo, a province of the kingdom of Damot, and Gamarchausa, part of Goiama, it returns within a short day's journey of its spring; though to pursue it through all its mazes, and

accompany it round the kingdom of Goiama, is a journey of twenty-nine days. So far, and a few days' journey farther, this river confines itself to Abyssinia, and then passes into the bordering countries of Fazulo and Ombarca.

These vast regions we have little knowledge of: they are inhabited by nations entirely different from the Abyssins; their hair is like that of the other blacks, short and curled. In the year 1615, Rassela Christos, lieutenant-general to Sultan Segued, entered those kingdoms with his army in a hostile manner; but being able to get no intelligence of the condition of the people, and astonished at their unbounded extent, he returned, without daring to attempt anything.

As the empire of the Abyssins terminates at these deserts, and as I have followed the course of the Nile no farther, I here leave it to range over barbarous kingdoms, and convey wealth and plenty into Egypt, which owes to the annual inundations of this river its envied fertility. I know not anything of the rest of its passage, but that it receives great increases from many other rivers; that it has several cataracts like the first already described, and that few fish are to be found in it, which scarcity, doubtless, is to be attributed to the river-horses and crocodiles, which destroy the weaker inhabitants of these waters, and something may be allowed to the cataracts, it being difficult for fish to fall so far without being killed.

Although some who have travelled in Asia and Africa have given the world their descriptions of crocodiles and hippopotamus, or river-horse, yet as the Nile has at least as great numbers of each as any river in the world, I cannot but think my account of it would be imperfect without some particular mention of these animals.

The crocodile is very ugly, having no proportion between his length and thickness; he hath short feet, a wide mouth, with two rows of sharp teeth, standing wide from each other, a brown skin so fortified with scales, even to his nose, that a musket-ball cannot penetrate it. His sight is extremely quick, and at a great distance. In the water he is daring and fierce, and will seize on any that are

so unfortunate as to be found by him bathing who, if they escape with life, are almost sure to leave some limb in his mouth. Neither I, nor any with whom I have conversed about the crocodile, have ever seen him weep, and therefore I take the liberty of ranking all that hath been told us of his tears amongst the fables which are only proper to amuse children.

The hippopotamus, or river-horse, grazes upon the land and browses on the shrubs, yet is no less dangerous than the crocodile. He is the size of an ox, of a brown colour without any hair, his tail is short, his neck long, and his head of an enormous bigness; his eyes are small, his mouth wide, with teeth half a foot long; he hath two tusks like those of a wild boar, but larger; his legs are short, and his feet part into four toes. It is easy to observe from this description that he hath no resemblance of a horse, and indeed nothing could give occasion to the name but some likeness in his ears, and his neighing and snorting like a horse when he is provoked or raises his head out of water. His hide is so hard that a musket fired close to him can only make a slight impression, and the best tempered lances pushed forcibly against him are either blunted or shivered, unless the assailant has the skill to make his thrust at certain parts which are more tender. There is great danger in meeting him, and the best way is, upon such an accident, to step aside and let him pass by. The flesh of this animal doth not differ from that of a cow, except that it is blacker and harder to digest.

The ignorance which we have hitherto been in of the original of the Nile hath given many authors an opportunity of presenting us very gravely with their various systems and conjectures about the nature of its waters, and the reason of its overflows.

It is easy to observe how many empty hypotheses and idle reasonings the phenomena of this river have put mankind to the expense of. Yet there are people so bigoted to antiquity, as not to pay any regard to the relation of travellers who have been upon the spot, and by the evidence of their eyes can confute all that the ancients have written. It was difficult, it was even impossible, to arrive

at the source of the Nile by tracing its channel from the mouth; and all who ever attempted it, having been stopped by the cataracts, and imagining none that followed them could pass farther, have taken the liberty of entertaining us with their own fictions.

It is to be remembered likewise that neither the Greeks nor Romans, from whom we have received all our information, ever carried their arms into this part of the world, or ever heard of multitudes of nations that dwell upon the banks of this vast river; that the countries where the Nile rises, and those through which it runs, have no inhabitants but what are savage and uncivilised; that before they could arrive at its head, they must surmount the insuperable obstacles of impassable forests, inaccessible cliffs, and deserts crowded with beasts of prey, fierce by nature, and raging for want of sustenance. Yet if they who endeavoured with so much ardour to discover the spring of this river had landed at Mazna on the coast of the Red Sea, and marched a little more to the south than the south-west, they might perhaps have gratified their curiosity at less expense, and in about twenty days might have enjoyed the desired sight of the sources of the Nile.

But this discovery was reserved for the invincible bravery of our noble countrymen, who, not discouraged by the dangers of a navigation in seas never explored before, have subdued kingdoms and empires where the Greek and Roman greatness, where the names of Cæsar and Alexander, were never heard of; who first steered a European ship into the Red Sea through the Gulf of Arabia and the Indian Ocean; who have demolished the airy fabrics of renowned hypotheses, and detected those fables which the ancients rather chose to invent of the sources of the Nile than to confess their ignorance.

I cannot help suspending my narration to reflect a little on the ridiculous speculations of those swelling philosophers, whose arrogance would prescribe laws to nature, and subject those astonishing effects, which we behold daily, to their idle reasonings and chimerical rules. Presumptuous imagination! that has given being to such numbers of books, and patrons to so many various opinions about the overflows of the Nile. Some of these

theorists have been pleased to declare it as their favourite notion that this inundation is caused by high winds which stop the current, and so force the water to rise above its banks, and spread over all Egypt. Others pretend a subterraneous communication between the ocean and the Nile, and that the sea being violently agitated swells the river.

Many have imagined themselves blessed with the discovery when they have told us that this mighty flood proceeds from the melting of snow on the mountains of Æthiopia, without reflecting that this opinion is contrary to the received notion of all the ancients, who believed that the heat was so excessive between the tropics that no inhabitant could live there. So much snow and so great heat are never met with in the same region; and indeed I never saw snow in Abyssinia, except on Mount Semen in the kingdom of Tigre, very remote from the Nile, and on Namera, which is indeed not far distant, but where there never falls snow sufficient to wet the foot of the mountain when it is melted.

To the immense labours and fatigues of the Portuguese mankind is indebted for the knowledge of the real cause of these inundations so great and so regular. Their observations inform us that Abyssinia, where the Nile rises and waters vast tracts of land, is full of mountains, and in its natural situation much higher than Egypt; that all the winter, from June to September, no day is without rain; that the Nile receives in its course all the rivers, brooks, and torrents which fall from those mountains; these necessarily swell it above the banks, and fill the plains of Egypt with the inundation. This comes regularly about the month of July, or three weeks after the beginning of a rainy season in Æthiopia. The different degrees of this flood are such certain indications of the fruitfulness or sterility of the ensuing year, that it is publicly proclaimed in Cairo how much the water hath gained each night. This is all I have to inform the reader of concerning the Nile, which the Egyptians adored as the deity, in whose choice it was to bless them with abundance, or deprive them of the necessaries of life.

Friar Junipero Serra

Founder of the Missions of California

By **H. H. BANCROFT**

MIGUEL JOSÉ SERRA, son of Antonio Serra and Margarita Ferrer, was born at Petra on the island of Mallorca Nov. 24, 1713, took the Franciscan habit at Palma Sept. 14, 1730, and made his profession Sept. 15, 1731, on which occasion he assumed the name Junípero. In early boyhood he served as chorister and acolyte in the parish church greatly to the delight of his parents, a God-fearing couple of lowly station. The lives of the saints were his favorite reading, and his fondest ambition was to devote his life to religious work. He was an earnest and wonderfully proficient student, and taught philosophy for a year before his ordination in the chief convent of Palma, then obtaining a degree of S. T. D. from the famous Lullian University with an appointment to the John Scotus chair of philosophy which he held with great success until he left Spain. He was also noted for his doctrinal learning and still more so as a sensational preacher. He was wont to imitate San Francisco Solano and often bared his shoulders and scourged himself with an iron chain, extinguished lighted candles on his flesh, or pounded his breast with a large stone as he exhorted his hearers to penitence. Thus he is represented in the engraving which Palou has attached to his life, but which has probably little or no merit as a portrait.

March 30, 1749, after repeated applications he obtained his *patente* to join the college of San Fernando and devote himself to missionary work in America. With Palou he left his convent April 13th and sailed *via* Málaga to Cádiz where he arrived May 7th.

On the way to Málaga he maintained a continuous disputation on dogmatic theology with the heretic master of the vessel and would not yield even to the somewhat forcible though heterodox arguments of a dagger at his throat and repeated threats to throw him overboard. Sailing from Cádiz Aug. 28th, he touched at Puerto Rico where he spent 15 days in preaching, anchored at Vera Cruz Dec. 6th, and walked to Mexico, reaching the college Jan. 1, 1750.

Assigned the same year to the Sierra Gorda missions of Querétaro and San Luis Potasí, he made the journey on foot and reached Santiago de Jalpan on June 16th. For nine years he served here, part of the time as president, devoting himself most earnestly and successfully to the conversion and instruction of the Pames. In 1759 or 1760 he was recalled and appointed to the so-called Apache missions of the Rio San Sabá in Texas; but the plans being changed he was retained by the college and employed for seven years in preaching in Mexico and the surrounding bishoprics, in college service, and in performing the duties of his office of comisario of the inquisition held since 1752.

July 14, 1767, Serra was named president of the Baja Californian missions, arrived at Tepic Aug. 21st, sailed from San Blas March 12, 1768, and reached Loreto April 1st. March 28, 1769, he started—always on foot—for the north, founded San Fernando de Velicatá on May 14th, reached San Diego July 1st, and founded the first California mission July 16th. April 16, 1770, he sailed for the north, reached Monterey May 31st, and founded San Cárlos June 3d. July 14, 1771, he founded San Antonio. Aug. 20, 1772, he started south by land, founded San Luis Sept. 1st, and reached San Diego Sept. 16th. On Oct. 20th he sailed from San Diego, reached San Blas Nov. 4, and Mexico Feb. 6, 1773. Leaving Mexico in September, he sailed from San Blas Jan. 24, 1774, arrived at San Diego March 13th, and went up to Monterey by land, arriving May 11th. From June 30, 1776, to Jan. 1, 1777, he was absent from San Cárlos, going down to San Diego by water, returning by land, and founding San Juan Capistrano on Nov. 1st. In September and October 1777

he visited San Francisco and Santa Clara. From Sept. 15, 1778, to Jan. 5, 1779, he made another trip south, confirming at all the missions on his way back; and in October and November he visited Santa Clara and San Francisco on the same business. In September and October 1781 he again visited San Antonio, San Francisco, and Santa Clara. In March 1782 he went to Los Angeles and San Gabriel, founded San Buenaventura March 31st, was present at the founding of Santa Bárbara presidio in April, and returned to San Cárlos *via* San Luis and San Antonio about the middle of June. In August 1783 he sailed for San Diego, arriving in September, returning by land, visiting all the establishments, and arriving at home in January. Between the end of April and the early part of June 1784 he visited San Francisco and Santa Clara.

In the last chapter of his biography Palou recapitulates "the virtues which were especially brilliant in the servant of God, Fr. Junípero" declaring that "his laborious and exemplary life is nothing but a beautiful field decked with every class of flowers of excellent virtues." First in the list was his profound humility, as shown by his use of sandals and his abnegation of self. He always deemed himself a useless servant; deemed other missionaries more successful than himself; and rejoiced in their success. He avoided all honors not actually forced upon him, shunned notice and praise, sought the lowest tasks, kissed the feet of all even to the lowest novice on leaving Spain and Mexico, ran away from the office of guardian, and was in constant fear of honors from his order or from the church or king.

Then came the cardinal virtues or prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance, resting like columns on his humility as a base, and supporting the "sumptuous fabric of Christian perfection." His prudence was shown in his management as president of the missions, though he was always modest and ready to consult with the lowest about him; his justice was shown by his kindness and charity to all, his exact obedience to the commands of superiors, and his patience with enemies as exemplified particularly in his writing a letter in favor of Fages to the viceroy; and only four days before his death he gave a

blanket to an old woman who at the founding of San Cárlos had induced a boy to kill the friar's only chickens.

His fortitude appeared in his resistance to physical pain and constant refusal of medical treatment, in his self-restraint, in his steadfast adherence to his purposes, in his resolution to remain at San Diego alone if need be when it was proposed to abandon the conquest, in his conflict with the indifference or opposition of the military authorities, and in his courage in the presence of hostile Indians —for he only feared death or ran from danger because of the vengeance that would be taken on the poor Indians; and finally his temperance was such that he had no other passion than that for the propagation of the faith, and constantly mortified the flesh by fasting, vigils, and scourging.

On these columns rested a superstructure of theological virtues, faith, charity, and religion, of which a mention must suffice.

During his novitiate Padre Junípero was small and sickly, but he says, "with the profession I gained health and strength and grew to medium stature." Of one of his sermons an able critic said: "It is worthy of being printed in letters of gold." A woman *endemoniada* shouted during one of his sermons, "thou shalt not finish the lenten season," and then the padre was exceeding glad, for of course the father of lies could inspire no truth.

Suffering from want of water on the voyage to Mexico he said to complainers, "the best way to prevent thirst is to eat little and talk less so as not to waste the saliva." In a mutiny and a storm threatening death to all he was perfectly calm, and the storm ceased instantly when a saint chosen by lot had been addressed in prayer.

The Work of Junipero Serra

By FR. ZEPHYRIN ENGELHARDT, O. F. M.

Not a few writers have reached the remarkable conclusion, by what process of reasoning is not clear, that

the California missions and the system that governed them had resulted in failure! It would be interesting to learn what such scribes might consider successful missionary work. As it is, their accounts, assertions and statements sound very much like the blind man's description of colors.

Why came the cowled and sandaled missionaries to California? That is the first question about which critics should thoroughly inform themselves, particularly prejudiced critics with whom monks and their efforts are failures no matter what they may achieve. It has already been shown that the Franciscans mingled with the natives, weaned them from a brutish life, and collected them into orderly communities with the avowed purpose of converting the Indians to Christianity.

They came as messengers of Christ, and their message was the Gospel of Christ. In this undertaking Christ and His Apostles were their models; and however far they naturally fell short of realizing their ambition to be like unto their models, the fact remains that such was the purpose of their appearance in California. The honest student of missionary history will readily recognize this motive in the friars who arrived on this coast without bag or baggage, and who died or departed from the territory without having accumulated for themselves, their college, their Order, their friends, or for any one else, save the convert Indians, as much as a dollar.

They came for the souls of the natives, not for the lands of the savages; for "it was as souls that the Indians appealed to the missionaries, souls to be saved, and for whom they must give account." Every soul to them was worth more than an empire, and so every soul converted to Christ spelled that much gain. According to this valuation let the reader estimate first of all the spiritual successes of the missions established for the Indians in California; and then let him point out another territory within the boundaries of the United States where either gowned or ungowned missionaries accomplished nearly as much during a same period, in the face of almost constant opposition or bad example on the part of the very ones who had been appointed and expected to cooperate.

Unlike the Apostles, the California missionaries could not confine themselves to the preaching of the Gospel and the dispensing of the mysteries of God. The savages went naked, abhored labor, raised nothing, and therefore lived upon whatever the earth of itself produced, or upon whatever crawled and roved over the soil. Their ideas, as their scanty vocabulary indicated, were not above the material. They had no conception of a Creator as a pure Spirit dearly loving the children of men. Nor cared they for anything beyond how to satisfy their hunger and gratify themselves carnally. To approach such as these who lived on a level with the brutes; to speak to them, Bible in hand, about the truths of salvation, and not offer them some material inducements that proved it was advantageous to accept the doctrines taught, and to submit to the moral restraints imposed, would have been folly.

Wisely, therefore, the cowled missionaries accommodated themselves to the situation in the field assigned to them, and adopted the only means likely to accomplish the prime object: the conversion of those brutalized creatures to Christianity. They accordingly turned agriculturists, artisans, and stock raisers, in order to provide for the bodily necessities of the Indians and thus gain them for Christ.

This method eventually developed into the famous mission system, which Mr. Lummis is pleased to declare "the most just, humane, and equitable system ever devised for an aboriginal people." "Hundreds were being annually reclaimed from their barbarous state, and lands were turned to most profitable account, the flocks increased and trade advanced. For half a century and upwards, as long as the authority of the Fathers was recognized, the country was prosperous, the people happy, and the government secure."

In agreement with the general reports in the archives, Mr. Charles Lummis pithily sums up this part of mission results as follows: "The historic and impregnable fact is disquieting to thoughtful Americans that in fifty-four years Spain had converted about 100,000 of these Indians from savagery to Christianity; had built twenty-one costly and beautiful temples for them to worship in

—and the best of those Indian churches could not be replaced to-day for $100,000—had given them schools and industrial schools, in far greater number than they have to-day, after fifty-four years of American rule; had taught them a Religion and a language they have not yet forgotten, and to which ninety-nine per cent. of them are still devoted to the exclusion of anything we have been at pains to teach them; had taught them to build good houses, to be good carpenters, masons, plasterers, blacksmiths, soapmakers, tanners, shoemakers, cooks, brickmakers, spinners, weavers, saddlers, shepherds, cowboys, vineyardists, fruit-growers, millers, wagon-makers, and so on."

Indeed, the influence of the missionaries and their methods have been productive of good down to the present time, as is attested by Major James McLaughlin, for many years Indian Agent in Dakota, and for the last score of years United States Indian Inspector. One would suppose him to be partial to the Indians of the Eastern and Central States; but this is what his honest conviction constrains him to say: "It is an odd condition that the Pacific States Indians, who were by no means the equals of the plains Indians physically or mentally in their native state, have progressed beyond their better-developed brethren in the civilized arts. . . . It is a far cry from the *Mission Indians* of the southwest coast to the Chilcat family on the north; and, while the former were subjected to the civilizing influences of the early missionaries, the more northern tribes were exposed to the demoralization that must have followed contact with the sailors and early explorers. . . . As a consequence, *they (the Mission Indians) are farther advanced than the Indians of whom much more might have been expected.* Many of them, though only a couple of generations removed from a people living on roots and fish, to whom even reptiles were not unfamiliar articles of diet, have acquired all the better habits of the whites, and their social condition is *not infrequently rather better* than that of the people among whom they live and who boast European blood."

"Horticulture and gardening were confined almost ex-

clusively to the missions," says Hittell. "Hardly a colonist from San Diego to Sonoma planted a fruit tree." Horticultural products, however, were not officially reported, though in the aggregate they must have been considerable. Documents and travelers, notably Vancouver and Robinson, mention almonds, apples, apricots, bananas, cane (sugar), cherries, citrons, dates, figs, grapes, lemons, limes, melons, olives, oranges, peaches, pears, plantains, plums, pomegranates, potatoes, prunes, rice, squashes, turnips, and walnuts. Details the reader will find in the local history.

A result of missionary activity which first attracts the eye of the tourist or student as he travels through California, will be stated here in the words of one who can scarcely hide his antipathy for Catholic missionaries. "The later missions," says the author of a work on Fr. Serra, "were striking in their artistic beauty and simplicity. These Spanish friars produced with the rawest, most unpromising materials buildings which to this day arrest the eye of the traveler and fill him with wonder and admiration."

The student of architecture can find in the United States, to-day, nothing more original in conception, more beautiful in design, than the ruined remains of the old California missions. It may have been an advantage to the Franciscans that their workmen, the untutored Indians, possessed no preconceived architectural ideas and obeyed implicitly the directions of the friars, who in turn, having no model to copy from, drew their inspiration direct from nature. Many of the missionaries developed a remarkable talent in designing and building.

"With them rests the honor of having created an original style of architecture, so harmoniously adapted to the blue skies, lofty mountains, and fertile plains of California, that 'mission architecture' has become a recognized and justly favorite type of building on the Pacific slope."

Finally, one effective and most successful result of missionary efforts—in the eyes of the governments the most important—though it is entirely overlooked by super-

ficial writers, especially by authors on general principles hostile to Catholic religious, was the peace and tranquillity brought about in the territory covered by the missions.

It will be remembered that the Spanish Government spent a quarter million dollars for the purpose of subjugating Lower California by force of arms, but that she failed ignominiously. Nor was the peninsula secured for the crown of Spain until the unarmed Jesuit missionaries had been invited to accept the task of pacification. Their teachings and unselfish ways conquered. The savages who would not yield to the sword, surrendered to the Cross and to the bearers of the Cross. How the Cross-bearers were requited, is history.

Similarly Upper California was conquered and preserved for Spain and Mexico, not by the soldiery, which was rather a drawback, but by the persuasiveness and the selfsacrifice of the Franciscan missionaries. Here, too, Religion overcame savage nature and turned indolent natives into law-abiding and industrious subjects. So well the friars succeeded that the military forces found nothing to do but wage war on the very missionaries.

It would be far beside the mark to assert that from the mild California Indians nothing need have been feared, and that the country could have been occupied by the Spaniards with only a show of arms, and without the aid of missionaries.

The uprising of the natives at San Diego in November, 1775, and the revolt at Purisima, Santa Inés, and Santa Barbara in February, 1824, refute such an assumption. Had the friars not been thoroughly loyal, they need but have given the sign, when the oppressed neophytes would have swept their oppressors into the sea.

The reader will discover conclusive proof of the powerful influence of Religion over the Indians in the conduct of the convert Indians during the mission period, and of the want of religious check after the dispersion of the neophytes and the confiscation of the missions.

Hence we need not wonder that the United States Government frequently made use of Catholic missionaries, in preference to soldiers, for the purpose of avoiding

bloodshed and restoring peace. As for civilizing Indians, even after they have been conquered, that, too, has not been effected anywhere save through men who bore aloft the Cross of salvation. "Experience has fully demonstrated," writes an Indian Agent, "that no healthy and permanent progress in civilization has ever yet been made among our Indians unaccompanied by Christianity."

Father John MacEnery

Pioneer in Archæological Anthropology

By JAMES J. WALSH

A priest and a boy entered some time (a century) ago a hollow in the hills and passed into a sort of subterranean tunnel that led into a labyrinth of sealed and secret corridors of rock. They crawled through cracks that seemed almost impassable, they crept through tunnels that might have been made for moles, they dropped into holes as hopeless as wells, they seemed to be burying themselves alive seven times over beyond the hope of resurrection. This is but the commonplace of all such courageous exploration; but what is needed here is someone who shall put such stories in the primary light, in which they are not commonplace. There is for instance, something strangely symbolic in the accident that the first intruders into that sunken world were a priest and a boy, the types of the antiquity and of the youth of the world.—CHESTERTON, in "The Everlasting Man."

FATHER JOHN MACENERY* was born in Limerick, Nov. 27, 1796, one of a large Irish family. It had become increasingly difficult to raise large families in Ireland and the bitter suppression of the Irish Revolution of 1798 had taken the heart out of the Irish so far as any hope of living in happiness in their native land was concerned, so the family emigrated to the United States. The fact that they were able to do so in the early years of the nineteenth century, almost a generation before the famine impelled so many of the Irish to emigrate or starve at home, shows that they must have been in moderate circumstances at least. At the time the

* From an article by James J. Walsh, in the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, July, 1916.

family emigrated, John MacEnery was making his studies at the Episcopal Seminary in Limerick. He was ordained priest there, June 1, 1819, and received his appointment as chaplain to the Carey family at Tor Abbey, March 9, 1820. He continued to occupy this position until his death, February 18, 1841. He had an Irishman's aptitude for making friends, but he had besides that thoroughgoing self-respect and devotion to his duties as a priest which gained him the reverence of all those who were brought in contact with him.

His scientific work and his profound interest in the whole subject of the significance of his finds for the newly awakened science of geology and the nascent science of anthropology, brought him in contact with a great many of the scientists of his day who were looked upon as leaders in scientific investigation and development. He commanded the respect of these even though they did not agree always with his conclusions. In this as we know now they were wrong and he was right. In spite of that he went on with his work and this brought him appreciation for his hearty good will and willingness to continue his observations. His delicacy of health which sent him over on to the continent, gave him an opportunity to be brought in touch with a still larger group of the scientists of his day and they all thought well of him. He seems to have been in every way an Irish gentleman with rather broad interests in humanity and a scholar who read deeply in the scientific literature of his time and knew very well just what was taking place in the scientific world around him. His untimely death undoubtedly prevented him from securing recognition that would have given him some satisfaction, though as a matter of fact he would have had to live to be a very old man to have obtained anything like the appreciation that his work really deserved.

Almost needless to say, it took a long while for men to accept the idea that man existed so long before history as we know it began, and as a result the first scientific observers to suggest this thought were looked at rather askance. One had to be a rather hardy explorer and undisturbed by contemptuous looks to take up and still

more continue the work. It is a matter for no little surprise for most people to learn then, that the very earliest worker in human paleontology or archæological anthropology was a young Irish priest, the chaplain of an old English family living in the south of England in the Abbey of Tor in South Devon. He was very much taken with the idea of exploring certain caves in the neighborhood where he lived and in the course of these explorations he found remains at least of man's handiwork, especially flints of various kinds that had been shaped for one purpose or another, among the bones of extinct animals. No one was willing to accept his conclusions that such finds constituted a demonstration that man and these animals were contemporary, though the explorer consulted the men of science who were most distinguished in this field at that time. Nevertheless, far from being discouraged, he continued his researches at no inconsiderable personal danger and with risks to his health which eventually shortened his life. His investigations were made so carefully and his finds so well arranged and distributed to a number of museums that no wonder his name is forever attached to the foundation of this branch of science.

This distinction for the young priest is acknowledged by all those who are familiar with the history of their science. Sir Arthur Keith, the eminent British anthropologist, knighted for his contributions to the sciences related to man, in an article in the New York Times Sunday Magazine (25 April, 1926), called attention to the fact that just a century and a year ago in 1825 the Reverend John MacEnery, a young Catholic priest, not yet thirty years of age, "turned the searchlight of science upon man's remote and buried past." Father John MacEnery was the chaplain of the Carey family who in spite of persecutions in England—the Catholic Emancipation Act was not passed until 1829—had remained faithful to the Church and who at this time occupied Tor Abbey along the coast of Devon. "Cave hunting," as it was called, that is searching through caves for various remains that might be found in them, was just beginning to be a fad at the time and not far from Tor Abbey was the famous Kent's Hole in which a large number of speci-

mens of various kinds, fossil bones, remains of many different kinds of animals which up to that time had not been supposed to have ever existed in England, were found. Father MacEnery caught the craze, but instead of following it merely as a fad for a time he took it up as a very serious avocation in life and as the result of his researches it became more and more clear that man must have existed at the same time that a number of these long extinct animals did.

Father Kevin Clark, O.P., in a series of articles in the October, November and December 1925 numbers of *Blackfriars,* the magazine of the Dominican Fathers published in London, gave some account of the work of Father MacEnery. The beginning of it which at the time seemed rather unpromising is best told in the good priest's own words which fortunately are preserved for us in some manuscripts of his that are now in the Torquay Museum of which a copy was printed in the *Transactions of the Devonshire Association* (1869). The passage makes it easy to understand some of the romance of cave hunting and the finding of the buried treasures of paleontology—though neither the word nor the science were yet in existence—that entered into the soul of Father MacEnery when he found his first specimens. Looking for the buried treasure of pirates has an allurement all its own, but manifestly it is not more than that of buried scientific data which may be brought to light. Father MacEnery recounts his personal experience as follows:

"Having one morning in the summer of 1825 chanced to hear a friend express his intention to join an exploration party (to Kent's Cavern) I was induced to accompany him. We found his relation, Mr. Northmore, who had already been investigating the cavern, at its entrance, surrounded by about a dozen persons, among whom were remarked the Commander of the coastguard and his men. All were busy in equipping themselves for their expedition underground.

"The passage being too narrow to admit more than one person at a time (and that in a stooping position), the company entered in files, each bearing a light in one hand and a pickaxe in the other, headed by a guide, carry-

ing a lantern before the chief of the band. I made the last of the train, for I could not divest myself of certain undefinable sensations, it being my first visit to a scene of this nature."

The rest of the party were not very successful in their search for specimens. The reason, as Father MacEnery very soon discovered, was that they were devoting themselves to merely superficial excavation and specimens were not to be found so close to the surface as they presumed. He withdrew from the party then and picking out what he thought would be a suitable spot he dug deeper than the others and was rewarded by finding some specimens of teeth and the promise of still other bones if he should only dig deeper. His feelings on thus finding for the first time the remains of very ancient animals must be left to his own description which fortunately has come down to us. He wrote a sketch called *Teeth and Bones Found in Kent's Hole near Torquay, Devon* ("by the Rev. J. MacEnery in October, 1825"). This was printed and a plate to illustrate the fossils and some bones unearthed not far from them was engraved and published with the sketch. A copy of this is in the Torquay Museum and from it Father Kevin Clark abstracted Father MacEnery's description of his sensations as he began the work which was to occupy him for the next five years and continued to be the principal subject of interest in spite of ill health for more than a dozen years until his death. Father MacEnery said:

"They were the first fossil teeth I had ever seen, and as I laid my hand on them, relics of extinct (animal) races and witnesses of an order of things which passed away with them, I shrank back involuntarily. Though not insensible to the excitement attending new discoveries, I am not ashamed to own that in the presence of these remains I felt more of awe than joy. But whatever may have been the impressions or the speculations that naturally rushed to my mind, this is not the place to divulge them; my present business is with facts.

"I pursued my search in silence and kept my good fortune a secret, fearing that amidst the press and avidity of the party to possess some fossil memorial of the day

my discoveries would be damaged or perhaps share the fate of those abstracted (on a previous visit) from Mr. Northmore's basket."

It is not surprising to learn that these first discoveries which produced such complex but satisfying feelings were followed by his devotion of a great deal of his spare time to the work of unearthing further remains. His position as chaplain probably left him free most of the days of the week after the morning Mass, though of course chaplains often had certain duties as tutors for the children of their families and sometimes were occupied also with the care of the library of the house in which they lived. Father MacEnery was not burdened in this way. It is not surprising then to hear that once the young priest's enthusiasm was aroused his discoveries in this new field were countless. Within one year he had presented collections of his finds to museums in London and Paris as well as at Bristol and York. For some reason Father MacEnery was very much interested in the collections at York and it is in the museums there that a special memoir with regard to the specimens is to to be found with comments on them by Buckland, who was at that time the recognized authority in England on fossil bones and who had done more than any other to call attention to them. There are also comments by Cuvier, the great French scientist, to whom so much is owed for his researches with regard to fossils.

Sir Arthur Keith tells briefly the story of Father MacEnery's work and how much more difficult it was than might be imagined and how much devotion was needed in order to continue with it. Father MacEnery however had become so infected with enthusiasm that nothing seemed a difficult task in the pursuit of his researches. "Such was the fascination of his new pursuit that every day of the week, save one, saw the young chaplain hurrying along the short mile which lay between Tor Abbey and Kent's Hole. He quitted the light and sunshine of the dale to breathe in candlelight the dank and musty atmosphere of the cavern, so cold and piercing that it penetrated to the bone. He had to work like a navvy to reach the thing he prized, for nature, as if jealous of her

secrets, had sealed down her 'former creation' under a thick stratum of dense limestone rock or stalagmite.

"The chaplain, by deft use of pick, hammer and chisel, forced his way through this barrier into the thick stratum of red earth which lay beneath; in the stalagmite itself he found fossil teeth and bones, but it was the red earth beneath which yielded him the richest rewards. Deep in this virgin red earth, lying side by side with the bones of prediluvian animals, he found, with a shock of surprise, stone implements bearing unmistakable marks of human workmanship; this observation he confirmed again and again; the young priest had made a momentous discovery; he had proved the existence of man in antediluvian times."

The men of that generation, even those who were the most advanced in knowledge of the special subject, were not yet ready to see all the significance of Father MacEnery's work. He pointed out that various implements made by man were found with the bones of extinct animals and that this indicated that man had been in existence at the same time as these animals and therefore long before the time which had been assigned for the creation of man by Archbishop Ussher (Protestant) of Dublin, who after calculating the generations of man as recorded in the Scriptures as he thought, had announced that man was created in 4.004 B.C. of a Friday afternoon about three o'clock, I believe, in the early spring. Perhaps Archbishop Ussher was not quite so definite as that, but some such impression gained ground and a great many people were quite convinced that something about like this represented actual Scriptural teaching.

As Sir Arthur Keith says, when Father MacEnery laid his fossil bones and stone implements before Dean Buckland, who was then lecturing on the subject of antediluvian remains at one of the English universities, the Dean was very much interested in the bones but was quite sure that the human implements had no special significance. When Father MacEnery gave even minute details as to the circumstances under which the specimens were found, details which would seem to indicate that animals and men must have been contemporary, the Dean

shook his head and refused to allow any such notion to get to him. "If the implements were found with the bones of extinct animals," as Father MacEnery assured him, "then it was clear," he declared, "that some unlucky accident had mixed the handiwork of man with the bones of prediluvian beasts."

In spite of the discouragement that might have been expected to follow from Dean Buckland's refusal to admit his conclusion in the matter, Father MacEnery went on with his excavations undaunted by dangers and by the gradual deterioriation of health which came as the result of his exposing himself to the damp atmosphere within the dark cave and the still further risks involved according to the current notions of that time, that the emanations which exhaled from these old excavated materials were disease-bearing. There were even those who did not hesitate to say that there could not be a blessing, but on the contrary there might well be some sort of maleficent influence, on him because of his searching for the hidden things of the past which nature had so carefully covered up. In our day the men who work in the Egyptian tombs sometimes fall ill and even die and then there is newspaper discussion as to whether they are not being pursued by the spirits of those whose bones they have dared to disturb. Men do not differ much in such matters from generation to generation.

Father MacEnery did not confine his researches to Kent's Hole or Cavern, but he visited a whole series of fossil-bearing limestone caves as they are to be found in South Devon. He must have worked very hard and very constantly and he was often assisted by friends and sometimes by workmen who appreciated the privilege of sharing the young priest's labors and occasionally by well known geologists. In this way he succeeded in collecting specimens from Anstey's Cove, Chudleigh Rock, Buckfastleigh, Oreston Cave, and Berry Head. He was no mere amateur collector of curios *en masse*, for he studied his specimens very carefully and labeled them very accurately, made notes of the conditions under which they were discovered and the exact positions in which they had been lying when found, and in general laid the

foundation of a series of exact details of scientific information. He was the first to discover in the British Isles the terrible sabre-toothed tiger and recognized it as the *Machairodus latidens* that had been already described over on the Continent. It is no wonder then that he has been hailed as one of the founders in England of its Pleistocene paleontology.

He was an extremely acute observer. He pointed out the difference that constantly existed between the flints found near the surface of the investigation and those which occurred deeper in. Those superficially recovered were polished as if men had devoted attention to taking the rough edges off them. Those found lower down were, as he says, "neither rubbed nor polished" but exhibit the rough serrated edge of the original fracture." He is quite willing to confess that this difference alone may not be sufficient to authorize us in assigning a higher antiquity to the rougher flints but in connexion with other evidence this is a valuable testimony as to the age. He pointed out that it was strange that flint knives had not been found with articles on the surface nor pottery found with the knives under the crust. He even suggests that metal seems to have been as yet unknown or if known not used. The men whom he was studying were in his opinion "mere savage nomads in the very infancy of a renewed race to whom life was as yet little removed from the condition of the beast they pursued."

After five years of hard labor Father MacEnery, who was a man of frail constitution to begin with (probably, a physician would say who looks back and reads the generalizations with regard to his health, a sufferer from tuberculosis), had to give up his cave labors and look seriously to the question of recuperation of strength and vigor. He took the occasion to go over to the Continent for his health and seems to have regained it to a considerable extent. While abroad he got in touch with whatever was being done along the line of paleontology in order to familiarize himself with the work of others. Over there they recognized more of the significance of his work and Cuvier's successor, Professor de Blain-

ville, with Professor Brochant de Villiers who was teaching at the Paris School of Mines, presented his name as a prospective member of the *Société Géologigue de France* and he was elected. Older professors are likely to be very conservative with regard to the acceptance of new significance for discoveries, but their successors often prove to be more open-minded.

M. de Blainville seems to have been very much taken with Father MacEnery's work and his ideas and the Frenchman in his volume on *Ostéographie* frequently cites Father MacEnery's "Description of the Cavern at Kent's Hole, Devonshire," which he supposes to have been published. Unfortunately the completed work was not published in Father MacEnery's life-time, though a number of plates for it had been made partly at Father MacEnery's own expense, for he was perfectly willing to spend all that he could possibly afford in the presentation of this new scientific knowledge that he had discovered, and partly at the expense of Dean Buckland, who recognized that these discoveries were very important.

There is some question whether Father MacEnery may not have come in touch with other men who were deeply occupied with the question of the antiquity of man because of the association of certain human remains with the fossils from extinct animals that were now being discovered in many places. Father Kevin Clark in *Blackfriars* for November, 1925, suggests, for instance, that "it would be of interest to know if during his continental tour he visited Liège and became acquainted with Schmerling, who had begun similar explorations two years after the commencement of his own. Schmerling, likewise, had received very little public encouragement, although Lyell speaks of him as a 'skilful anatomist and palaeontologist.' He had discovered in limestone caves in the neighborhood of Liège not only flint implements in association with the fossils of extinct animals, but also fossil human remains which were apparently of the same epoch. Lyell examined this collection in 1833 and, unbiased critic that he was, considered the evidence unconvincing for the alleged antiquity of man. Two years later Buckland visited Liège and saw the fossils, but came

away incredulous. We who are wise after the event and wonder at the shortsightedness of the experts must, however, bear in mind Lyell's own words of apology in 1863, for his failure to see, years before, the truth of Schmerling's proofs, 'A discovery which seems to contradict the general tenor of previous investigations is naturally received with much hesitation.'"

Besides the dangers to his health to which Father MacEnery subjected himself and as the result of which his life was probably shortened and his capacity for work very much limited, there were other serious risks involved in his exploration of the caverns. It is easy to understand that in the darkness of these narrow passages insufficiently illuminated by the torches that they carried, there might be yawning chasms or even deep wells into which they might be plunged or into which they might slip. Besides, in their passage through the cavern it was perfectly possible for them to disturb large pieces of rock which, once started, would be very dangerous because of their movements. Finally, there was the question of the collection here and there in certain portions of the cavern of carbon dioxide, because of lack of ventilation, which might prove very seriously endangering to the life of those who ventured into the more distant parts of the cavern.

Father MacEnery has described one of the incidents, almost a fatal accident, to which he was subjected in his cavern explorations. Once having crawled down a sewer-like tunnel beneath a stalagmite, he was overcome and only by almost a miracle was he rescued. He says, "I had only gone about a hundred paces when, owing, it is to be feared, to foul air, my light was extinguished and I was deprived of my senses. My friends supposed me lost and despaired of drawing me out. I was, however, extricated by my faithful fellow labourer, Walsh, to whom I am indebted for my life. (I was drawn out in a state of insensibility, and it was not till after some hours of exposure to the air that I recovered.) I suffered for some weeks from the consequence of this imprudence and it was some time before I was able to revisit the cave."

One is prone to wonder how in the state of scientific, that is chemical knowledge at that time, he ever ventured to go into the cavern again. Very little was known of the chemistry of gases at the end of the first quarter of the nineteenth century and the dread of them was all the greater for that reason. Was it Tacitus who said *omne ignotum pro magnifico,* which may be rendered into English I suppose, "whatever is unknown is liable to be exaggerated?" That was particularly true with regard to the dangers of gases in mines and caves. Father MacEnery's undaunted spirit in the pursuit of scientific knowledge can be best appreciated from his further continuance of his cavern explorations.

Curiously, not long after MacEnery began his digging in Kent's Cavern in Devon, across the channel, a Frenchman, Boucher de Perthes, beginning some twenty years later, occupied himself with very similar problems. Like Father MacEnery, the Frenchman was not officially occupied with science in any way, that is he had no teaching much less university position, his interest in fossils was just a question of his being taken by the problem of the significance of certain remains of man. He had a small official position in the Excise Department of the French government to support him and as diversion and avocation used to go down and visit the gravel pits which had been opened along the sides of the valley of the lower River Somme near Abbéville, almost directly across the Channel from where Father MacEnery had done his work in England. Certainly these gravel pits contained fossil bones and teeth of long extinct animals associated with curiously shaped stones which the excise man faithfully gathered, labeled carefully as to their origin or at least the location where they were found, and put away until he should learn more about them. The laborers in the pits are said to have regarded him with good-natured amusement. As Sir Arthur Keith says, "These stones which Boucher de Perthes prized so highly they knew to be 'thunder-bolts,' whereas he being of a reasoning and therefore scientific turn of mind looked upon them as implements shaped by the hand of man. Boucher de Perthes drew the inference that man

must have lived in France when the gravel terraces of the Somme valley were being formed and when the climate and the animals of his native country were altogether different from what they had come to be in our time."

In 1847, after adding to his collections for twenty years and making observations of all kinds and drawing what seemed to him inevitable conclusions, Boucher de Perthes published a book giving a full account of his discoveries. It was received with incredulity by the scientific men of the time as a rule almost without exception. His work attracted no more scientific attention in France than that of Father MacEnery did in England. As Sir Arthur Keith says, "At that time France like England was convinced that man was a recent creation and treated her archeological excise man with the same skepticism and scorn as England had meted out to her Catholic priest." He adds, "Science had to labor sixty years before the discoveries of the Reverend John MacEnery and of Boucher de Perthes fell into their just perspective."

It is always a rather serious thing for a scientist to be much ahead of his time. He is sure to be neglected; so that many a man who has made a really important discovery and sometimes has actually led up to a revolutionary revelation in some department of science will not be appreciated for what he has done until long after his death. It might possibly be thought that that would be true a hundred years ago or more when men in general were less interested in science than they are at the present time but that such a neglect of genuine scientific progress and really important scientific discoveries would be quite out of the question in the more modern time approaching our own, and especially toward the end of the nineteenth century when science came to occupy such a prominent place in the world.

This is only a little flattering unction laid to our souls and a nice bit of smug self-appreciation, but as a matter of fact we are no better than preceding generations whenever it comes to the acceptance of something really new in science. Abbot Mendel and his work illustrated that very strikingly. He made some 10,000 observations

on pea plants in his little monastery garden (about the size of a couple of small city lots) and deduced a series of laws of heredity that revolutionized all our knowledge of the subject. He wrote his observations down, deduced his laws, published his papers in the *Transactions of the Brünn Society of Naturalists* and saw that copies of these were sent to all the great universities. All this was done in the late '60's of the nineteenth century. During the next twenty-five years men were interested as never before in the problems of heredity and environment, but they paid no attention to the work of the monk Mendel until almost the beginning of the twentieth century when four men in four different quarters of the world rediscovered hints of the laws that Mendel had outlined, looked up the literature and found that they had been anticipated completely in their work and that the whole subject had been made very clear by Mendel's observations. The twentieth century has devoted itself to catching up with Mendel. Hardly any copy of a biological journal has been published that has not contained his name and something about his work. Many numbers of biological journals all over the world have been given over almost entirely to Mendel.

Slight modifications of current theories in science or a series of observations that seem to bolster up favorite hypotheses give men scientific reputations in their own time and such men are looked upon as the leaders of science in their own day. True revolutionary discoveries that teach new ideas are often neglected, usually scoffed at a little bit and not infrequently looked upon as being rather ridiculously absurd in their claims for recognition. This was what happened to both Father MacEnery and Boucher de Perthes.

There is often the feeling that when some really very important advance in science like this is neglected or scoffed at it is because of the influence of the Church or some other direct factor in the intellectual life of the time, but men are by nature conservative. They refuse to accept new things. Twenty years ago I pointed out in my volume on *The Popes and Science* that this has always been the way with men and most of what was said

to have been Church influence in opposition to science was not due to theology nor to religion but to the natural conservatism of men.

Professor David Starr Jordan in reviewing briefly the history of *The Struggle for Realities* in one of the essays in his *Foot-notes to Evolution* (N. Y., Appleton, 1902), has summed up the genuine significance of this supposed opposition of science and theology in some striking paragraphs. To my mind, he places the whole subject on its proper foundation, and properly disposes of the supposed conflict between religion or theology and science. He says: "But as I have said before, the real essence of conservatism lies not in theology. The whole conflict is a struggle in the mind of man. It exists in human psychology before it is wrought out in human history. It is the struggle of realities against tradition and suggestion. The progress of civilization would still have been just such a struggle had religion or theology or churches or worship never existed. But such a conception is impossible, because the need for all these is part of the actual development of man.

"Intolerance and prejudice is, moreover, not confined to religious organizations. The same spirit that burned Michael Servetus and Giordano Bruno for the heresies of science, led the atheist 'liberal' mob of Paris to send to the scaffold the great chemist Lavoisier, with the sneer that 'the republic has no need of savants.' The same spirit that leads the orthodox Gladstone to reject natural selection because it 'relieves God of the labor of creation,' causes the heterodox Haeckel to condemn Weismann's theories of heredity, not because they are at variance with facts, but because such questions are settled once for all by the great philosophic dictum (his own) 'of monism.'"

Luckily not all of Father MacEnery's work was lost. Sir Joseph Prestwich, distinguished geologist and paleontologist, gathered together Father MacEnery's scientific remains unfortunately somewhat destroyed by time and published them. He wrote a memoir on the subject giving the brave young priest due credit for all his work. Father Kevin Clark in the last of his three articles in

Blackfriars (December, 1925) has summed that up. "Prestwich in his memoir, besides confessing the stimulating impulse of the Brixham cave explorations, loyally devoted a portion of his paper to a synopsis of the discoveries and excellent work carried out by MacEnery, thirty years before, 'whose untimely death deprived science of the results of his valuable researches.' In proof of this encomium Vivian had published an abridged edition of MacEnery's *Cavern Researches,* with seventeen of the original plates, one of which figured flint implements of a type similar to those found at Abbéville. More was done, ten years later, when Pengelly brought out a complete edition of the whole manuscript, containing the early and later drafts of the proposed work, together with all the various rewritten portions. For this useful volume of two hundred and eighty pages, whereby all the different fascicules can be collated, Pengelly deserves the gratitude of every student."

Father Clark does not hesitate to say that very probably, even if MacEnery's work had been published in its entirety, it would not have received the recognition that it deserved. It is a pity, none the less, that it was not published. He said, "One cannot but regret that MacEnery was unable, for want of support, to publish his monograph on Kent's Cavern. Although there exist so many pages of his lost manuscript, yet these are but the withered leaves of a once fruitful work. In them are disclosed many acute and careful observations on fossil mammalia, flint implements and cave exploration. Besides the loss of the useful assistance of his wealth of knowledge to the scientific world of his day, much also has been lost to us that might otherwise have been more fully recorded by the exigencies of seeing his manuscript through the press. Nevertheless, recalling the scepticism with which Schmerling's valuable quartos were received, it is doubtful, even if Kent's Cavern had been completely described in print, that Brixham cave and the Somme valley would have been less celebrated."

Father MacEnery, like Father Mendel, the Augustinian, did his work so well that whether the men of his time recognized its value or not it was sure to find its

proper place and true valuation in the history of science. Now after a century Father MacEnery is coming into his merited mead of appreciation for good work well done.

Other Priest Anthropologists

By HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN

Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn in the June number of *The Forum,* 1926, pays a tribute to the number of priests who since Father MacEnery's time have devoted themselves to the study of anthropolgy and have made a series of discoveries that have given them a place on the honor roll of that science. [J.J.W.]

Among these scholars whose names adorn the honor roll of anthropology in France, none is more illustrious than the long line of Catholic priests and abbés whose researches and scholarship have notably added to our knowledge of fossil man. This tribute is so important at the present time, when human evolution is before us as an alleged but not real enemy of religion, that we deem it worthy of presentation in some historic detail.

The Abbé Louis Bourgeois (1819–1878) rector of the seminary of Pontlevoy, Loire-et-Cher, was the first to present and develop the problem of the eoliths in 1863. He discovered near Thenay in fresh-water deposits of the upper Oligocene a great quantity of "flints shaped by human agency"; on these grounds he supported the idea of human beings already living during the age of mammals pursuing an industry in stone implements that had attained considerable development, and already acquainted with the use of fire. The Abbé Delaunay collaborated with him in these researches.

The Abbé Ducrost, in collaboration with Dr. Lartet, published in 1872 in the Archives du Musée d'Historie Naturelle de Lyon the results of the excavations of the station of Soultré, in which he had participated with the

discoverer of the site, Dr. Adrien Arcelin, and H. de Ferry. The Abbé Ducrost continued these investigations up to his death. A sensational discovery which he considered of greatest importance was "a sepulture surrounded by great blocks of stone arranged in a sort of large oval, in the middle of which was a human skeleton with typical Solutrean leaf-points, a figuring (reindeer carved in soft stone, fossilized reindeer bones, etc.)." This sepulture, discovered and reported by the Abbé in 1868, and considered by him to be dated beyond question, has unfortunately been lost trace of.

It required the coöperation of three enlightened French priests to reëstablish and complete our knowledge of the Neanderthal race, namely, the two brothers, the Abbé A. Bouyssonie and the Abbé J. Bouyssonie, and their friend, the Abbé Bardon. These three friends discovered on August 3, 1908, in the small low cave of La Bouffis Bonneval, near La Chapelle-aux-Saints, the most perfect skeleton known of the Neanderthaloid race, excavating it from an undisturbed deposit containing Mousterian flint implements, shells, and remains of woolly rhinoceros, horse, reindeer, and bison. In the published account of their discovery they attributed the human skeleton to the Neanderthal race, which judgment was later confirmed by Dr. Marcelin Boule after exhaustive study of the specimen.

Padre Lorenzo Sierra is a distinguished Spanish archeologist, noted for his discoveries of Paleolithic caves in the Cantabrian Mountains of northern Spain.

We now reach the names of the two most distinguished men to-day in the prehistoric archeology of Europe, the Abbé Henri Breuil, assistant director of the great Institut de Paléontologie Humaine in Paris, and the Abbé Hugo Obermaier, professor of human prehistory in the University of Madrid. To the former we chiefly owe the masterly volumes covering the industries, paintings, and sculptures of the upper Paleolithic period in France, culminating in the zenith of Magdalenian art; to the latter we owe the most extensive explorations in Spain and in France of the whole period of human occupation, which culminated in his volume, *Fossil Man in Spain,* published

in Madrid and translated by the Hispanic Society of America, and in the second edition (in Spanish) of *El Hombre Fósil* (1925).

This brings us to the most recent phase of human prehistory, namely, tracing man back to his ancient home,—not in Mesopotamia or near Mount Ararat, but in the high central plateaus of northern China and Mongolia. The first step in this direction was taken by Père Licent, a Jesuit missionary, who discovered the flints of Ordos; the second step was taken by Père Teilhard de Chardin, professor of geology in the Institut Catholique de Paris, who in 1923 discovered at sites in China and Mongolia human industrial remains, together with fossilized bones of animals, many of which are extinct.

The writer has had the privilege of personal association with several of these distinguished French archeologists of the Catholic faith: with the Abbé Hugo Obermaier in an ever memorable journey through the prehistoric monuments of northern Spain; with the Abbé Henri Breuil into the recesses of all the principal prehistoric caverns of France,—the archeologist who begins his day in his abbé's dress in religious devotions and then dons his rude miner's costume and lamp for descent into the often perilous recesses of the caverns.

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